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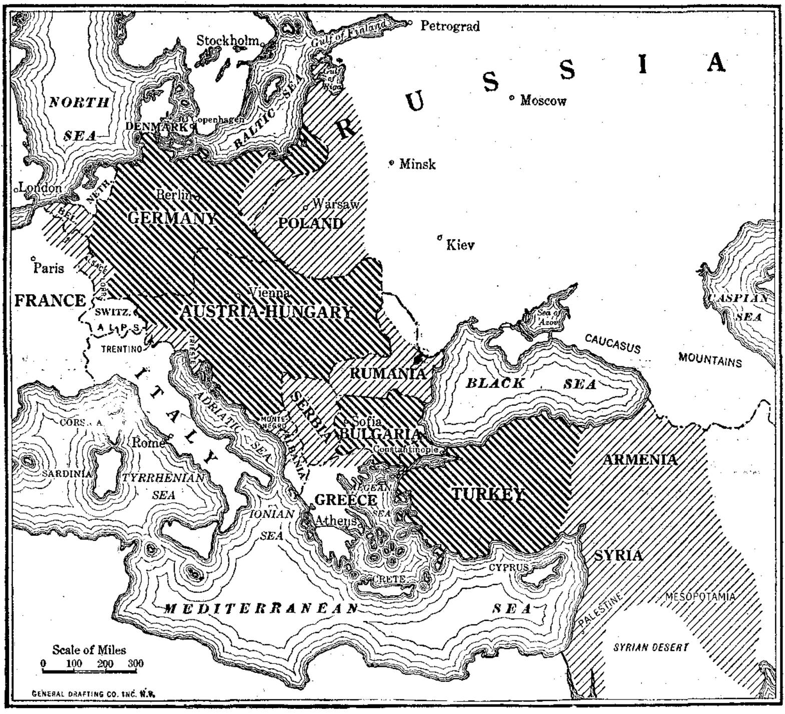
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

AMERICA'S PEACE ULTIMATUM

"THE KEY to the Temple of World Peace is in the hand of President Wilson," said Maximilian Harden recently to an American correspondent in Germany; and many think that the key was fitted in the lock when the President restated our war-aims to Congress on January 8. "The moral climax of this, the culminating and final war for human liberty, has come," he declared, and the American people "are ready to put their own strength, their own highest purpose, their own integrity and devotion to the test." In instant response, his definition of our war-aims is acclaimed as theirs by the press and leaders of the Entente Allies, and his explicit frankness is hailed by our own press as "the acme of grand strategy." The wavering labor, socialist, and pacifist elements have been brought into line by his call. "We may say that peace negotiations have now begun, and that the world waits for proofs that the Central Powers are sincere in their desire to carry them to a conclusion that will be acceptable to the peace of the world," says an official manifesto of the British Labor party, which declares the spirit of the President's message to be "the spirit to which democracy all over the world can respond." "It is, on the whole, a full and true expression of the aspirations of all democratic movements in this war," agrees Morris Hillquit, leading spokesman of the Socialist party in America, who adds: "The next move is up to Germany, and I feel confident the Socialists of Germany will force the Government to move in the right direction." "The President has put into perfect English the splendid economic and social ideals of the New Russia," declares Prof. Scott Nearing, of the People's Council. And other members of this organization, which has been frequently branded pro-German by the press, join the universal chorus of approval, affirming that what the President demands is "a Bolshevik peace." But no less commendatory is the comment of Colonel Roosevelt, who applauds the message as a reassertion of "our duty to stand with the Allies to the end and to fight until we have won complete victory," and he adds: "Now all of us—both Government officials and private citizens—must do everything we can to speed up the war and to secure the utmost efficiency in its prosecution." It is conceded in Washington official circles, writes a correspondent of the New York *World*, that "either the enemy must consent to discuss peace along the lines laid down or the war will be fought to victory for the Allied cause, regardless of cost."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From the New York "Tribune."

WILSON'S HANDWRITING ON *MITTELEUROPA*.

The lightly shaded parts of the map show the areas that would have to be surrendered by the Central Powers under President Wilson's peace terms.

The President's peace terms, as Frank H. Simonds points out in the New York *Tribune*, shatter Germany's dream of *Mitteleuropa*, an empire by conquest which was to extend from the Baltic Sea to the Mediterranean, with a footing in Asia Minor. Analyzing these conditions on the basis of what they

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OUR TERMS

1. "Open covenants of peace"—"no private international understandings"—diplomacy "in the public view."

2. Freedom of the seas "outside territorial waters" in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed "by international action for the enforcement of international covenants."

3. Equality of trade conditions "among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance."

4. Guaranteed reduction of armaments "to the lowest points consistent with domestic safety."

5. Adjustment of colonial claims on the *principle that "the interests of the populations* concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the Government whose title is to be determined."

6. Evacuation of all Russian territory and settlement of questions affecting Russia to secure the "best and freest cooperation of the other nations of the world" in obtaining for her opportunity for the "independent determination of her own political development and national policy and assure her of a sincere welcome into the society of free nations under institutions of her own choosing."

7. Belgium "must be evacuated and restored without any attempt to limit the sovereignty which she enjoys in common with all other free nations."

8. All French territory should be freed and the invaded portions restored and the "wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871, in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine—should be righted."

9. Frontiers of Italy should be readjusted "along clearly recognizable lines of nationality."

10. The peoples of Austria-Hungary "should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development."

11. Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro should be evacuated; Servia have "access to the sea" and "*international guaranties of the* political and economic independence and territorial integrity of the several Balkan States should be entered into."

12. Turkish portions of the Ottoman Empire should have "secure sovereignty," but other nationalities now under Turkish rule should have "undoubted security of life" and "unmolested opportunity of autonomous development," and the Dardanelles should be open to all nations "under international guaranties."

13. A Polish state should be erected to include territories "inhabited by indisputably Polish populations." It should have "access to the sea," and its independence and territorial integrity should be "guaranteed by international covenant."

14. An association of nations must be formed for the purpose of "affording mutual guaranties of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states alike."

BOLSHEVIK TERMS

1. Evacuation of occupied Russian territory. Autonomy for Poland and the Lithuanian and Lettish provinces.

2. Autonomy for Turkish Armenia.

3. Plebiscite for Alsace-Lorraine with guaranteed freedom of vote.

4. Restoration of Belgium and indemnity for damages to be provided by an international fund.

5. Restoration of Servia and Montenegro, with indemnity from international fund. Servia to have access to the Adriatic. Bosnia and Herzegovina to have "complete autonomy."

6. Other contested territory in the Balkans *to have "temporary autonomy until a plebiscite* is taken."

7. All Roumanian territory "within her previous frontiers" to be restored "after promising to grant autonomy to the Dobrudja and to give effect to Article III of the Berlin Convention concerning the equality of the rights of Jews."

8. Autonomy for Trent and Trieste regions inhabited by Italian populations, until a plebiscite is taken.

9. German colonies to be restored.

10. Restoration of Persia and Greece.

11. Neutralization of maritime straits "leading to inland seas, including the canals of Suez and Panama." "Freedom of commercial navigation"—Cancelation of all charters of enemy ships during war-time. "Torpedoing of commercial ships on high seas to be forbidden by international agreement."

12. Renunciation by all belligerents of "war-indemnities under any form or disguise." All contributions exacted since the beginning of the war to be refunded.

13. No commercial boycott after the war and no "institution of special customs agreements."

14. Peace congress to be composed of "delegates chosen by national representative bodies." No secret treaties, "which are to be declared by their very nature, null and void."

15. Gradual disarmament "on land and sea" with militia "to replace standing armies."

PEACE TERMS SUMMARY.

President Wilson stated ours before Congress on January 8. Bolshevik proposals were published in Vienna papers and cabled December 31 to the New York "World." British terms were stated in a speech of Premier Lloyd George to the Trade-Union Conference in London on January 5.

BRITISH TERMS

1. Restoration of "political, territorial, and economic independence of Belgium and such reparation as can be made for the devastation of its towns and provinces."

2. Restoration of Servia, Montenegro, and the occupied parts of France, Italy, and Roumania. Withdrawal of the allied (Teutonic) armies and "reparation for injustice done."

3. "Reconsideration" of the "great wrong of 1871" when "two French provinces were torn from the side of France and incorporated in the German Empire." Until this "sore" is cured "healthy conditions will not have been restored."

4. As to Russian occupied territories: *Phases of policy since the Russian revolution* have been so rapid that "it is difficult to speak without some suspension of judgment as to what the situation will be when the final terms of European peace come to be discust." Russia "can only be saved by her own people."

5. An independent Poland "comprising all those genuinely Polish elements who desired to form part of it, is an urgent necessity for the stability of Western Europe."

6. Unless self-government is granted to Austro-Hungarian nationalities who desire it, it is impossible to hope for "a removal of those causes of unrest in that part of Europe which have so long threatened the general peace."

7. It is vital that the "claims of the Italians for union with those of their own race and tongue" be satisfied.

8. Justice must be done to the "men of Roumanian blood and speech in their legitimate aspirations."

9. We do not challenge the maintenance of the Turkish Empire in the homelands of the Turkish race with its capital at Constantinople, the passage between the Mediterranean and Black Sea being "internationalized and neutralized," but Arabia, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine are "entitled to a recognition of their separate national conditions."

10. German colonies are held at the disposal of a conference which "must have *primary regard to the wishes and interests* of the native inhabitants of such colonies." They should have an administration acceptable to them, "one of whose main purposes will be to prevent their exploitation for the benefit of European capitalists or Governments."

11. Reparation for injuries done "in violation of international law." The peace conference must not forget the services of our seamen and the "outrages they have suffered for the common cause of freedom."

12. The settlement after this war must not bear in itself the "seed of future war."

13. A great attempt must be made to establish "by some international organization an alternative to war as a means of settling international disputes."

14. For permanent peace the "sanctity of treaties must be reestablished"; territorial settlement must be based on the "consent of the governed"; the "burden of armaments" must be limited to "diminish the probability of war."

would force the Central Powers to relinquish, Mr. Simonds translates them into terms of square miles and populations. He says:

"The President's peace terms require three stupendous concessions on the part of Germany. They demand that she shall consent to the destruction of her great scheme of *Mitteleuropa;* that she and her allies shall surrender 210,000 square miles of conquered territory, inhabited by 40,000,000, an area greater than that of Germany before the war and a population in excess of that of France in 1911, and, finally, that Germany, Austria, and Turkey shall cede territory in their possession when the war broke out.

"Looked at from the point of view of the *Mitteleuropa* scheme, the President's terms cut this grandiose creation by restoring Roumania and Servia and bestowing upon the latter a seacoast, obviously in Albania. It was to break down such a barrier that Austria, at Germany's direction, assailed Servia in July, 1914, and produced the world-war. When Servia and Roumania have been restored, Bulgaria and Turkey will be cut off from Austria and Germany.

"But the amputation at the waist, if one may use this figure, is accompanied by similar operations on all four limbs. Of the two arms of *Mitteleuropa*, that extending westward through Belgium to the coast is eliminated by the restoration of Belgium, that which extends eastward to Riga is cut off by the creation of a free Poland, having Danzig as a seaport, and by the restoration to Russia of the remainder of Russian lands conquered by the Germans and the Austrians. In the same way, by depriving the Turk of his Mesopotamian and Syrian lands, as well as his Armenian provinces, President Wilson takes off both legs.

"But the President does not stop there. He not only insists upon the restitution by Germany and Austria of all the lands taken in the present war; he demands that Germany shall cede Alsace-Lorraine to France and the Polish districts of Prussia to the new Poland. By these two cessions Germany would lose more than 12,000 square miles and between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 of people which were hers before the present war. Austria would, in the same fashion, have to give up Trieste and the Trentino, with nearly a million people and four or five thousand square miles, as well as the Polish half of Silesia, containing 6,000,000 people.

"Finally, Turkey, under the President's proposal, would lose Arabia, Armenia, Syria, Palestine, and Mesopotamia. That is about one-half of the Turkish Empire and no less than 7,000,000 people—a full third of the population of the Empire. The Turk would be restricted to the Anatolian district, in which the Osmanli element predominates, and he would lose his hold upon the holy cities of Mekka, Medina, and Jerusalem.

"President Wilson has gone far beyond Lloyd George in the matter of Poland, Russia, and Austria-Hungary. He has reechoed the British Prime Minister's terms in the Balkans, in Asiatic Turkey, in Belgium, and in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine and the Italian Irredenta."

The President's new and more concrete statement of war-aims, a London correspondent tells us, is regarded in England as "a heavy and perhaps decisive reenforcement in 'the diplomatic offensive'—a form of warfare which many publicists have been asking for as only secondary in importance to the warfare of arms." New York's Socialist Congressman, Meyer London declares that "this counter peace offensive of the Allies will shorten the war more than all military offensives combined"; and Representative Baer, who was recently sent to Congress from North Dakota by the Farmers' Non-Partizan League, thinks that "had Russia known these war-aims a few weeks ago she might still have been in the fray." It will prove harder for Germany to fight against the President's words "than against an army of fifty millions," declares W. Bourke Cockran. In making his statement, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, "the President apparently had two special purposes: to drive home the wedge between the German militarists and the German people, and to reassure Russia of the support and sympathy of the democratic peoples." The President's conditions must be accepted ultimately, if not now, says the Washington *Herald*, for "they are the irreducible minimum of terms which civilization will make with the mad nations which outraged and ravished it." A London paper describes them as "the Magna Carta of future peace." The purpose of the President's statement is thus defined by David Lawrence in the New York *Evening Post:*

> "To drive a wedge into the political structure of Germany by encouraging the Socialists and liberal elements, and exhibiting the military party as the single obstacle to democracy and world-peace.
>
> "To expose the insincerity of Germany's pretensions of liberality in her offer to Russia, and thus to bring Russia back into the partnership of democracy from which she has seemed inclined to depart.
>
> "To show the agreement of the United States with the speech of Lloyd George, and at the same time to develop further the principles of world-peace for which America stands."

A direct appeal to the liberals of all nations is what C. W. Gilbert recognizes in the President's words. In his Washington correspondence to the New York *Tribune*, Mr. Gilbert says:

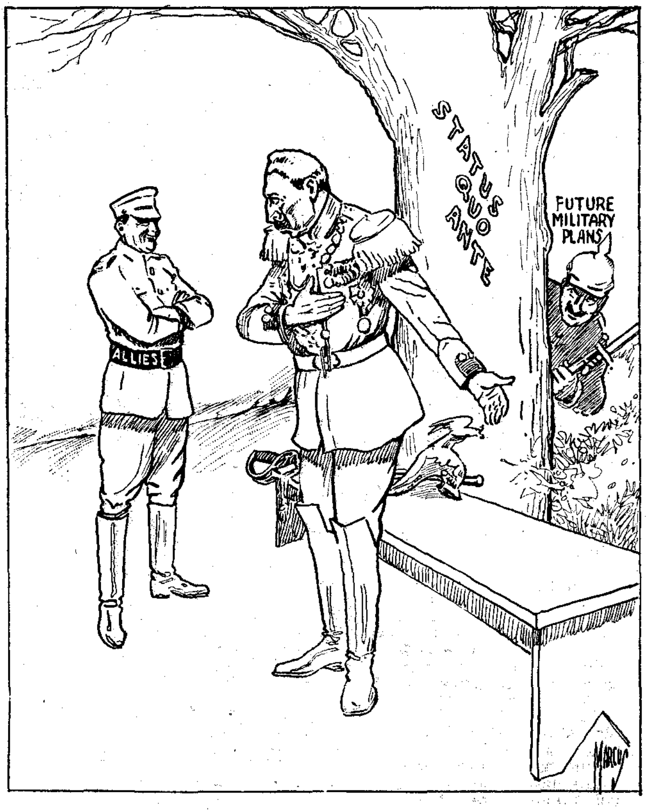
> "Steadily have the governments opposed to Berlin yielded to the labor and other radical sentiment among their peoples, which have sympathized with many of the wishes of the new democracy of Russia.
>
> "One of the things radicals everywhere wanted was a statement of war-aims. This desire of the classes from which the soldiers were drawn and upon which the nations depended for labor to keep up war-supplies has forced the Allied countries to face the difficult task of reaching a frank understanding as to what they were fighting for, and then to make its terms public. Mr. Wilson's further pledge, to end once and for all the kind of secret diplomacy which has made this war possible, will do much to hold radical support firm for the war. The larger aims, as the President states them, will appeal to radicals as something worth fighting for. The lesser or purely nationalistic aims are a logical development and application of the larger and international aims."

In its editorial columns *The Tribune* describes the message as "beyond praise," and declares that "to-day, as never before, the whole nation marches with the President, certain alike of the leader and the cause." It goes on to say:

> "In a very deep sense Mr. Wilson's words constitute a second Emancipation Proclamation. As Lincoln freed the slaves of the South half a century ago, Mr. Wilson now pledges his country to fight for the liberation of the Belgian and the Pole, the Servian and the Roumanian. For the long-suffering populations of Alsace-Lorraine and the Italian Irredenta the words of the President of the United States are a promise of freedom after a slavery worse a thousand times than that of the negro."

President Wilson's statement of war-aims followed within a few days that made by Lloyd George to the British Labor Conference, and a comparison of the two leads the New York *Evening Mail* to remark that "there can no longer be the slightest doubt as to the almost absolute identity of our war-aims with those of Great Britain, speaking for all the Entente Powers." The two documents, says the London *Standard*, are parallel offensives, and are equivalent to a sustained drum-fire "on the enemy's moral position." "The strongest German microscopes will be taxed to find evidence of discord between President Wilson's words and those of Premier Lloyd George," remarks *The Pall Mall Gazette*. It is admitted, however, that the President deals more sympathetically with the Bolsheviki than the Premier did. Says the New York *World:*

> "Lloyd George washed his hands of Russia and declared that 'Russia can be saved only by her own people.' President Wilson, who rightly believes that the future peace of the world depends in no small measure upon the ultimate fate of Russia, refuses to abandon the Russian people to German intrigue and German manipulation. Seizing upon the opportunity offered by German duplicity in demanding four Russian provinces, the President makes the cause of Russian democracy one of the articles of his peace plan.
>
> "He takes pains to emphasize the desire of the American people that the Russian people 'attain their utmost hope of liberty and ordered peace.' To that end he insists upon the evacuation of all Russian territory and such a settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will secure the best cooperation of other nations in obtaining for Russia the independent determination of her own political development and national policy."



'NEATH THE OLD CHESTNUT-TREE.

"Come, let us sit down and be friends!"

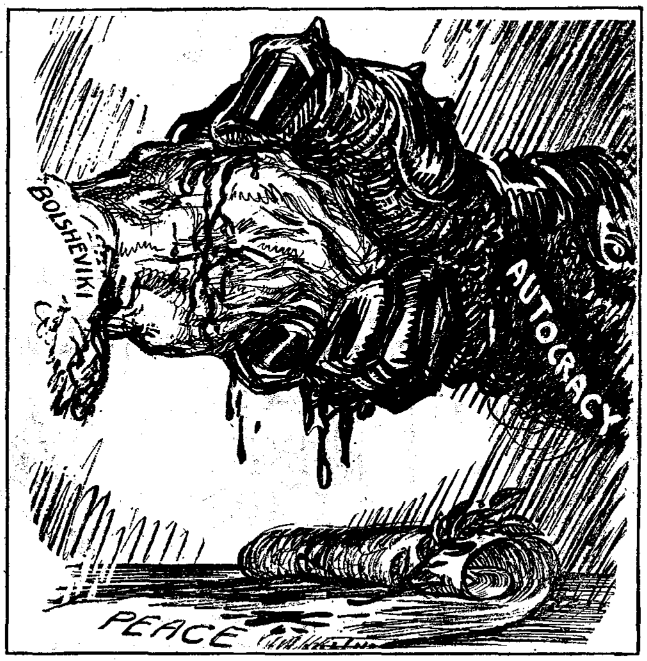
—Marcus in the New York *Times Magazine*.

Addressing the Reichstag in November the German Foreign Minister, von Kühlmann, referred to Alsace-Lorraine as the shield and the symbol of German unity and as "the only obstacle to peace." Now Lloyd George says that "we mean to stand by the French democracy to the death in the demand they make for a reconsideration of the great wrong of 1871," and President Wilson declares that "the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, which has unsettled the peace of the world for nearly fifty years, should be righted, in order that peace may once more be made secure in the interest of all." It is the first time, as the Paris *Temps* reminds us, that the President of the United States has declared himself on this question. This paper goes on to say: "We had no doubts as to his sentiments, but we are profoundly glad that he has exprest them. We thank him also for placing the problem on its true ground, in presenting the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine as a necessary condition for a general peace, and not as a special claim of the French people." "President Wilson's words," says *La Liberté* (Paris), "will make his name popular to the remotest villages of France."

The President's statement regarding Alsace-Lorraine, the Washington correspondents tell us, brought both Houses of

Congress to their feet cheering. And in the New York *Tribune* we read:

"Alsace-Lorraine is going to be the most important territorial issue of the war. Allusion has already been made to the remarkable demonstration in Congress when the President spoke of the necessity of righting this historic wrong. The same thing happened in England when Lloyd George made his recent speech. The labor men who were listening to the British Premier received his words calmly until he referred to the 'reconsideration' of Germany's crime against France in 1871, and then there was wild applause.



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FRATERNITY?

—Cesare in the New York *Evening Post.*

"Not only does Alsace-Lorraine assume a large place in Allied eyes as a clear instance of the kind of injustice to mankind that this war is being fought to end, but Alsace-Lorraine is going to be the hardest thing for Germany to give up. Speaking early in November, von Kühlmann said that Germany would not yield these provinces. A little later Austria showed that she stood with her partner, when Count Czernin declared that his country was fighting to keep Alsace-Lorraine precisely as she was fighting to keep the Trentino and Trieste. . . . . . .

"Alsace-Lorraine is a part of Germany, and it is believed Germany will have to be facing defeat or utterly changed in spirit and purpose before she will see the two provinces go out of her control. They are of vital consequence to her, because her prosperity rests in a large measure upon the iron mines of Lorraine. More than any other single thing, the passage of that ore from France to Germany made Germany rather than France a great industrial nation in the modern sense.

"If to the Germans, Alsace-Lorraine is the symbol of German unity, to the Allies it is the symbol of that 'justice to all peoples and nationalities' of which President Wilson speaks."

Taken together, remarks the Chicago *Tribune*, the statements of war-aims by Lloyd George and President Wilson "are an unescapable challenge to the governments of the Central Powers, and, what perhaps is much more important, to the consciences of their peoples." There is now "no shadow of excuse left the Kaiser and his crowd for claiming that the Allies have flouted the idea of peace and are bent upon the destruction of Germany," declares the Boston *Post.* "Germany must now state her war-aims as explicitly as the British Premier and the American President have done," says the New York *Commercial*, which continues:

"The Kaiser has no excuse for not laying his cards on the table now that he knows the full measure of his foes' demands. If he declines to do so and fails to win a decisive victory in France within six months the terms offered to him may be harder and his own people may refuse to keep him and his line on the throne. His double-dealing with the Russian Bolsheviki and his avowed intent to rob Russia of four of her richest provinces have started a backfire in the German Socialist party that seemed beyond possibility a few weeks ago. The Socialists and all other Germans should know that peace would quickly follow the downfall of autocracy. The Kaiser does know it and is fighting for his throne."

The German papers, which indignantly rejected Lloyd George's terms as those of a conqueror, are no less hostile in their comment on President Wilson's. "The fourteen points do not form a program for world-peace, but a real symphony of will to no peace," delcares the official *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, of Berlin, which adds with evident sincerity: "Mr. Wilson's intervention is not wanted." The Berlin *Vorwärts* says that Germans will have doubts as to whether Wilson's idealistic flights are diplomacy or simply meant "to deceive Russia about a general peace and lure her once again into the morass of blood of the world-war." Says the *Lokal Anzeiger:*

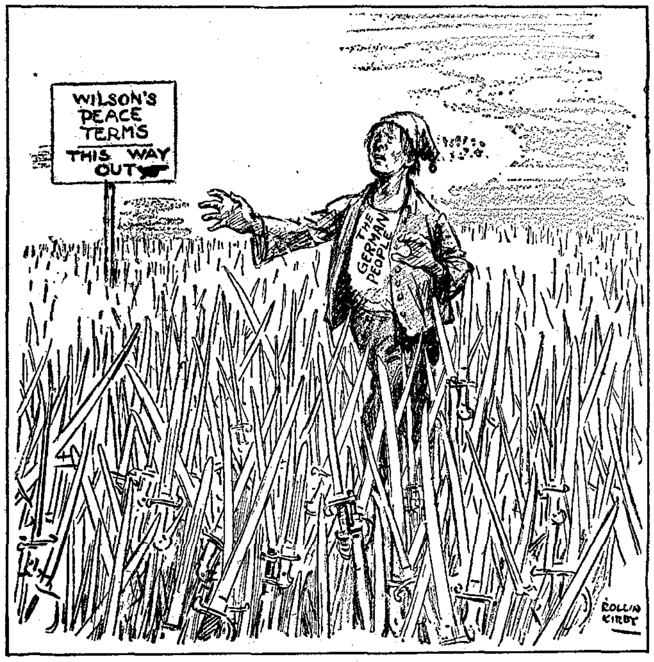
"Wilson again brings all his demagogic artifices to play to create disunion in Germany and to prevent Russia from closing a separate peace with the Central Powers. He talks of a rupture in the negotiations at Brest-Litovsk, while in reality the delegations are engaged in finding a way to peace.

"It must be left to the Russians whether they will be frightened by the atrocities of the German conquerors which he pictures. If they are to wait for his boasted aid, then the day of peace is yet a long way off.

"Wilson's program of a general peace may sound ever so well. He gives no directions as to the settlement of the differences among the European Powers, and that's why all those who seek a peaceful arrangement in the true sense of that term have no use for his phrases."

The *Kölnische Volkszeitung* finds the President's terms "as unacceptable as Lloyd George's, and more brutal," and Austrian papers are equally unresponsive. Thus in Vienna the *Neues Wiener Journal* declares that President Wilson's demand for the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine erects a new barrier against peace; and the *Neues Wiener Tageblatt* says:

"President Wilson must be made clearly to understand that it is useless to try to win over the Central Powers for the Entente's plans of disruption and disintegration. Austria-Hungary will be master of its own house. Our peoples do not need Mr. Wilson's protectorship. If President Wilson is unable to appreciate the justice of the Central Powers' standpoint, we can but patiently wait, for it will not be much longer before our enemies learn to sift the impossible from the possible."


WILSON'S PEACE TERMS THIS WAY OUT
THE GERMAN PEOPLE
ROLLIN KIRBY

WILL HE SEE IT?

—Kirby in the New York *World.*

WOMAN SUFFRAGE CROSSES ITS JORDAN

AFTER EXACTLY FORTY YEARS of wandering in the wilderness of Congressional indifference, the Susan B. Anthony Federal Woman-Suffrage Amendment, first introduced in the United States Senate on January 10, 1878, was passed by the House of Representatives on January 10, 1918. Tho the suffrage Jordan is thus crossed, the Promised Land is still to be conquered, but the suffragists expect the action of the House and the approval of President Wilson to bring victory for the amendment in the Senate, while the twelve suffrage States are expected to set a good example when the time comes for ratification by the States. Some suffrage leaders expect to see ratification completed inside of two years, so that women will vote throughout the United States in the Presidential election of 1920. The suffragists have all the time they want, for, unlike the prohibition amendment, the suffrage amendment carries no time limit for ratification.

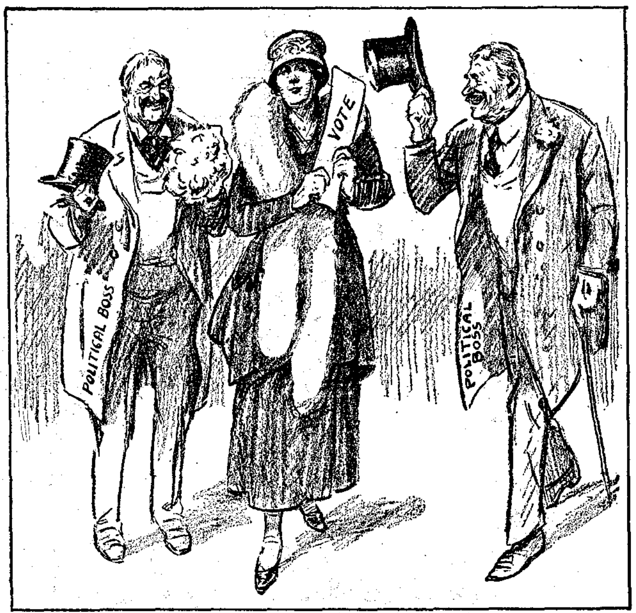
That woman suffrage is but "a piffling and subminor matter" in the presence of war and world-problems is the assertion of the antisuffrage New York *Times*. But woman-suffrage advocates of both sexes and editors friendly to the cause agree that the passage of the amendment by the House of Representatives is an important event in the history of American democracy. Miss Jeannette Rankin, Congressman from Montana, calls January 10 the "independence day for the women of America." The victory means, in her opinion, "that the women of the world who look to America for leadership and democracy will soon be enfranchised also." Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, president of the Women's Political Union, holds it full of meaning that "this mighty struggle for self-government should be consummated just now." To her "it is an augury for the victorious end of the war against autocracy abroad." For "we now fight with clean hands and clean consciences for democracy," and "with American women standing free and grateful beside them, our men can not fail to attain a victorious peace."

Almost equal enthusiasm is manifested by the editors of some of our most influential newspapers. The New York *American*, which with other Hearst papers has stood consistently for suffrage, now congratulates the women on the victory so "royally won and richly deserved." The New York *Tribune* is not a whit behind the most jubilant suffragist in calling the passage of the amendment by the House "a sign-post of real national progress" which "registers the first national advance won by democracy in America as a consequence of the war." Victor Berger's Milwaukee *Leader*, representing Socialist opinion, glories "in this victory of women." The Washington *Herald* calls the action of January 10 "the best day's work done by the House in many moons." Complete victory for the great cause of suffrage is coming "as surely as our victory in the war." That the passage of the amendment by the House will be inevitably followed by a similar victory in the Senate and in the State legislatures is no less confidently predicted by such calm and judicial political observers as the Springfield *Republican*, St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* and Atlanta *Constitution*.

Altho at least one suffrage leader believes that the "picketing of the White House and the treatment of the suffragist prisoners helped to force the issue in Congress," most suffragists quoted in the papers prefer to emphasize the influence of the sweeping suffrage victory in New York last November and of the President's eleventh-hour declaration in favor of the Federal Amendment. Thoughtful editors point out that the President was avowedly influenced by the war in thus changing his mind, and that the New York voters undoubtedly felt the same pressure. We read in the Chicago *Herald:*

> "War has caused a revolution of many fixt opinions. It has shown woman and woman-capacity in newer and more active rôles. It has, in particular, broadened the popular conception of democracy. Suffrage remains with us a legal privilege and not a natural right, but it has become more and more clear that distinction against an entire sex in granting this privilege violates natural justice."

The crossing of this political Jordan of the suffrage cause was dramatic and full of interest, from the time Billy Sunday opened the session with prayer at eleven o'clock in the morning until late in the evening when Speaker Clark finally announced to the House and the women crowding the galleries:



SUDDENLY FRIENDLY.

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

> "The ayes are 274 and the noes 136. The necessary two-thirds having voted aye, the amendment is adopted."

The loss of one vote would have meant defeat for the amendment, which is brief and to the point, reading as follows:

> "SECTION 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of sex.
>
> "SECTION 2. Congress shall have power, by appropriate legislation, to enforce the provisions of this article."

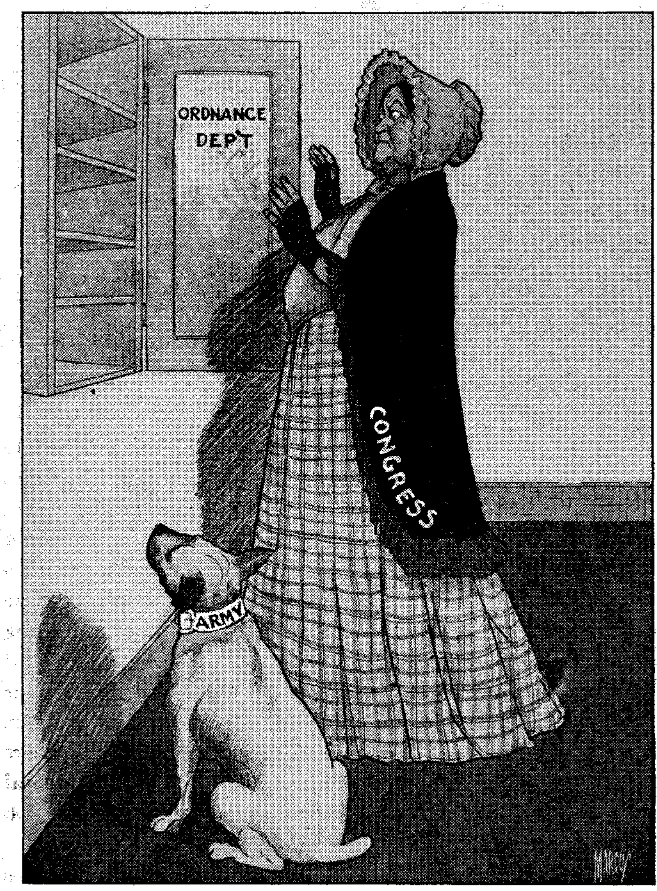
Speakers against the amendment laid stress upon the principle of State rights and upon the traditional Democratic reluctance to increase the powers of the central Government. And we find the New York *World*, Houston *Post*, and Richmond *Times-Dispatch* lamenting the abandonment of the essential principles of the Democratic party. Intelligent Southerners, says the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, see in the action of the House "a long step toward a smashed Solid South," and the Baltimore *Sun* believes there is great danger that the President "may have thrown a firebrand into the South that will rekindle the race-troubles of reconstruction days."

In the suffrage State of Kansas, the Topeka *Capital* sees only political opportunism in the President's change of front, which is credited with having influenced so many Democratic votes in the House. Mr. David Lawrence, of the New York *Evening Post*, a more friendly observer, says:

> "Mr. Wilson incidentally saved his party from defeat at the polls next fall, and perhaps in 1920; that is, he removed a troublesome issue. . . . The Republicans have been united in favor of the Federal amendment. It is a test of progressivism. Had the Southern Democrats brought about the defeat of the measure, young men throughout the North choosing their party would have felt that the Democratic party was handicapped by the South, and could not be progressive on vital issues.
>
> "But the Democrats, by their abandonment of the State-rights argument in prohibition and now in woman suffrage, have proved that they are abreast of the times, that they are not a reactionary party, but ready to conform to the spirit of liberalism that is revolutionizing the life of the whole world."

THE WAR ON THE WAR DEPARTMENT

NOBODY HAS SUGGESTED that President Wilson go so far as the Egyptian ruler who "hanged the chief Baker." But the war-fare prepared by our own Baker has not been exactly to the taste of many editors, regular and contributing, who chafe at our delay in getting ready to fight, and one of them remarks that the country's present need "calls for a butcher rather than a Baker." Mr. Baker's friends agree with his critics that the supply machinery of the War Department has been inadequate, and the only question is: How much shall it be reorganized, and who shall do the reorganizing? Secretary Baker himself tacitly admitted the justice of the demand for War-Department reorganization by the formation of the new War Council, and by a complete overhauling of the two bureaus of the Department in which serious inefficiency has been revealed by the testimony before the Senate's investigators. Generals Crozier and Sharpe have been "kicked up-stairs," to use a common newspaper phrase, into the War Council, and their places for the time being are taken respectively by Brig.-Gen. Charles B. Wheeler, as Acting Chief of Ordnance, and Maj.-Gen. Goethals as Acting Quartermaster-General. Each of these bureaus is being put on a business basis by its new chief. General Goethals, is selecting his own chief aids and has added to his duties by taking over the entire direction of War-Department transportation and storage. The business functions of the Ordnance Department are now to be carried on by four operating divisions, concerned respectively with Procurement, Production, Inspection, and Supply, and business men of experience and proved ability will be called from civil life to direct the work. This, with minor changes in personnel, is Secretary Baker's reply to his Congressional and editorial critics.



"WHEN SHE GOT THERE, THE CUPBOARD WAS BARE."
—Marcus in the New York *Times Magazine.*

Is it enough? It is, at any rate, a long step in the right direction, admits the New York *Tribune*, which is not in the habit of glossing over the Administration's shortcomings. Secretary Baker has shown that he recognizes the need—which "practically everybody else recognizes"—of a more businesslike handling of the ordnance and munitions problem. The civilians in charge of the business side of the Ordnance Department "will speed up production."

It is really a "terrific shake-up" that has already taken place in the War Department, the Boston *Transcript's* Washington correspondent says, and when it is completed and the Senate inquiry is over, "the War Department will be able to go to Congress and say: 'We have fixt things up so this won't happen again, so please let us alone.'" As Mr. Wilson's friends look at it, so the New York *Tribune's* not too friendly correspondent similarly reports, "enemies of the President in Congress have done their best to make a case against the Administration, and all they have succeeded in getting was evidence of inefficiency in two bureaus," and "these bureaus have been reorganized." Those two bureaus "presumably are in better condition," but, contends Mr. Gilbert,

> "The reorganization does not touch the vital weakness of the existing situation. Manufacturing and buying on a vast scale remain in the hands of military men who have little knowledge of business. And business experience is only made available in a body without authority and not so constituted as to be capable of action."

Nowhere in Washington, continues this writer, is there any one with final authority to say "Buy this" or "Buy that"—

> "There are two great purchasing departments in both the Army and Navy, the Ordnance Bureau in each, and the Quartermaster's Bureau of the Army and the Paymaster's Bureau of the Navy. Left to themselves, they would bid against each other, and the one most needing supplies immediately would not always be the one to obtain them.
>
> "To prevent this confusion, two outside organizations have been created under the Council of National Defense, with which the four Army and Navy bureaus are supposed to cooperate, the War Industries Board and the Committee on Supplies. Neither of these bodies is organized to produce results. The powers of both are hazy. Sometimes the Army and Navy bureaus cooperate, and sometimes they do not. And the War Industries Board, at least, is a debating society, which has difficulty in reaching decisions."

These are some of the reasons, say the correspondents, why the Senate Military Affairs Committee does not regard Secretary Baker's reorganization of his Department adequate and why it has unanimously decided to report a bill creating a Department of Munitions, whose chief shall have an independent place in the President's Cabinet. The Chamberlain measure provides that the new Department shall operate during the war and one year thereafter. It is to control arms, ammunition, food, equipment, clothing, tentage, transportation, and all materials for the use of both Army and Navy. The great trouble with the War Department, says the Oregon Senator, has been the lack of coordination and the circuitous methods of transacting business. He adds, as quoted in the Washington dispatches:

> "Until there can be coordination and methods more direct the United States will be groping in the dark for many months before we can place ourselves in proper fighting trim.
>
> "This measure places all jurisdiction over munitions of war, which are defined at length in the bill and covering everything, in one person, known as the Secretary of Munitions, subject to the direction, of course, of the President. It coordinates all the bureaus, cuts red tape, does away with useless decisions which had tended only to hamper direct action, and gets to the heart of the whole situation.
>
> "I believe, if Congress can see its way to the enactment of this measure and the proper man is placed at the head of the Department of Munitions, America will soon be occupying its proper place at the battle-front."

The new Secretary of Munitions "would need, perhaps more than any other member of the Cabinet, to be possest of tact and decision," but, says the Baltimore *News*, "there should be no insurmountable difficulty in finding such a man." The President, concludes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "must do for this branch

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ONE EXAMPLE OF OUR WAR-TIME EFFICIENCY: PORTABLE BARRACKS TAKEN TO FRANCE.

of the war-making business what he has done with the railroads, shipbuilding, and food. He must find another McAdoo, a Hurley, or Hoover, to take supreme charge of munitions. The biggest man available will not be too "big." "Create a Department of Munitions," advises the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "and put it up to the President to find the biggest and brainiest man to run it without regard to partizan politics. A Leonard Wood, a Roosevelt, or a Schwab would fill the bill." Dr. Frank Crane, in one of his widely circulated syndicate editorials, seconds the motion that Theodore Roosevelt be made Minister of Munitions. Such an appointment, he says, "would solve two serious problems—one, how to get efficiency in the munitions business, and, two, what to do with Roosevelt."

Once relieved of the great burden which would be transferred to the Department of Munitions, Mr. Baker, the Minneapolis *Tribune* is willing to believe, might develop efficiency in the organization of the Army. But *The Journal* of the same city, which demands "a real Ministry of Munitions," asks why not also, while we are about it, "have a real Secretary of War." Demands for the Secretary's retirement have already been quoted in our columns. Some editors continue to insist that a "pacifist" as head of the War Department is, in the words of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, "a manifest incongruity." This dissatisfaction is by no means confined to opposition newspapers, for we find the Democratic Richmond *Journal* declaring that altho Secretary Baker is "a gentlemanly young man" he has fallen lamentably short and "his retirement is demanded for the public good."

Writing in *The New Republic* and the Chicago *Daily News*, Mr. William Hard accuses Mr. Baker of having neither a plan nor a proper organization. He thinks the Secretary should himself see the necessity of putting the purchasing and supply work of the Department under an independent responsible head. And Mr. Hard would have the Senate say something like this to Secretary Baker:

> "Mr. Baker, resign or reform. . . . Stop sorting trifles and shuffling generals and tinkering, and *rebuild your Department.*"

But whoever else may have lost patience with the present Secretary of War, President Wilson is not among them, in the opinion of Arthur Sears Henning, Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*. Mr. Henning declares himself "able to state authoritatively" that the President is entirely satisfied with his Secretary of War and has no thought of parting with him. This press writer credits President Wilson with holding our unpreparedness before actual war with Germany to be quite justified. Any greater readiness would, in the President's opinion, it is said, "smack of the very militarism which the United States is fighting to crush out forever." The President is thought to consider our actual accomplishment since last April phenomenal and the failure to clothe a part of our forces and to provide arms before they are needed in France to be but trivial in comparison.

Whatever the President may think, the *Tribune's* correspondent seems to have stated rather closely the views of Secretary Baker himself. For in his testimony before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, Mr. Baker declared that arms of the most modern and effective kind, including artillery, machine guns, and rifles, have been provided for every soldier in France and are available for every soldier who can be got to France this year. The Secretary strongly defended both the Quartermaster-General's and the Ordnance Department, saying that some mistakes and delays might naturally have arisen, but that, everything considered, the War Department has done far better than even the most optimistic could have hoped. Mr. Baker incidentally revealed the fact that we have 86,020 officers and men in the aviation section of our Signal Corps. Our total military forces, according to the Secretary, now total 110,856 officers and 1,428,650 men.

Summing it all up, the New Haven *Journal-Courier* concludes that whatever mistakes have been made, we have no reason for hanging our heads in shame. Our enormous undertaking, it believes, "has on the whole been well done." "We have an Army and Navy of nearly 2,000,000 men, and they are nearer the desired state of perfection than the armies and navies of either France or England were after a similar lapse of time." We are further reminded that tho revelations brought out by the Senate Committee "give distressing evidence of a lack of official foresight, not one suggestion has been made of corruption on the part of the Government." The worst that can be charged to the Government, so the New Orleans *Item* avers, "is miscalculation." The Newark *News* calls to mind how the past criticism of Secretary Daniels was confronted with a record of things done to which there was no reply. And it thinks that critics will similarly have to "change their tune" about Baker.

The Washington *Star* quotes General Crozier's testimony that for years Congress consistently and persistently cut down appropriations for artillery until they were "absolutely inadequate." And *The Star* concludes that the blame for our unpreparedness and for the necessity of crowding the work of years into a few hurried months—with consequent errors—lies not at the doors of our officers, "but at those of past Congresses acting under the influences of ranting spell-binders and dreaming millennialists." The same newspaper has the temerity to speak a word in defense of "red tape." It reminds us that—

> "Speed is not necessarily progress. Some things require time and great care in the doing; and most of our war-engagements are distinctly of this sort. Our nine months of war-preparations have not been wasted."

MORE MURDERS THAN EVER

A WOMAN DRIVES to the home of her divorced husband and shoots him after a brief quarrel over the custody of their child; a jury acquit her after a sensational trial. Other murder cases, sensational or obscure, end in acquittals. And the fact that the 7,450 killings reported in this country in 1916 led to but 107 legal executions seems to the Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser* to have a direct bearing on the increasing murder-rate in this country. "The State permits the individual to kill with comparative immunity; practically the individual does not permit his State to kill in return." In his review of homicide figures in *The Spectator*, Mr. Frederick L. Hoffman points out that in the thirty-one large American cities which have been under an examination for a number of years the average murder-rate for 1916 was 9.2 per 100,000 of population against an average rate of 8.4 for the preceding five years. During the period 1911–1915 the male homicide-rate for the whole country was 10.7 as against a female homicide-rate of 2.9. Eleven out of every seventeen male murderers used firearms, as did half of the murderesses. These figures, says Mr. Hoffman, "indicate the practical value of more effective restrictions upon the use and possession of firearms and the urgency of more drastic methods of police supervision and control." The St. Louis *Republic* agrees with Mr. Hoffman on this point, declaring that "the revolver-carrying habit is something that will be taken up nationally in time, and as revolvers are brought under control, the homicide-rate will decrease." The Alabama editor already quoted calls attention to the commonly acknowledged fact that while woman kills less frequently than man, "when she does kill she goes free more readily than man does." No wonder, it is remarked, that Abe Martin's *Mrs. Lafe Bud* said there were a lot of things she wouldn't put up with, "if she was purty enough to get acquitted."

Even from the economic viewpoint it seems to Mr. Hoffman "certainly lamentable at a time when every adult life has a decidedly enhanced value there should be such a needless sacrifice of human life, which may be conservatively estimated at annually not less than 7,500 deaths for the continental United States." Yes, comments the Lincoln *Nebraska State Journal*, "these statistics are a discredit to the United States as they would be to any civilized nation. People, schools, churches—above all, the courts—should look to themselves for cause and cure."

Mr. Hoffman's table showing the number of homicides in thirty-one American cities, with their rate per 100,000 population, we reprint as follows from *The Spectator:*

Cities	Homicides	Rate	Cities	Homicides	Rate
Memphis, Tenn....	134	89.9	Minneapolis, Minn..	31	8.5
Atlanta, Ga........	59	31.0	Los Angeles, Cal....	41	8.1
New Orleans, La....	95	25.6	Pittsburg, Pa........	40	6.9
Nashville, Tenn....	29	24.8	Seattle, Wash........	23	6.6
Charleston, S. C....	14	23.1	Philadelphia, Pa....	110	6.4
Dayton, Ohio......	26	20.4	Buffalo, N. Y........	28	6.0
Savannah, Ga.......	13	18.9	Spokane, Wash.....	8	5.3
St. Louis, Mo......	124	16.4	New York, N. Y....	256	4.6
Cincinnati, Ohio....	58	14.1	Hartford, Conn.....	5	4.5
San Francisco, Cal..	63	13.6	Boston, Mass........	30	4.0
Chicago, Ill........	330	13.2	Newark, N. J........	14	3.4
Louisville, Ky......	31	13.0	Providence, R. I....	8	3.1
Cleveland, Ohio....	85	12.6	Rochester, N. Y....	5	1.9
Washington, D. C...	38	10.4	Milwaukee, Wis.....	8	1.8
Baltimore, Md.....	54	9.2	Reading, Pa.........	2	1.8
Indianapolis, Ind...	24	8.8			
				1,786	9.2

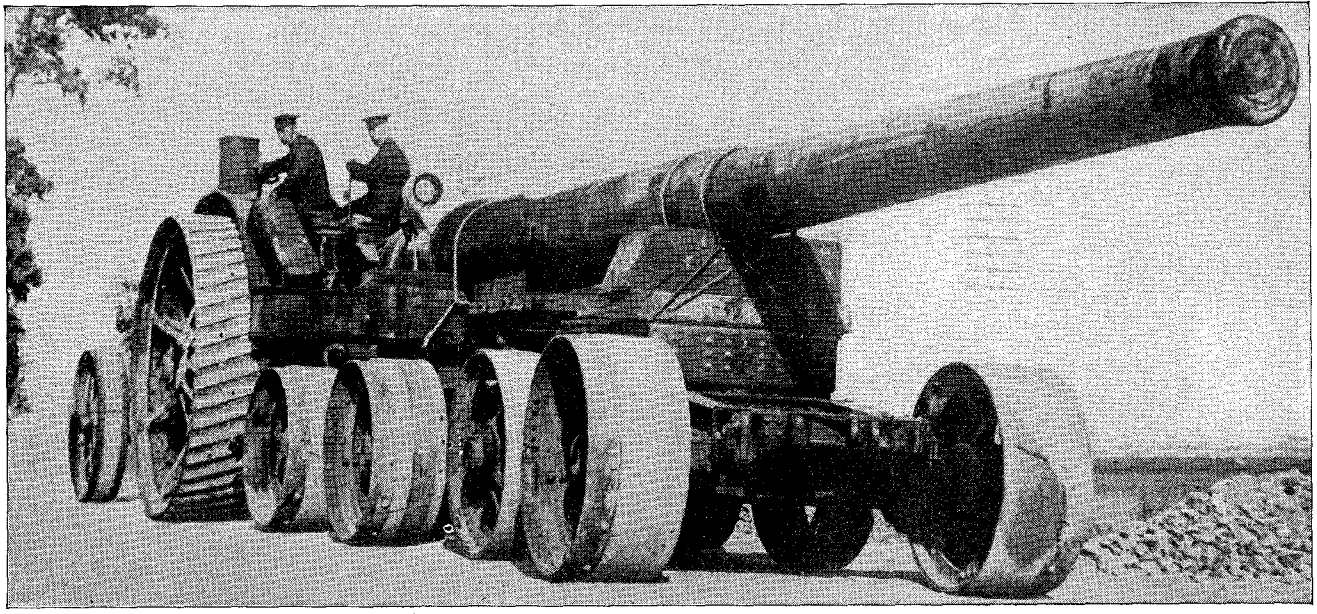
It will be noted that Memphis heads the list, as it did last year, and that the first five cities are all located in the South. Southern editors attribute the high murder-rate in their section to the existence of a large negro population in their cities. The Atlanta *Constitution* declares that the negroes of the Southern cities hold human life much more cheaply than do white people. For instance, "it very often happens that a negro who wouldn't dare kill a white man, when in the heat of passion or with a drink of liquor in his stomach and with a razor in his pocket, will unceremoniously cut the throat of a member of his own race." Another Southern paper, the Chattanooga *News*, observes that the homicide-rate is "too high, anyway, leaving the negro out of it." Besides, it adds, this is no excuse. The South should not play "the baby act," but ought rather "to manifest its capacity for self-government." "A consistent and persistent campaign of education for enforcing the law would doubtless result in a much more favorable showing," concludes *The News;* "let's try it." The Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, which admits that the 1916 death-rate from violence is bad enough, declares that the vital statistics used by Mr. Hoffman are misleading. It gives Memphis only 16 murders actually committed in the city, and 128 in and out of the city, but credited to Memphis. The city's bad reputation for murders is attributed by this editor to the fact that "there is more killing in the vicinity of Memphis than in any other Southern city," and the victims all come to Memphis hospitals to be treated and die in the city, where their deaths are charged up to the municipality. So, while *The Commercial Appeal* insists upon a reduced homicide-rate among both whites and negroes in Memphis and expects the elimination of the city's saloons and gambling houses to give 1917 a much better record than 1916, it feels likewise bound to "insist that our country friends learn to adjust their difficulties without resorting to hip-pocket hardware." The Nashville *Tennessean*, which admits the authenticity of Mr. Hoffman's figures, is pleased at the drop in the Nashville murder-rate from the preceding year and generously offers the following explanation of the many murders in the sister Tennessee city:

> "Memphis is peculiarly situated, being on the border-lines of Tennessee, Arkansas, and Mississippi. This fact is responsible in large measure for the great number of murders in that city. Persons from other States go to Memphis; if they fall into evil company and commit crimes, they feel they have a good opportunity to escape justice by fleeing, within a few minutes, across the line into another State. The river traffic there brings in a mixed populace from all parts of the country, north and south. Memphis is holding crime to the minimum, considering the unusual conditions in that city.
>
> "Nashville deplores the commission of the crime of murder, as does any other city. It is not a good recommendation for a city to have murders committed within its borders, but conditions as to populace and the industrial situation should always be taken into consideration when comparing these crimes."

Dayton, Ohio, is sixth on Mr. Hoffman's list, but showed the greatest gain in the homicide-rate over the preceding year. This is explained by the editor of the Dayton *News* as being due to the large floating population which came with the great munitions boom of 1916, and in 1917 the number of homicides are said to have dropt to normal.

Some encouragement is found by editors in the lower suicide rate in 1916, and still more by the reported falling off in the number of lynchings in 1917, but the St. Joseph (Mo.) *News-Press* hears that police officials report a large increase of crime since the United States entered the war, and cites the fifteen bank-robberies in the Middle West during sixty days. Even tho the lynching figures show a decrease from those of the preceding year, democracy is shamed by the record of the causes which prompted most of them, says the Pittsburg *Gazette Times*. In 1917, reports Principal Moton, of Tuskegee Institute, thirty-six negroes and two white men were lynched. Eleven of the negroes were accused of attacks on women—the "usual crime"—the others of such trivial offenses as "not getting out of the road and being insolent," "disputing a white man's word," "stealing a goat," "accidentally killing a child by running automobile over it," "vagrancy," "writing insolent letters." All but two of the lynchings were in the South, Georgia and Texas leading with six each. The Grand Rapids *News* thinks that the record will be better next year, "for the war, with all its horrors and stirrings of natural passions, will breed more toleration."

FOREIGN - COMMENT



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A MAMMOTH PEACEMAKER—THE BRITISH BIG GUN.

One of the greatest guns used by the British being hauled into action. It is bigger than the biggest of Germany's "Busy Berthas," but can be moved from front to front with ease by its powerful tractors.

THE GERMAN-BOLSHEVIK TIFF

THE UNEXPECTED FRICTION at the Russo-German peace negotiations at Brest-Litovsk astounded the world. Quite half the observers of Russian affairs have believed the oft-repeated charge that Lenine and Trotzky were nothing more nor less than secret German agents in Russia. It was, therefore, expected that they would sell Russia to the Germans at any price the Germans liked to offer, and so their decided refusal to entertain any idea of a peace which should leave any of the occupied Russian territory in German hands was to these commentators a matter of the utmost bewilderment. The explanation, however, seems to be a simple one, and it is Dr. Williams, the Petrograd correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle*, that lets us into the secret. It appears that everything at Brest-Litovsk was going as merrily as a marriage-bell when some delegates from the Ukraine suddenly turned up, unexpected and uninvited. Dr. Williams writes:

> "After the arrival of the Ukrainians General Hoffman most emphatically declared that the Germans would not evacuate the occupied territory, because while peace might be concluded with the Bolsheviki, other portions of the Russian Army might continue the war with the help of England and France and seize Brest-Litovsk and other strategical points. The Germans absolutely refused to evacuate the occupied territory until the conclusion of a general peace. Their only concern was whether peace would guarantee the complete neutrality of the whole Russian Army."

Thereupon the delegates of the Bolsheviki had to put the best face they could upon matters. They immediately rejected the German terms, profest utter astonishment that such an offer should be made, and then invited the Germans to do their worst. As the Petrograd correspondent of the London *Daily News* expresses it:

> "They said self-definition was impossible until the last German soldier had left the country. Further, they jeered the Germans, asking what they proposed to do. They asked whether they intended to take Petrograd and feed 3,000,000 starving folk, or to disarm a revolutionary country in which every workman had a rifle. They also asked what the Germans proposed to say to their own democracy, which protested a couple of months ago against the proposed annexation of Poland and Lithuania. They remarked that they were surprized that even the Prussian junkers had such audacity."

Dr. Williams, writing of the reception of the news in Petrograd, tells us in a later dispatch that all this surprize is an admirably executed play to the gallery:

> "The Bolsheviki express surprize and indignation. They have known these terms for a week past. They could have foreseen them from the very beginning. They knew them when they proclaimed the victory of their principles at the Brest-Litovsk conference, and when they held their peace demonstration last Sunday. They have published the German terms now, when, with the return of the peace delegation from Brest-Litovsk, it has become impossible to conceal them, and at the moment of publication the Bolsheviki discovered that the Germans were trying to hoodwink the Russian people."

Whatever the mental attitude of the Bolshevik leaders, there seems little doubt that the Russian people themselves have been taken utterly by surprize at the turn of events, for we find the Petrograd *Ryetch* saying:

> "Now, after the triumphal flourish of trumpets in honor of the victory of Brest-Litovsk, menaces are flung at the head of predatory imperialism, but the Smolny dictators know better than any one else that menaces are only effective if you have force behind you. But what force have we to make an impression on outsiders? Only a few days ago the final blow was struck at Russian military organization—a blow from which it will not soon recover. The heart bleeds at the thought of the new trials awaiting us, the new shame prepared for us. The one ray of hope is that after all these horrors we may yet be saved from slavery without and within."

While the *Ryetch* represents all that is left of the once not inconsiderable body of moderate liberal opinion in Russia, and would therefore be hostile to the extremists now in power, we find a most significant apostrophe to Lenine and Trotzky in

Maxim Gorky's paper, the Petrograd *Novaya Zhizn*, up to now a most whole-hearted supporter of everything in the shape of Maximalist opinion. It runs:

"Do you seriously intend to renew war with Germany—renew war when by the efforts of Field-Marshal Krylenko the Army, deprived of its officers at the front, has been turned into a chaotic mass, half of whom have run away, while those troops that are still capable of fighting have been dispatched to inner fronts—renew war when munition-works and all forms of industry have been liquidated by labor control, railway traffic destroyed through conflict with the Railway Union, when at the front and in the rear famine is advancing—renew war at a time when the whole popularity of the Council of People's Commissaries depends on the assumption that they have stopt the war and given the people a just, revolutionary, democratic peace?"

The most significant comment of all, however, comes from a German source, and that source none too friendly to the aims of militarism. The Independent Socialist *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, now the most outspoken paper in Germany, says:

"Germany now reveals her Eastern peace aims. Everybody in Germany, Russia, and the Entente countries now knows that she is not aiming at a just peace without annexation and indemnities, such as von Kühlmann depicted, but at a peace providing for an enormous increase in Germany's military, political, and economic strength.

"These intentions must strengthen the war will of the Entente. Germany intends really to annex all territories she now holds. Her excuse that the populations of these territories have declared their willingness to be severed from Russia is untrue. Individuals may have done so, but they have always been irresponsible, acting on some German suggestion."

The English Radical organs plead for Entente recognition of the Lenine-Trotzky Government. Writing editorially, the London *Daily Chronicle* remarks:

"Circumstances have obviously changed in the last few hours as the result of the Bolshevik discovery of German duplicity. As our own correspondent exprest it, the German method has been to give with one hand and take away with the other. Now that the Russian Government is acutely aware of this, anything may happen.

"There are three alternatives. The Bolsheviki will give way, or the Germans will, or there will be a rupture of relations. The first is hardly likely in view of Trotzky's declaration. The second is possible, for the Germans are past masters in the art of specious compromise. But the third is most probable, since the Bolsheviki have exhibited a perspicacity which was hardly expected in this country. Russia is a land of boundless surprizes, and we may quite possibly witness a revival of the war. If not in its most active form, it might be at least a sullenly defensive war, necessitating the keeping on the frontier of a considerable German force.

"Assuming such situation and consolidation of Bolshevik power—provided, of course, failure to extract a peace does not wreck the Lenine régime—then recognition of that power as a *de facto* Government follows."

Another Radical London light, the evening *Star*, in a somewhat vehement article, calls upon the British Labor party "to open up negotiations with the Russian Government if the British Government should pursue its fatuous policy" of non-recognition. The conclusion of the *Star's* article is entirely revolutionary in its tone and is a significant index of how the Bolshevik leaven is working even in the most conservative country in Europe. It runs:

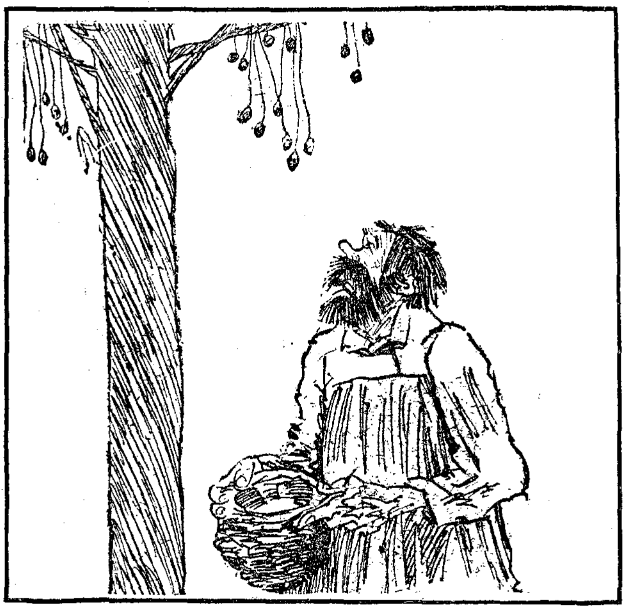
"For nearly ten months our incompetent Government has grossly mismanaged its diplomatic handling of the Russian revolution. It allowed the Germans a free field for their plots and plans. Russia is a democracy in revolt against the bloody insanity of war, against the cruel imbecility of emperors and empires, against imperialistic earthlust, against the whole hellbrew of European diplomacy and bureaucracy.

"The Bolsheviki want what we want, a just and permanent peace. Their cause is ours. Let us support them against the German junkers. If the German democracy will not get rid of its murder caste, then let all the democracies close up their ranks and establish democracy all over the earth. We have lost all faith in other parties. Let the Labor party do what they are afraid or unwilling to do."

THE GREEK MASSACRES—The gentle Turk is again enjoying himself. An Athens dispatch to the London *Daily Chronicle* runs:

"The succession of official reports which have been published describing the savage persecution, massacres, violation of women and girls, pillage and other atrocities, aiming at the systematic annihilation of the Greek element in Asia Minor and Greek Thrace, have aroused indescribable indignation throughout Greece.

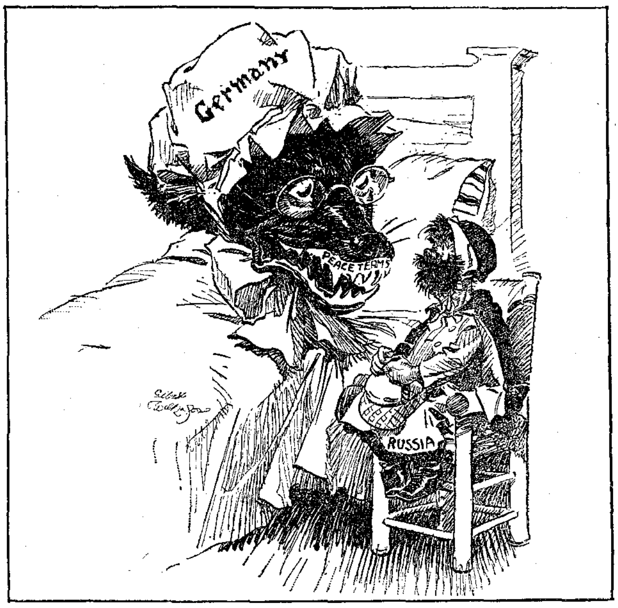
"Newspapers of all shades of opinion condemn in the strongest language these outrages on the part of the Young Turk, whose anti-Greek policy will, they say, prove fatal to Turkey. The newspapers express the opinion that Greek vitality will survive even the severe trial which it is undergoing, adding that it is impossible for a free people not to rebel against the continuation of such atrocities or to allow their tyrants to continue with impunity their work of destruction of the Greek race."



THE GERMAN VIEW.

The freedom he deserves—the knout.

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).



THE BRITISH VIEW.

The new Red Riding Hood.

—*Passing Show* (London).

A GERMAN AND A BRITISH VIEW OF RUSSIA'S FATE.

BOLSHEVIK "FREEDOM"

A BITTER TALE OF OPPRESSION is found in the few papers that filter through from Russia in these days of "Russian freedom." One of the first acts following the successful *coup d'état* of the Leninists was the silencing of the press of the opposition—which meant the suppression of about nine-tenths of the journals of public opinion in Russia. This wholesale throttling of the press in Petrograd, and to a lesser extent in Moscow and the provinces, underwent subsequently considerable modifications, as it was too big a bite even for the Bolsheviki to swallow. But the interesting thing about it is that these apostles of liberty strongly objected to the liberty of the press when the time for a real test came. Says the Petrograd *Ryetch:*

"The Bolsheviki have conquered. During the past six months we have lived in an atmosphere which, while not truly republican, was certainly far from a monarchy. Now the last vestige of freedom is gone; the yell of bolshevism and of the Soviets reigns supreme. Domiciliary searches and arrests are the order of the day. Telephone conversation is under surveillance and the telegraph service is prostituted. The censor is back again. Already some of the most important journals in the provinces have been suppressed; the newspapers of the capitals will soon follow suit, and the dictatorship of the Soviets will be complete. Let us not delude ourselves: we can judge the coming crop by the early blossoms."

On the very eve of its suppression the Petrograd *Novoye Vremya*, one of Russia's oldest conservative dailies, registers the following bitter complaint:

"Telegrams from the front inform us that the 'army committees' allow only the sale in the Army of the newspapers of the extreme Left parties, and have forbidden the circulation of even such reputable organs as the *Ryetch*, *Russkoye Slovo*, and *Novoye Vremya*. For months only such papers as have been championing the cause of the Leninists were permitted to reach the soldiers, who were fed exclusively on 'literature' which brought about the infamous surrender of Riga. Now the bars have been put up in the capital, the post, and on the railroads as well. Equality has been denied to the press of the *bourgeoisie*, and it is being held up, destroyed, or sent out in mischievous, roundabout routes. We know the Lenine press can not compete with the real newspapers of the country, so they have chosen a more direct way of destroying them. In the old days of Czarism, the bureaucrats used to infest the Russian countryside with the gratuitous publications of the Black Hundreds in order to poison the minds of the people. To-day the Bolsheviki are forcing down the throats of the people the *Izvestia* and the *Zhizn*, which only incite and corrupt the great ignorant masses of the land."

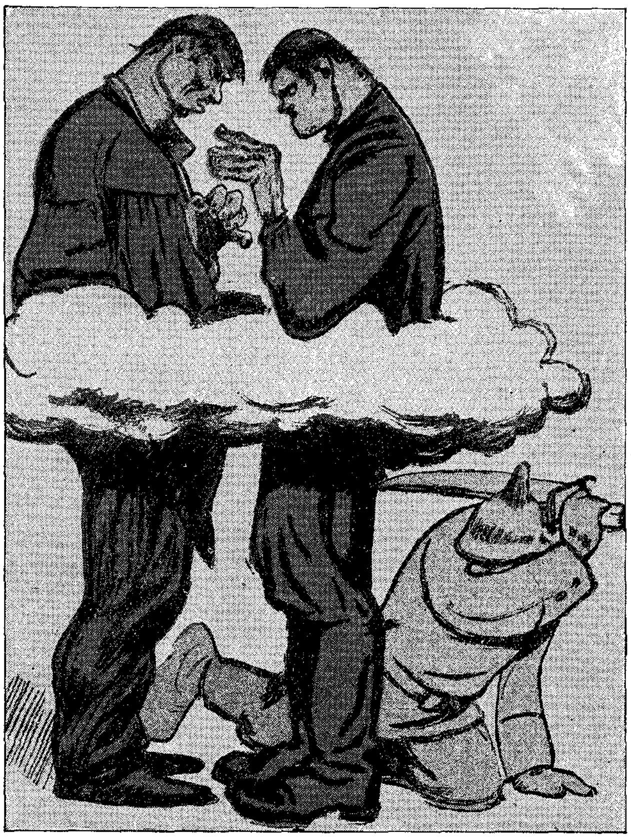
Moscow's leading liberal newspaper, the *Russkoye Slovo*, which also suffered severely during the repression, comments:

"The newest staff of the revolution has launched a vicious new undertaking, the drafting of the young men of the colleges and the universities into an army of volunteer sleuths, informers, and so-called censors over the persons and the press of all those who maintain opposite views regarding our urgent and burning questions. Thus all the achievements of freedom which were gained at a frightful cost by the entire Russian people are turned over for the exclusive benefit and employ of single classes, even single parties. The vaunted freedom of person exists to-day only for the Bolsheviki, and does not extend to a humble Cadet. The freedom of speech and of the press is guaranteed only for the very extreme 'Left,' and the remainder of the press is exposed to the rigor of a 'military' censorship. We are citing below a list of seventeen daily papers of important provincial towns, practically all of them organs with republican tendencies, which were suppressed by an arbitrary censorship, based on dastardly information, during the last few weeks. Not a single one of these papers has been proved to have committed a crime which would have in any degree justified the shameful treatment accorded them. Protests are as much heeded these days as a cry in the wilderness. Our rulers are not disturbed over the smothering of what they choose to call a *bourgeois* press, and are only encouraging the orgy of the amateur censors and the self-ordained literary police."

THE VATICAN AND THE ALLIES

A SCAPEGOAT has been found for the recent reverses in Italy in the person of Pope Benedict XV., and one of the leading English papers does not hestitate to accuse him of having turned from a passive Austrophil into an active worker for the Austrian, as against the Italian, cause. In a long editorial in the London *Morning Post* the Vatican and all its works are roundly denounced. The London Tory organ says:

"The time has come when it is necessary that the Allies should consider with some care what is their position in relation to the Vatican. That the recent Italian reverse was largely due to the influence of treacherous representations disseminated among the Italian armies is known; that the Vatican was implicated in that propaganda is also known; and the result was a disaster so grave that its effects can not yet be measured. French and British troops have been dispatched to save the situation; and therefore both France and England are concerned with the fact that owing to machinations for which the Vatican is partly responsible their ally has suffered serious injury, which is an injury to the common cause, while France and England themselves are suffering an additional call upon their resources. Since the beginning of the war, the Vatican, in so far as political action is concerned, has maintained an attitude which, as it was temporally neutral, was spiritually incomprehensible, inasmuch as violations of law and offenses against humanity were tacitly condoned."



THE RUSSIAN VIEW.

"And while they argue ——"

—*Novy Satirikon* (Petrograd).

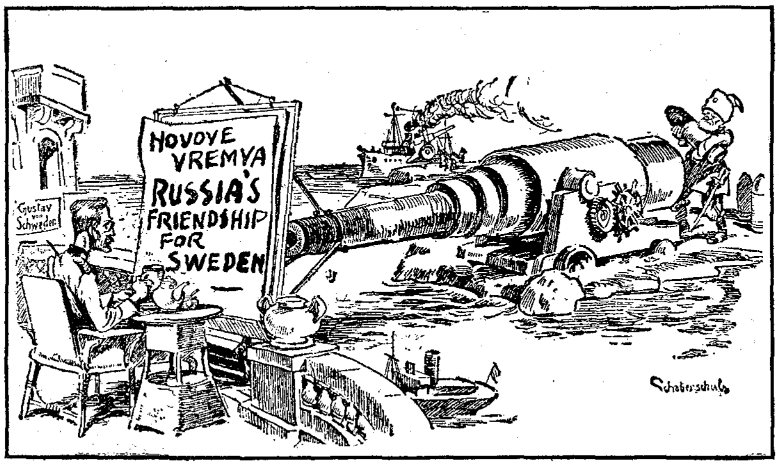
The Morning Post urges the Allied Governments to demand from the Vatican "an unequivocal statement of its position." It says:

"If we are to come to the plain truth, the Vatican has leaned from the beginning to the side of Austria, in which country out of all Europe the Holy See retains its strongest remnant of political subservience. And late events have shown that the Vatican has gone further, and has furtively but actively espoused the Austrian cause. . . . . .

"The country is entitled to demand of the Government what in its view is the attitude of the Vatican, and if any protest has been addrest by it to the Holy See. As matters stand, we can not but conclude that there is in Italy a center of disaffection in secret league with Italy's mortal enemy. If, again, the Vatican claims freedom of exercise of temporal power, we should be the last to deny it; but we should stipulate that the Vatican definitely declare upon which side it stands, and the situation could then be dealt with accordingly. The plea of neutrality no longer holds."

Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster and head of the Roman Catholic Church in England, replied immediately to the charge in the form of an interview given to *The Morning Post*. The Cardinal said:

> "In the absence of evidence such as can be examined, the Holy See would be justified in ignoring the charges made against it; but the Cardinal Secretary of State is determined that the English people should not be misled. It is being suggested that the truth of the accusations is well known, but that proofs can not be furnished owing to the nature of the case. A fair retort would be that, if this be so, the charges ought never, in the nature of the case, to have been made; but Cardinal Gasparri comes frankly forward with the clearest possible disclaimer. He does not merely tell us, as he might properly do, that the accusations are negligible; but he declares without ado that they are falsehoods. I will quote the exact words—for he wrote them in English—which Cardinal Gasparri has addrest to me. They are these: 'It is nothing short of an atrocious calumny to assert, as has lately been done in the columns of *The Morning Post*, that the Vatican is implicated in the disruptive propaganda to which recent Italian reverses have been attributed.'"



A MISCHIEF-MAKING GERMAN CARTOON.

THE RUSSIAN.—"If he'll only swallow that lie—till I can get ready."

—*Lustige Blätter* (Berlin).

In the official organ of the Vatican, the *Osservatore Romano*, we find Cardinal Gasparri giving his views as the Pope's Minister of Foreign Affairs. He challenges the accusers to produce definite evidence, and notes that all previous challenges to this end have been declined. He writes:

> "When the destructive propaganda began to affect the morale of the Italian Army, the clergy in general, and in particular the army chaplains, following the instructions and example of the Chaplain-General, labored to counteract it and to elevate the morale of the troops. More than once the army chaplains informed the Chaplain-General, and he informed the supreme civil authorities, that a harmful movement was creeping in—all this long before the publication of the papal note.
>
> "The true causes of the recent Italian reverses are perfectly well understood in Italy. Those on whose shoulders rests the responsibility for the reverses are well known. This responsibility certainly does not rest on the Catholic clergy, least of all on the august person of the Sovereign Pontiff. In one case the Holy See ordered the suppression of a newspaper containing imprudent observations."

Governmental circles in Rome are not entirely convinced by the arguments of Cardinal Gasparri and recall the case of Monsignor Gerlach, the Pope's Austrian Chamberlain, who only escaped execution at the hands of the Italian authorities by flight after his conviction for treason. Cable dispatches tell us that Deputy Pirolini roundly accused the Vatican in the Italian Chamber of Deputies. The dispatch runs:

> "Deputy Pirolini, in a speech in the Chamber, denounced the Vatican as a 'spy nest,' demanded that Colonel Repond, head of the Swiss Guard, be placed under surveillance, and asked why Monsignor Tedeschini, Under-Secretary of State at the Vatican, continued to visit Monsignor Pacelli, Papal Nuncio to Munich, who accompanied Monsignor von Gerlach, an Austrian, to the Swiss frontier."

GERMANY URGES SWEDEN TO ROB RUSSIA

RUSSIA'S WEAKNESS is Sweden's opportunity, Germany tells her, and many of the German papers have been urging her to reassert her claims upon Finland, which once formed part of Sweden, or, at least, to annex the Swedish-speaking Aland Islands, lying midway in the Baltic between Sweden and Russia. The Stockholm correspondent of the London *Morning Post* tells us that the Swedish Activists—as the local pro-German party are called—have seized upon the idea with avidity. He writes:

> "Several Swedish papers are advocating the intervention of Sweden in the affairs of Finland in order to profit by the present opportunity by securing the Aland Archipelago. These Activists urge the Government to take possession of the frontier districts and adjacent coast of Finland. The *Social-demokraten*, a Swedish journal, refers to the risks attending any operation of the kind, and declares that every effort should be made to prevent the adoption of an annexation policy. Here the opinion is entertained that action such as is suggested on the part of Sweden would imperil the Scandinavian concord."

The *Post's* correspondent thinks the Swedish Government will move cautiously, but the pressure of public opinion is great. He proceeds:

> "In the sensational article headed 'A Pistol to Sweden's Heart,' *Aftonbladet* declares that through the Russian revolution, indirectly caused by Marshal von Hindenburg, Sweden has for a time escaped a perilous position, but that had the Russians been victorious the worst would evidently have befallen the country. The paper is in favor of armed intervention in order to save Finland and the Aland Islands from complete destruction as a result of starvation and terrorism. The Radical press, however, warn the country against endeavors to create a public opinion in favor of Swedish action with a view to the immediate seizure of the islands by Sweden. Such action, the *Social-demokraten* says, would be a most dangerous adventure at the present time, and would probably cause the country to depart from its policy of neutrality."

In the Berlin *Tägliche Rundschau*, Count zu Reventlow urges Sweden to strike while the iron is hot:

> "Under present conditions in Russia and in the Baltic, it would not be a difficult undertaking to free the Alands from the foreign yoke or to confer self-government on their residents. Germany would certainly interpose no objection to Sweden's taking an action fraught with so much importance to her own security. Russia is not going to be swept off the map, nor have we heard the last of her determination to push through to the West by using the Alands as a bridge. Fate has once more placed the solution of the Aland question in Sweden's hands. Will she grasp the opportunity that now presents itself or is she reserving the Alands for Great Britain?"

The idea is meeting with strong disapproval in the neighboring kingdom of Norway, and many of the papers have written so strongly upon the idea of robbing the wounded Bear that the Christiania *Tidens Tegn*, after reviewing Denmark's difficulties with Iceland, thus warns the Norwegians:

> "The case with regard to Finland is of a much more serious character, being combined with the movement in favor of the annexation of the Aland Islands promoted by Swedish chauvinists. This is entirely a Swedish affair, in which Norway neither can nor will interfere."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

DO DRUNKARDS DESERVE DEATH?

WE PUT TO DEATH LAST YEAR over one hundred inebriates. They were so dealt with, of course, not because they were drunkards, but because they had committed capital crimes; yet it is fairly certain that with most of them King Alcohol was responsible for what they did. That a man who commits a crime when under the influence of alcohol is as irresponsible as an insane person, and should receive not vengeance but medical treatment, is the attitude of Dr. T. D. Crothers, of Hartford, Conn., who writes on the subject in *American Medicine* (New York). The confusion of medical thought, on the witness-stand and elsewhere, in cases where alcohol is concerned, astonishes Dr. Crothers. Physicians are definite enough in poisoning cases where the toxic agent is arsenic or mercury; but when a man is poisoned by alcohol we get only what Dr. Crothers calls "delusions and stupid theories." And yet brain-poisoning is poisoning, no matter what particular poison is responsible for it. He writes:

> "During the past year over one hundred inebriates have been tried and punished by death for capital crime, and the question of responsibility and the degree of sanity present was the subject of controversial testimony among a large number of medical experts. The results of these trials indicated the profound failure of both courts and medical witnesses to understand the pathology or psychology of these poor victims. Literally the questions of sanity and responsibility turned on the credulous belief of erroneous theories of the effects of alcohol on the brain. The dogmatic assertions that inebrity could not excuse or lessen the responsibility of crime, and that any toxic states before and during the commission of the act increased the culpability, were indorsed by medical witnesses as if they were exact facts. . . . . . .
>
> "The absurdity of calling states of mania or melancholy voluntary or involuntary acts and the efforts to show their boundaries and limits appeared in the testimony of experts. Going further, they declared that the use of alcohol was a mere habit to be put on and off at will, and at no time was the consciousness or power to discriminate concerning the nature and consequence of acts lost entirely. In one instance an expert swore that the prisoner was sane and responsible at the time the act was committed, altho he had drunk to great excess for years and had many attacks of delirium, one within two weeks from the time of the commission of the crime. . . . . . .
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> "In other instances similar histories of long-continued use of spirits and pronounced toxic states were given, and the possibility of such persons being sane and responsible was so remote that it is difficult to understand why it even should be considered. . . . . . .
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> "Nothing seems more clear than that crime, criminals, insanity, inebriety, idiocy, and many other forms of degeneration are all results of distinct causes, the origin and growth of which are becoming more and more apparent with every advance of exact knowledge. Theories of moral causes in inebriety, tendencies and impulses under control of the will at all times, are unknown and opposed by scientific studies. The inebriate, whose use of alcohol may be a symptom as well as an active cause, is diseased and has a defective brain, with a defective power of control no matter what the appearance may be. The reality of the disease is apparent in the failure of the use of moral means and remedies, such as punishment, ridicule, persecution, suffering, and loss which make no impression or in any way check its progressive march. If there were sanity, normal control, and consciousness in the inebriate's state, these means would prevent it; but the fact that they increase and actually develop the favoring causes and conditions is an indication that the degeneration is physical and not moral. The inebriate is practically less able to control or judge the nature and character of his acts because of his defective senses and general poisoned condition. Alcohol has paralyzed both the organic and functional activities of the body, and impaired his ability to adjust himself and understand the constantly changing conditions. The irresponsibility of the inebriate from the defective organism is confirmed by the modern studies of the physiological action of alcohol on the brain and nervous system. No matter how it may be used its effects are practically the same, only varying in degree."

In short, the inebriate murderer, says Dr. Crothers, should never be put on trial in public, and the question of his sanity and responsibility ought not to be made the subject of public discussion. He condemns what he calls the failure and hesitation of the medical profession to defend the teachings of science, particularly when they are opposed to the theories of courts and the delusions of the present. He then states what he regards as the clear teachings of modern scientific study:

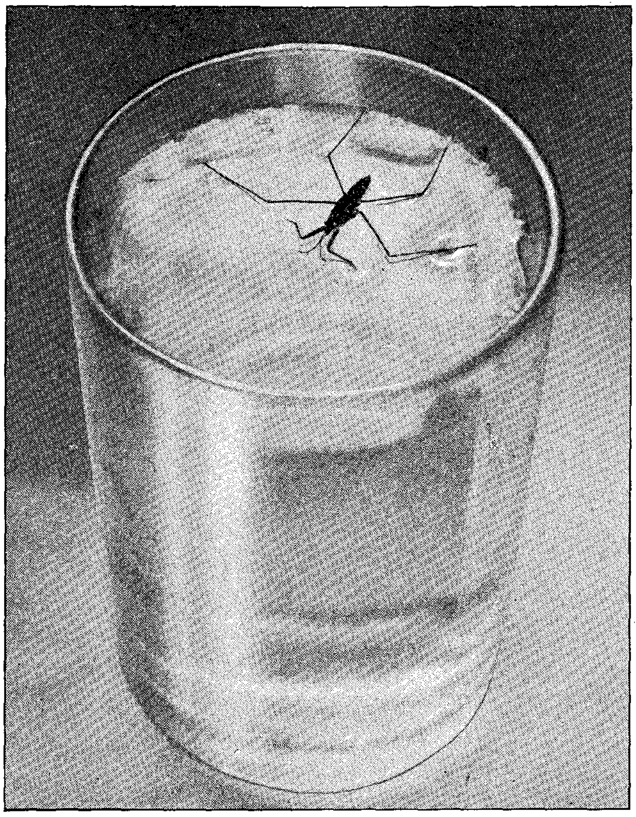
> "First, the present legal treatment of inebriety and efforts to apply preventive and deterrent remedies are a great failure. Secondly, science has proved beyond question that the action of alcohol is an anesthetic and depressant, and its continuous use is followed by sensory and motor impairments, and also poisoning and starvation of the brain and nervous system, hence sanity and responsibility are not possible. Thirdly, the object of the state through the law to deter crime and protect society from criminal inebriates by dealing with them as sound and responsible fails in every particular. Fourthly, the fear that the plea of insanity in crime and the failure to inflict punishment is an excuse and encouragement for crime is opposed by all statistics and experience. Sixthly, the inebriate should never be punished by death for crime committed under the influence of alcohol, because he is not mentally sound. Such punishment surrounds the criminal with a contagion which leads other defectives to repeat these very acts. Seventhly, the questions of responsibility should never be made the subject of medical controversy. The fact of excessive use of alcohol should be accepted as evidence of mental impairment and inability to control acts and conduct. The medical examination will show this impairment, thus the patient should be committed to institutional care and treatment the same as the insane."

ALASKA'S REINDEER MEAT-SUPPLY.—Alaska will soon be in a position to supply the larger portion of meat consumed by the cities of our Pacific coast, the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* concludes, after noting official figures showing the growth of the new Alaskan reindeer industry. These figures appear in the annual report of the Federal Bureau of Education for Alaska. The first reindeer were imported from Siberia in 1892. In 1902 the importations numbered 1,200. In June, 1916, there were 82,151 reindeer, distributed among 85 herds; they are now thought to number nearly 100,000. The new industry, says the Seattle daily, repeating official statements in substance,

> "has given the Alaska Indians a vocation and made many of them prosperous. The distribution of deer is accomplished through a system of apprenticeship. At the end of a year's work with the herd an apprentice receives six reindeer, at the end of the second year eight, at the end of the third year ten, and at the end of the fourth year ten, when he is ready to begin independent operations. The total valuation and incomes of the herds were $2,232,843 in June, 1916.
>
> "Until within recent years the industry has been confined to the natives and Laplanders. White men have organized a company at Nome and now have several thousand deer. Reindeer fairs are held annually, like cattle shows in the States. Herds are now maintained over western Alaska from Point Barrow to the Aleutian Islands, and the region of the Government railway and the Kuskokwim River is soon to be stocked.
>
> "This coming season the exportation of reindeer meat will be undertaken on a larger scale."

1,300 MILES OF RAILROAD JUNKED

THE LAST YEAR of private railroad operation—at least, until after the war—was the first since railroad building was begun in the United States, in 1831, in which more railroad mileage was abandoned than was built, and the abandonment of hundreds of miles of railroads in one year seems to *The Railway Age* to mark a very important point in the economic development of the country. There have often been as many as 5,000 miles of new railroad construction in a single year, but in 1917, according to this railroad authority, "there were 451 miles of railroad actually taken up or in the process of being taken up and sold for junk. In addition, there were 491 miles of road on which operation was abandoned and 396 miles of road which the owners had asked permission from State commissions or legislatures to abandon; and, as a matter of fact, this latter figure does not represent all of the road which would be taken up and sold as junk if the owners could get permission so to do." In some of these cases it has been necessary to go into court, but the courts have now "apparently definitely established the rule that owners of an unprofitable railroad may discontinue the operation of it and dispose of the rails, bridges, etc., as junk." *The Railway Age* remarks:



UPHELD BY SURFACE TENSION.

This insect "walks on the water" by taking advantage of the surface tension, which is an important factor in the bubble process used in mining and described in the article on the opposite page.

"There is quite a world of romance and pathos surrounding many of these railroad ventures which have at last proved failures. Hopes, sacrifices, great expectations, rebellion against the laws of economics—this is the stuff of which most of these failures are made. In most cases it was bad business judgment, as well as bad regulation, which caused the failure, but it is highly significant that the projects should be given up now when the effects on railways in general are most manifest. . . . . . .

"The faith which underlay the building of these roads was the faith which has so often been justified in the rapidity of growth of population and expansion of business of this country. There has been no lessening in the need for transportation, and yet after years of hanging on, in many cases, the owners of over 1,300 miles of railroad have decided to quit.

"The present high price of old rails, scrap iron, etc., is a contributing factor, but only in a superficial sense. It is no real underlying cause of the final abandonment of hope."

A list of forty-four railroads or branch lines which have been abandoned, or soon will be, is presented by *The Railway Age*, with the following additional comment:

"Some of the roads listed were built with the money and labor of farmers. The Chicago, Anamosa & Northern and the Creston, Winterset & Des Moines, both in Iowa, were built in this way. Both of these roads were the result of a desire for transportation facilities—the farmers wanted railroad facilities and assessed themselves to pay for building the roads. In the case of the Denver, Laramie & Northern, however, the money to build the road was raised not in the territory served—Central Colorado—but from Kansas farmers' savings.

"The list is pretty surely incomplete, even for all roads that have actually been abandoned; neither does it show some very important roads which the owners wish they could abandon."

THE STAVELESS BARREL

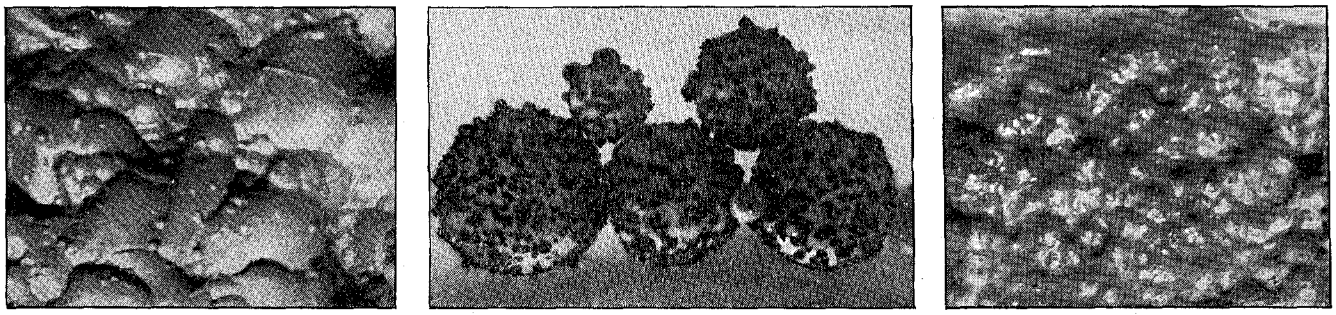
BARRELS ARE NOW MADE WITHOUT STAVES, of veneer in thin slats or broad sheets. The result is a light container, saving the shipper money not only on first cost, but on freight. Some of the staveless barrels are cylindrical and go under the name of "drums." These are air-tight, but the staveless barrel made of strips or slats may be so constructed as to facilitate ventilation, being a kind of improved basket. The tendency to economize in wood, which is a feature of all modern construction, will doubtless increase the consumption of veneers of all kinds. Says a writer in *The Hardwood Record* (Chicago):

"Some such barrels are of thin slats, held in place by hoops or by bands or cleats, or they may be interlaced in a sort of basketwork. A barrel of that kind bears considerable resemblance to a basket, or it may partake of the nature of a crate, tho in the form of a barrel. Its chief characteristic is the thin wood of which it is made. Being of veneer, it is very light, and a saving is made not only in the first cost, but freight bills are smaller than in the case of barrels with thick staves, because the weight is less. The veneer slats in such a barrel may cross one another diagonally, there being two courses and the barrel's wall consisting of five layers.

"Veneer barrels of another pattern are made. They do not consist of staves or slats, but of sheets of veneer. A single sheet is rolled to make a barrel, and the container is complete when the heads are put in place. Such a barrel is in three principal pieces: the two ends and the single sheet that forms the sides. However, there may be, and usually are, cleats on hoops to strengthen the structure. Such a barrel or drum may be of one-ply, but the best and strongest are of two or more ply. Vessels of that class usually pass under the name of drums rather than of barrel. They generally rate at a little higher class than the slack barrel composed of staves or of slats of veneer. The sheets forming the three-piece drum or barrel may be of nearly any wood, but the service intended has much to do with determining the selection of the wood. A cheaper container may be made of sheets of pine, spruce, or some other softwood; but a little better drum is of cottonwood, basswood, tupelo, poplar, or gum.

"Veneer barrels made of staves or slats may be used to secure ventilation. The contents, such as fruits and vegetables, may require circulation of air. Containers of lattice work are best if ventilation is the principal object sought. Another class of barrels has exactly the opposite purpose. They must be practically air-tight. No openings or meshes must exist, otherwise the contents will dust through and be lost. The three-piece drum of veneer is best. The drum in which finely pulverized sugar (berry sugar) is shipped is an example. The ordinary stave barrel will not contain sugar of that kind, consequently the veneer drum is demanded. There are many finely ground commodities, besides sugar, which go in such drums. . . . . . .

"Published statistics relating to the wooden shipping container business have never made a very careful distinction between the veneer box or barrel and the common box or barrel; but the time has come when such distinctions are necessary. The use of veneer is increasing at a rate which will soon place it in an important position and separate figures, for it will be



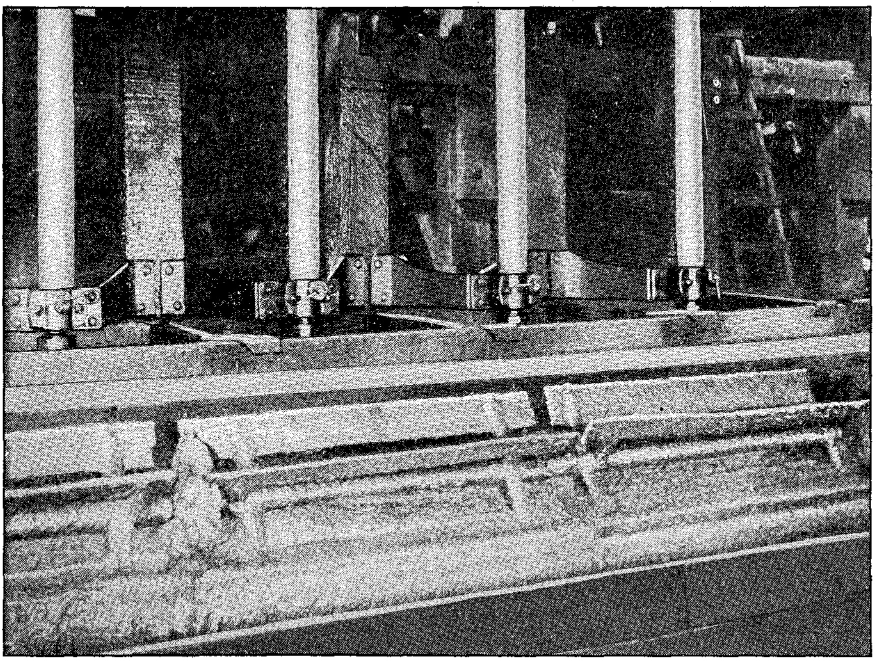
Illustrations by courtesy of "The Popular Science Monthly," New York.

BUBBLES WITH THEIR BURDEN OF USEFUL METAL.

demanded. The tendency is to economize in wood, and the maker and user of veneer for shipping containers is a practiser of economy. Wood goes further and serves as well, if not better. The body of the log may be peeled for rotary veneer, and the central core can be ripped into strips for cleats or hoops, or even for heading. The waste in the form of sawdust is thus greatly reduced. The demand for shipping containers has greatly increased in recent years, and will continue to increase, and the veneer-maker will find his field constantly enlarging if he is to keep abreast of this increasing demand."

MAKING MILLIONS OUT OF BUBBLES

SEVENTEEN MILLION DOLLARS would be the yearly saving if the five leading porphyry mines of the United States would adopt froth flotation—the industrial utilization of bubbles. So we are told by George Merriman Oaks, managing editor of *The Popular Science Monthly*, in an article written for that magazine (New York, January) under the heading that we reproduce above. Mr. Oaks tells us that millions are at stake in lawsuits brought about by infringement of froth-flotation patents, which he regards as "the basis of a great industrial achievement." In one mine alone the flotation method increased the daily output of zinc by 200,000 pounds; in another, the daily increase in copper was 120,000 pounds. He goes on:



THE FROTH-FLOTATION MACHINERY.

The pulp passes through an agitation chamber, where the metal-bearing bubbles are formed, into the flotation box or "spitz kasten." Here the concentrate on the surface is removed by the coated paddles, which dip it up from the rear and deposit in the trough in front. The residue goes on through a series of thirteen similar siftings before being thrown out as refuse.

"What is froth flotation? Nothing but the industrial utilization of bubbles. Who would believe that bubbles could be turned to money—yes, millions? And to think of applying such ethereal objects as bubbles, whose greatest achievement has always been to grow a little bigger and then burst, to an industry like mining!

"It seems as tho nature's most precious gifts are often hedged about with thorns so prickly that ceaseless labor is necessary to obtain them. We find copper combined with sulfur as copper sulfid. Furthermore, the sulfid is shaken up with all sorts of worthless mineral matter, such as sand and limestone, until it seems hopelessly hidden from man's reach. The same is true of the other base metals, zinc and lead.

"The useless matter found in conjunction with the sulfids of lead, copper, and zinc is referred to as gangue. Concentration is any process of separating the valuable metal from the worthless gangue.

"The simplest method of concentration is hand-shaking. We all remember our old American history which contained a picture of a flannel-shirted Forty-niner 'panning out' gold from one of California's rivers. He used an ordinary dish-pan, and, by a careful shaking, slopped the water and gangue over the sides, the metal being allowed to settle.

"Hand-shaking has long since been superseded by mechanical methods, some of which treat the ores wet and some dry. Both take advantage of the difference in specific gravity of the gangue and of the metal. In the dry method, a current of air is used to blow away the lighter gangue, leaving the heavier minerals on a flat, corrugated surface. In the wet methods, the ore passing through a stream of water separates into two parts, the metals sinking and the gangue being washed away.

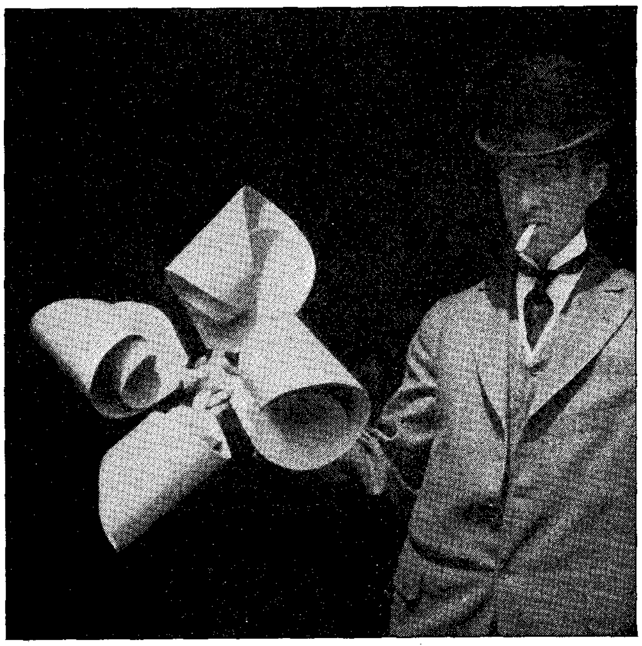
"But now comes a process which practically reverses the long-used wet method of concentration. Instead of sinking the sulfids, they are induced to float and the gangue is allowed to sink. Flotation is the term applied to this revolutionary method. . . . . . .

"The underlying principles governing flotation are too theoretical to admit of satisfactory explanation. The how is more easily explained than the why. Have you never observed the trim little water spider go skating across a pool with the greatest ease and agility? And did you make the mistake of believing that he was floating simply because he is so light. Then try floating a needle on the surface of a glass of water. It can easily be accomplished, and you will note that the much heavier needle seems to lie in a sort of depression in the surface of the water and does not readily become wet. This is due to surface tension, supposed to play an important rôle in flotation. . . . If a needle is perfectly clean, it will sink; if it is greasy, it can be made to float. . . . . . .

"Sulfids are not readily wet by water. If crusht into finely divided particles, they tend to float because of surface tension. Gangue, on the other hand, is easily wet by water; consequently it sinks. This may be termed film flotation as distinguished from the newer and far more efficient bubble method known as froth flotation. . . . . . .

"In the froth-flotation process . . . the ore pulp, consisting of finely ground ore particles suspended in a large quantity of water, is brought into contact with a minute quantity of oil. Through agitation, countless tiny bubbles are formed which carry the mineral particles to the surface with them, forming a dense froth. The gangue sinks and is allowed to go to waste.

"Injecting bubbles into the liquid by means of compress air has been tried generally with less success than when the bubbles are formed within the liquid itself by violent stirring. The effectiveness of the two methods depends upon the physical characteristics of the ore.



Courtesy of "The Scientific American," New York.

THIS IS A VERY GENTLE ELECTRIC FAN,
Which circulates the air thoroughly without raising a dust.

"Even when the mineral-laden bubbles reach the surface and burst, the metal particles are not allowed to sink because the bubbles directly underneath continue to buoy them up.

"The floating of sulfids is greatly assisted by absorption, which may be briefly defined as the tendency of gases or dissolved substances to cling to the surfaces of solid bodies. This results in a relatively high concentration of the gas or solution at the place of contact. The tiny particles of gas attach themselves to the solid particles, like barnacles to the hull of a boat. This film of gas surrounding the ore particles does not, of itself, possess sufficient buoyancy to raise the heavy mineral. But when it coalesces, or combines, with a few of the surrounding bubbles, the weight of the mineral is more than offset by the lifting power of the bubbles, and it comes to the surface. In this way, the bubbles 'lay to' and together boost an ore particle to the top."

BREEZELESS FANS—An interesting development of the electric fan, described in *The Scientific American* (New York), is a series of blades formed on new lines. Says this paper:

"Instead of the propeller-shaped blade, the present device is composed of sheets of metal rolled in a cylindrical shape, one cylinder being within the other. The action of this fan when attached to a motor in the ceiling is to draw the air upward with a gentle draft, instead of blowing it violently downward from the upper part of the room. The inventor claims that this results in far more effective cooling, as the heated air is nearest the ceiling, while the cool air is near the floor. Hence to draw the cool air upward gives the best results. The action of the fan is so gentle that it does not tend to raise the dust from the floor, yet it effectively circulates the air and reduces the temperature in short order. It has been tried out with success in restaurants and offices and is adapted to factories, halls, and other places where perfect ventilation is required."

CIVILIZATION AND INSANITY

"INSANITY" IS A CONVENIENT WORD used to cover a great variety of nervous and mental diseases. It is hardly more specific than "ill health" and other similar vague phrases. A discussion of the subject described by the heading of this article involves two questions: first, is there more mental disease in civilized races than among savages, and, secondly, are there different types of disease corresponding to the two grades? Dr. Charles W. Burr, professor of mental diseases in the University of Pennsylvania, says in a paper read before the American Academy of Medicine, and printed in *The Journal of Sociologic Medicine*, that idiocy, imbecility, and degeneracy apparently increase with civilization. The frequency of epilepsy seems not to have changed. Paranoia, the disease of great minds, may have been as prevalent among our savage ancestors as it is to-day. Mania was doubtless as frequent. But adolescent insanity, due to the straining of the mental machine, is essentially a disease of modern times, due to the efforts we are making to protect the weak man and make it possible for him to survive. This policy Dr. Burr does not openly condemn, but he thinks that it certainly does not strengthen the race. He writes:

"One type of insanity, a definite disease, is wholly modern and seemingly attacks only the civilized, and not all races of them. I refer to general paralysis of the insane, which was first described in the nineteenth century. . . . It is well proved that syphilis is its one great cause, and that it is a disease of civilization. It is never found in savage races even when syphilis has been introduced and affects almost the whole tribe, possibly because its very virulence on virgin soil, without inherited immunity, causes death too rapidly. As to the relative frequency in savages of dementia caused by trauma within the brain, the result of rupture or blocking of a diseased blood-vessel, or the consequence of the very extent of the arterial disease, we have little data. . . . As there is not, as a rule, much sympathy for the incurably ill among uncivilized races of to-day, and as there probably was no more in earlier ages, the sclerotic among them probably died before mental symptoms had time to develop.

"The same lack of sympathy for chronic illness, a lack not to be wondered at, and, considering the condition of uncivilized life, not to be condemned, rather to be praised, probably accounts for the rarity of senile insanity among them. The savage runs his course more quickly than the civilized man. . . . .

"Idiots and imbeciles are not often seen in savage life, if for no other reason because they have no chance to survive. . . . Probably relatively few are conceived because there is more degeneracy among civilized than uncivilized races.

"Epilepsy has been the most frequent of all brain diseases in all races since the beginning of history, and probably was just as frequent in primitive man. We share it with dogs and other animals. . . . . .

"A few philosophical writers claim, rightly or wrongly, that it is more frequent among the so-called lower races, and is not an indication of degeneracy, but simply of reversion of type. However that may be, epileptic mania is found in savage races of to-day.

"There remains the most interesting group, the essential insanities, the types dependent on congenitally defective protoplasm—paranoia, manic-depressive insanity, and the insanity of adolescence. Do they increase or decrease with civilization, and if they increase is the increase accidental or inevitable?

"The most interesting is paranoia. It has well been called the aristocrat of insanities. To fall a victim to it means that twisted and perverted as the affected mind is and always has been, yet a mind has been. One must have some mind to be a sufferer from any of the essential insanities, but one must have an unusual mind to become a paranoic—the common man is spared the possibility. I suppose he is to be congratulated. The great symptoms of paranoia are egotism, ideas of persecution, and a desire to and a feeling that one can settle the question of the universe. . . . . . .

"Now, as soon as primitive man began to think, he began to try to solve the riddle of the universe. . . . Is it not probable that so soon as man developed mind enough for geniuses to appear, the paranoics, who are the bastard brothers of genius, began also to appear, began to talk, and since even to-day paranoics in religion and politics have eager followers in large numbers, may it not have been so in prehistoric times? . . . . . .

"All things mental hang together, and what kind of insanity a man will develop depends on what kind of a man he is, what his psyche is. Now, tho mania and paranoia are as far apart as the poles, when we compare typical cases, yet they run into each other at the ends, so that it may be equally justifiable to diagnose a given case as mania or paranoia. Mania is the more frequent, because to produce it does not require that the machine be so complicated, so finely organized. Mania is about as frequent in savage man to-day as in the civilized. It probably always has been so.

"Finally, we come to adolescent insanity, the insanity which comes not, so far as we know, from external stress and strain, but from internal weakness, and appears during that period when the mental machine is put to the test of development and shows whether it can grow or not. I believe, but I would like to be proved in error, that it is an insanity of civilization and is the consequence of protecting the weak. In primitive times the weakling had no more chance of survival than he has in savage tribes to-day. Civilized races (and especially the Americans) are trying to frustrate nature and are making every effort to prevent the weak from paying the natural penalty for weakness. Their very weakness has become their strength. Such a policy will not strengthen the race. It has increased, and will still more increase, the rate of occurrence of adolescent insanity."

THE SHOP-GIRL UP TO DATE

THE STIGMA of the term "shop-girl" has been lifted. Women from every walk of life now seek and obtain work in factories. This change, we are told by Joseph A. Holland, employment manager of the Remington Arms Company, writing in *The American Machinist* (New York, December 6), is due to the exigencies of the war, which have brought women into many forms of employment hitherto closed to them. It is no longer a question of getting the right man for the right job, but one of getting any man at all. It seems impossible now, Mr. Holland tells us, to get sufficient men of any description to meet the demands. The suspension of emigration, voluntary enlistments, the operation of the draft, have brought about such precarious conditions as to cause the manufacturers grave anxiety. He goes on:

> "The partial solution of the difficulty lies in the introduction of female labor into the various industries hitherto monopolized by men.
>
> "The hiring of women calls into play all of the employment manager's ability. By the trend of his natural instincts, by intensive training, he has become a specialist in humanity. Through his daily contact with applicants, he learns to read the meaning of an unconscious gesture, the varied manners of speech; he studies the self-drawn lines of a countenance as a scholar pores over an ancient volume. There is no tone of the voice but echoes some feeling, no expression that does not mirror some hidden trait, and it has become the employment man's vocation to read them all. The detective has long used this art for the criminal's downfall; the employment man is now using it for the general uplift.
>
> "But when he deals with women applicants he frequently finds his well-established theories at fault and his careful training ineffectual. Subterfuge may or may not be essentially more feminine than masculine, but the woman applying for a job all too frequently fails to appreciate the fact that now, as an integral part of the industrial world, she has acquired new responsibilities.
>
> "She does not realize that references are not only demanded, but investigated. She seems to feel that a lie is well risked in the procuring of a job. Moreover, when once installed, she does not feel the same necessity of steady attendance as does the man."

There is another side to the shield, however, for Mr. Holland tells us that really splendid results have been shown by women employees. In dexterity and perseverance in overcoming difficulties they have outdistanced their male predecessors. In some instances—the production of small, intricate, and duplicate parts—they have increased the output over 400 per cent. He adds:

> "In allotting the women to the many positions now open to them all the employment manager's discernment is needed. Girls who are complete failures at one type of work often make good at once when transferred. Not only their age, weight, and height must be considered, but their temperaments and training.
>
> "The necessity of female labor has brought many radical changes into the old methods of factory life. For years these changes have been discust and advocated, but it is only within the last decade that they have been effected. Rest-rooms, restaurants, dormitories, a welfare department, healthful and hygienic buildings, are the common order now of the big, up-to-date factory. And it is due to these improvements that the personnel of factory women has been so much bettered. The stigma of the term 'shop-girl' has been lifted, and girls from every walk in life now seek employment in factories.
>
> "The two types that most harass the employment manager are the wives who are working temporarily to earn a specially coveted sum and the girls who come from homes where their earnings are not needed. Naturally they do not display the earnestness or tenacity of purpose of the self-dependent worker.
>
> "The safeguarding of the future industrial success lies in the hands of the employment manager to a marked degree. It is to his foresight, his choosing of faithful and competent employees, that the manufacturer must look. If owners of factories have neglected or slighted the importance of this department in the past, they must now make good their omissions. They must inquire into and secure the best employment systems in use, choose a competent head, then give him freedom to work out his theories for their mutual benefit. The manufacturer who does not reorganize his factory, his methods of employment, his views, to accord with the change of the times, faces disaster.
>
> "The demand and supply of labor form the industrial barometer. Success lies in the ability to anticipate it."

THE "SHOP-GIRLS" OF THE NEW DISPENSATION.

These women, employed in the Baltimore & Ohio's Lorain, O., shops are representatives of the great army of women to whom the war has opened occupations formerly monopolized by the stronger sex.

WAR-TIME-FOOD-PROBLEMS

Prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST *by the* UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION,
and especially designed for High School Use

CORN—OUR NATIONAL FOOD

© International Film Service, N. Y.
HERBERT HOOVER,
United States Food Administrator.

"HOW CAN I do something for my country?" That is a question which all patriotic and wide-awake boys and girls ask themselves, in peace as well as war-times. There have been many practical ways of answering it, but among the most effective solutions are those which tend to increase the usefulness of this country's natural resources. And, as everybody knows, among such resources our crops are foremost. That is why the boys and girls who have planned and worked in tilling the soil have accomplished so fine an achievement.

THE OHIO CORN BOYS' CONTEST—All across the country groups of boys, and of girls too, have made a habit of practical agriculture. One notable example of this is furnished by the Ohio Corn Boys. For seven years now the lads of Ohio have engaged in an intercounty competition to see who can produce the greatest yield of corn to the acre by the most businesslike and economical methods. Each boy who takes part in the competition has exactly an acre of ground assigned to him, and must personally take charge of all work—plowing, fertilizing, planting, cultivating, and harvesting. In each county the boy (or it may be the girl) who most efficiently produces the largest yield of corn from the acre of land, is declared the winner in that county. And recently the State of Ohio has encouraged the competition by taking the winners from each county on a trip to Washington, D. C.

THE RESULT—Those who question the practical usefulness of all this effort should bear in mind the fact that the winners of the last seven years among these Ohio Corn Boys have shown an average yield of over 140 bushels of corn per acre, whereas Ohio's average acreage yield in corn has been approximately 40 bushels to the acre.

Here is an illustration of what boys have proved they can do to develop this country's natural resources.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CORN IN THE WAR—But just now all this takes on a new importance, for it calls attention to the part that corn is playing in our national life. You can not have forgotten that in recent articles attention has been called to the fact that we must ship overseas to the Allies and our soldiers every ounce of wheat possible. This is absolutely necessary, and the best way to make that wheat available for shipment is for all of us to use corn-meal instead.

In other words, corn and corn-products have suddenly sprung into conspicuous national prominence as weapons whereby we may help to win this war and justify that democracy which is this nation's pride.

And yet, when you stop to think of it, this notable opportunity for corn, this chance it has to be a champion of life and liberty, is nothing in the least new.

INDIAN CORN IN OUR HISTORY—For corn is, and always has been, this country's national food.

Before ever the German war-lords took it into their heads to enslave the world, before our own Civil War, before the Declaration of Independence and the Revolution, before the colonies at Plymouth and Jamestown were started, even before Columbus set foot on the New World, corn was grown by the Indians in this land which we call home. Along with game and fish, they made it their staple food. Longfellow, in his "Hiawatha," is well justified in fancying that the redskin termed corn "the friend of man."

For it *has* been the friend of man, and the friend of this country all these scores and hundreds of years. The early pioneers got from it strength and courage to sustain them through the rigors of northern winters and the turmoil of Indian warfare; in the dark days of the American Revolution our ragged soldiers used parched corn to enable them to balk the threat of starvation, and throughout the Civil War North and South alike found corn a heartening food.

Corn and conflict! The two have always gone together whenever this nation has fought for its ideals. And now, once again, corn is to have its innings. Surely history does repeat itself.

Such is the century-long story by which corn has earned its right to be called our national food. Nor is this a story which can merely fire the patriotic imagination. It leads to a present full of facts and figures from which common sense can not escape.

OUR PART OF THE WORLD'S CORN CROP—For instance, the size of this country's crop for 1917—careful estimates place it at 3,159,494,000 bushels—in other words, over 3 billion bushels, some 83 million bushels above the highest previous corn crop. The whole world's corn crop is only 3½ billion of bushels. Here we are, producing more than six-sevenths of it. And here it is, the food we like, the food that naturally sustains us. Can there be any possible excuse for our not using it, so that we may be able to ship abroad the wheat that is needed over there? *Nowadays not to eat corn-products is to run the risk of being unpatriotic.*

And, after all, corn is not merely *one* sort of food; it's many in one. Corn-meal is the most important, but there are many other nutritious and appetizing forms assumed by corn from the time it leaves the field of waving green till it reaches the table. And these will be mentioned and discust later.

But before even thinking of details we should all of us—every man, woman, and child in the country—remember those Corn Boys of Ohio and try to be like them in realizing that corn is something that can aid this nation. All that is necessary is to give it the chance.

How? Simply by using it.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Why is it not practical to ship abroad to the Allies corn instead of wheat? (This question was discust in an article of this series in the issue of January 5.)

2. In what section of this country is most of the corn raised?

3. Do you live in one of the so-called "corn States"? If so, is there any organization like the Ohio Corn Boys? Do you belong to it? If not, why not?

4. What is the chief agricultural crop in your State? Has your State, county, or town organized any competition among boys and girls to encourage the growth of that crop?

5. Is there any sound reason why your State should not have some competition similar to that which exists in Ohio?

6. Why is it advisable to begin to plan already to make this country's food-crop for 1918 larger than ever before?

7. How has corn proved of vital importance to this country at national crises? (Write a brief paper on this subject, based on what you have studied of Colonial or Revolutionary history.)

8. Name as many different corn products as you can.

THE NATION AND THE WAR

A Series of Articles prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST by the UNITED STATES BUREAU OF EDUCATION, and especially designed for High School Use

A FEW MONTHS AGO the Federal Food Administration under Herbert Hoover, Chairman, selected THE LITERARY DIGEST *as its medium for an exclusive series of Lessons especially designed for schools on war-time food problems.* THE LITERARY DIGEST *is now proud to announce that it has again been especially chosen by a Department of the United States Government for work of this kind. The United States Bureau of Education has decided to prepare a series of lessons especially for* THE LITERARY DIGEST*—lessons that will discuss the great problems that are growing out of the war. These lessons will be written under the personal direction and supervision of Dr. Philander P. Claxton, the United States Commissioner of Education, and will be designed by him for the use of every boy and girl in every high school in the United States. The aims and objects of these lessons are described in the message that Dr. Claxton has written for the scores of thousands of boys and girls who are studying* THE LITERARY DIGEST *as a text in their classrooms.*

FINANCING THE WAR

THESE ARE THE DAYS when the eyes of the world turn toward America.

When civilization hangs in the balance, and Autocracy, with its brutal disregard of human rights, is attempting to rule the world, the appeal comes to us to vindicate the principles for which we stand.

While this is a "time to try men's souls," it brings to us also a deeper appreciation of our country.

As one of the younger nations of the world Europe has often treated us with more or less contempt; now in her peril she sees in us a mighty people whose aid she must obtain.

Her first appeal is for financial aid. She knows our prosperity is phenomenal. Years ago we were called "Sons of the Poor." Wealth forms no part of the inheritance of our fathers. Lords and nobles have left us no large estates. On the contrary, relying upon ourselves, we have made our part of the earth give forth her increase until in the hands of American genius our nation stands first in the wealth of the world.

It is not surprizing then that commissions have visited the capital at Washington from England, France, Italy, and other countries asking our assistance and expressing their confidence in the strength we would bring to the war.

Indeed before we were convinced that the conflict involved our country, we loaned large sums of money to the Entente Allies. Now that we realize that the foe is ours and are buckling on our armor for the fight, *the finances of the war are our first concern.*

Before we can clothe, feed, and equip an army a way must be found for meeting the cost.

THE INCREASING COST OF WAR—It is no wonder that many think the cost appalling. Modern wars cost many times more than those of even a few years ago. This war must be fought on foreign soil with all the additional expense involved. It costs, for example, ten times as much for America to place a man on the Western front as for Germany. Besides, we are a nation of peace, and the machinery for war has to be set in motion.

Nor have our obligations to the Allies ceased. Europe still wants, and must have, our money, munitions, and food as well as our men.

Think for a minute of this increasing cost of warfare. The Civil War cost the Union about two million dollars per day; now we are spending over $19,000,000 a day. England's bill is $25,000,000 a day, and that of France and Russia proportionate amounts.

Our Civil War cost the Union about three and a half billion of dollars. The estimate of our expenditures the first year of this war is over $12,000,000,000.

The Napoleonic Wars (1793–1815) cost England and France about six and a quarter billions. The expenditure of the present war to the Entente Allies up to August, 1917, was more than $50,000,000,000.

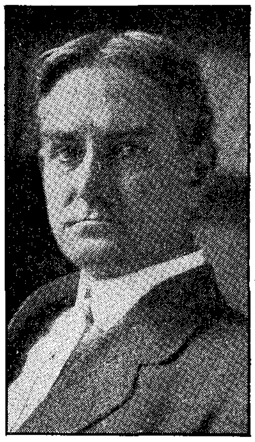
Certainly a gigantic load is this young America must carry, and yet she does not falter.

OUR RESOURCES — Indeed, despair must give way to confidence when we think of our resources. The wealth of the United States is estimated at $250,000,000,000 with an income of $50,000,000,000—as much as the British and German Empires combined. This probably equals the wealth of the world in the time of Washington. We have as much gold as Great Britain and Germany, and all the belligerent nations combined if we except Russia and France. Our country leads a long way in the production of wheat; three-fourths of the world's supply of corn, two-thirds of the cotton, and one-third of the wool are produced here. We have more miles of steam railroads than all of Europe combined.

"A Mineral Wonder Land" America is called. We turn out as much steel in a year as Great Britain, France, and Germany

(*Continued on page 77.*)

A MESSAGE FROM THE UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION


© Harris & Ewing, Washington, D.C.

To the boys and girls in the schools of the United States who shall read and study The Literary Digest's series of articles on "The Nation and the War," I wish to send my greetings and a word of appreciation of what they are doing to help the nation in this time of crisis and need. The President has told us that we have entered the Great World War not for profit or for revenge, but that the world may be made safe for democracy, and that all peoples may be free. When this end has been attained we may hope that the world shall be made free also from the burden of war and the fear of war.

In this freedom the boys and girls now in the schools of America will share, as men and women, and as citizens of the greatest of all the countries of the world. They should therefore be willing to do all they can now to help in bringing the war to an early and successful end. And should also, with all diligence, prepare themselves for service in the building of the New World which must follow the Old World which is being destroyed by war, and for participation in the fulness of its freedom.

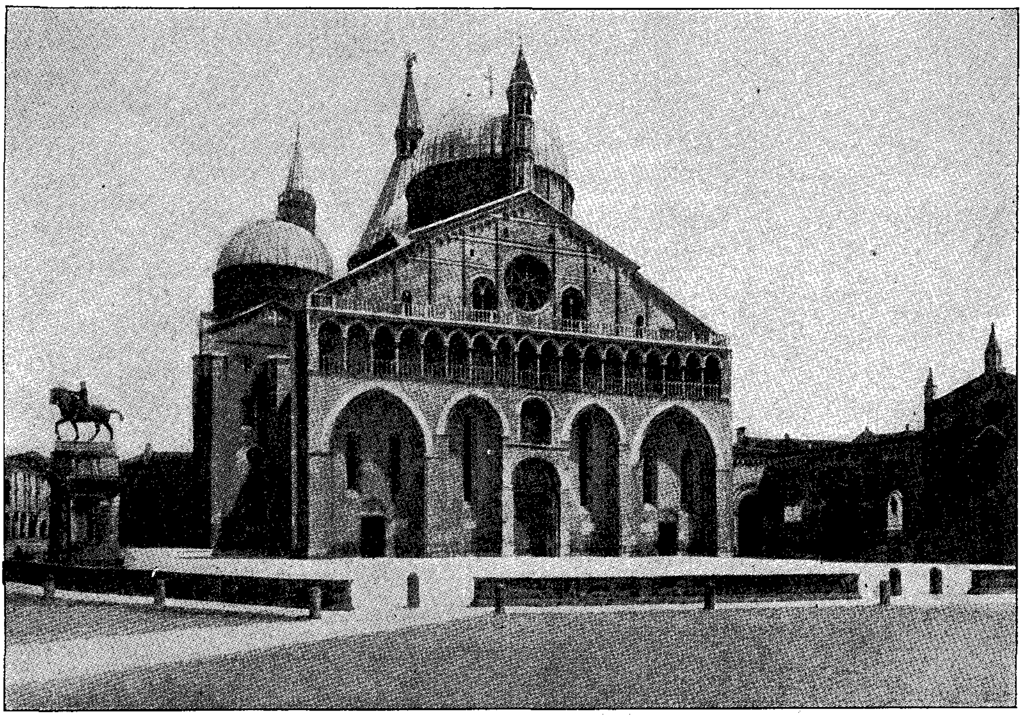
P P Claxton

Commissioner of Education.

LETTERS - AND - ART

HOW THE GERMAN DESTROYS AND COLLECTS ART

GERMANY'S INTEREST IN FOREIGN ART is receiving some strange commentaries in the acts of her armies. Where she has not destroyed she has stolen, and even when there were only the brains and skill of captured artists to commandeer she has not scrupled to pick them. The tale of her art relations will be one of the age-long indictments of her vaunted *Kultur*. Padua, after Ypres and Reims, has suffered from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Three recent air-raids have destroyed the façade of the Cathedral of Padua and damaged the basilica of the Santo (Sant' Antonio) and the Municipal Museum. The New York *Tribune* prints dispatches to show how bitter is the bombardment of open towns:



IN THE PATH OF THE AIR-RAIDERS.

The church of Sant' Antonio, Padua, which was injured in one of the Austrian raids. These attacks on Padua called forth a second protest from the Pope to the Central Empires.

"According to a dispatch from Padua, the ancient monumental Carmini Church, containing frescoes by Titian and Campagnola, was the center of a vast conflagration Saturday night which lighted up the skies for miles around. The fire started from incendiary bombs dropt by enemy airplanes in a second raid, which scattered wide-spread destruction and death.

"One building was pierced from top to bottom and torn to pieces by a bomb which burned four persons, three of whom were children. The church of San Valentine and the ancient palace were hit and partly wrecked. Other private buildings also were struck.

"While destruction of property was great, reports indicate the loss of life was not as severe as on Friday night.

"The correspondent at Padua visited the Carmini Church, where mass was proceeding in the baptistry. The famous frescoes were intact. The altar was covered with wreckage, but the walls and roof had not been greatly damaged. A number of hangings and tapestries were burned by red hot metal from the roof. The tall campanile was saved and the bells were ringing to-day. A monument to Petrarch in an adjoining square was scorched and surrounded by débris from collapsed houses.

"The frescoes saved were the 'Meeting of Joachim and Anna,' by Titian, and the 'Birth of Christ' and the 'Adoration of the Magi,' by Campagnola. The Carmini Church was erected to commemorate the end of the brutal tyranny of one of the Hohenstauffen chiefs who raided northern Italy seven hundred years ago."

The loss of Padua would be almost equal to what might befall the world in the destruction of Venice. Here in the Arena Chapel are the finest frescoes by Giotto in all Italy. In fact, no other church contains so much of the work of this early master. The Cathedral is notable for its twelfth-century brick baptistry. The ancient palace is taken to be the Palazzo della Ragione, belonging to the twelfth century, celebrated for its upper room, 270 feet long. It contains Donatello's wooden horse. The Petrarch statue is modern, dating from 1874. The Municipal Museum contains the civic library and collections of antiquities and paintings. "Dear, save to savages, is Padua, ancient, gated, arcaded," says the New York *Times*, and it goes on to review the precious things which the "scientific Hun" fails to respect:

"There the Bacchiglione is spanned by Roman bridges that the Paduan Livy may have walked on. There Dante's house looks on the sepulcher of Antenor of Troy, the mythical founder of the city. There Mantegna was born and Fra Filippo Lippi worked. There Donatello's bronze equestrian Gattamelata stands, proud, unmatchable, before the vast church of Sant' Antonio, 'Il Santo,' the beloved Franciscan, one of the most genial, sympathetic, human, and popular of saints, missionary, and miracle-maker, as vivid, alive, and helpful to thousands to-day as if he had not died nigh six hundred years ago.

"There is that famous university, the seat for as long of jurisprudence, medicine, of the humanities and sciences. Medieval palaces, Renaissance loggias and churches, Giotto's frescoes in the Arena—Padua is a city of art and history, unfortified save by the broken relics of its past.

"Most of its then ancient monuments were destroyed by the Huns and other barbarian hordes long ago. Now it has been raided three times from the air by the scientific savages. The Church of I Carmini and the Scuola del Carmini, with frescoes by Titian and Campagnola, have been bombed and burned, the Renaissance front of the Cathedral blown up, the sepulchral church of 'the Saint' and the Civic Museum injured. A three nights' triumph for the new heathen invaders of Italy.

"Do they get a little satisfaction for the failure of their military plans out of these violations of 'the great sepulchers of great things'? What is the motive, inexplicable to civilized men, of this continuous wanton destruction of the beautiful and the venerable?

"The help of St. Anthony of Padua is perhaps most often asked for the restoration of things lost. The kindly saint will be vainly invoked by Austria-Hungary and Germany when they begin to feel the need of recovering their reputations."

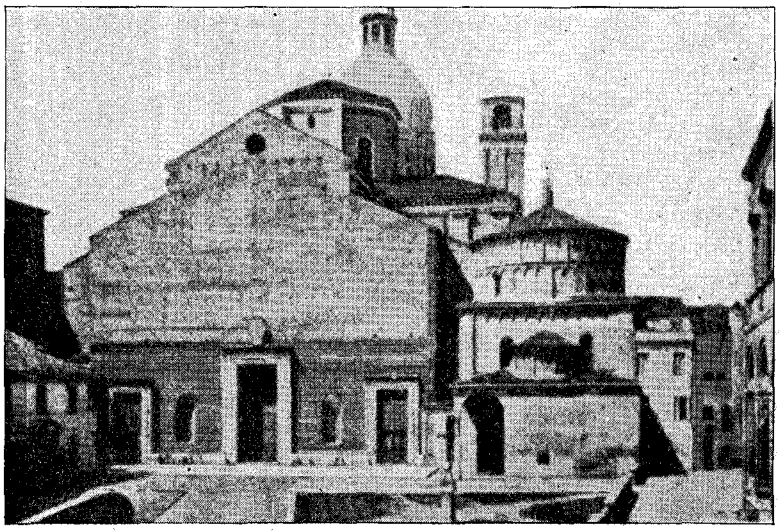
It has been reported that the Germans have looked cynically on while French churches have fallen under their shells and air-bombs, saying that all these things would be rebuilt better by the German artizan when their nation should come into full possession. But a subtle tribute to French art is offered by the testimony of a French prisoner of war now returned to his home. His tale appears in the Paris *Matin* and a version in the London *Telegraph:*

> "He tells extraordinary stories of the way in which the German officers exploited French artists taken prisoners from the start of their captivity. Inquiries were made as to who among the prisoners were artists. The N. C. O.'s immediately all had their portraits painted, the payment to the artist being an extra bowl of soup! Then the officers heard of this, and also ordered their portraits. They paid 40 marks for a life-size portrait in oils, it being stipulated that the painter provided the colors and canvas. General Plauel was the first to have his portrait painted. A colonel belonging to an old family of the Prussian nobility, and having rank as a Knight of Malta, was painted full-length life-size, in his robes, for 50 marks. Lieutenant Kahl, having been painted, decamped with the portrait and never paid for it. Commandant Boekelmann employed forty artists for a year to draw, paint and sculp for him a whole collection. He also had jewelry made, and himself supplied 20-mark gold pieces to make gold ornaments of. Finally, the limit was reached by General von Ruebensamen. He ordered two French sculptors in a prisoners' camp to design for him a suite of drawing-room furniture for 200 marks. Both the artists worked for six months, and turned out admirable designs for the furniture. He then paid them 20 marks. They pointed out that the price was 200, and thereupon the General had both artists sent off to a salt-mine."

ENGLAND'S "NEW HOPE" FOUND IN WAR-POETRY

"THE FIRST COHERENT PICTURE of the British warrior's moods and emotions in war-time which has ever been painted by himself!" This is the description given by the editor of an anthology called "The Muse in Arms," which embraces verse, written for the most part in the field of action, by seamen, soldiers, and flying men who are serving or have served in the Great War. We have given some account already of this work by Mr. E. B. Osborn, which has been in preparation for over a year. He gave notice of his intention of compiling it as long ago as that in the columns of the London *Morning Post*, and the results now published show, as a writer in that journal affirms, that "whatever may be written in the long years to come, when the achievements and sacrifices of the Great War have become merely a memory, it is certain that nothing can ever eclipse such a document as this collection of war-poems. . . . It is at once a portent and a memorial such as this world has never seen before." It must, in words written by D. G. Rossetti, be accounted a "memorial from their souls' eternity to one dead." We read further:

> "The verses here gathered not only lay bare the souls of the writers under the stress of a great spiritual experience, but they make real and living that experience in a manner which no mere record of fact could achieve. When in days far off the world desires to know of what kind were the men who fought and died in the Great War, and what was the nature of the ordeal through which they passed with such unflinching fidelity, it will turn to this anthology and find there the still vivid heart of the matter.
>
> "And if such an anthology is a memorial it is not less a portent, for never before, when the hosts have come nobly to the grapple, has the heroic conflict been so celebrated by the protagonists. Never before has the fighting man been so articulate, so self-conscious. Never before have thought and action gone so together, and self-expression in deeds and words been so wonderfully combined. These New Armies of ours, which have so splendidly vindicated the unspoiled fiber and quality of the race on the field of battle, have also a sentience and sensibility, a gift of quiet contemplation, which are the peculiar products, it had been supposed, of the study with its ease and security. Before going into action the new officer, lying in the advanced trench waiting for the stroke of 'zero,' is moved to odes, sonnets, and lyrics. However it may be with the laws, the muses, for him, are not out of tune with arms. If proof were needed that we have given the finest flower of our young manhood to this war, here is proof irrefutable.



THE DUOMO AT PADUA.

A second church edifice to serve as an Austrian target.

> "It is not necessary to claim that all the verse in this volume is of the highest quality; but through it all runs the same clear note of authenticity, of sincerity. These poems are the work of men, not refining on secondary emotions, but moved to utterance by actual urgent experience of the soul. It is not a little amazing that such self-interrogation, such self-realization, should be possible to those whose faculties and senses are already strained to the limit. Thanks to Mr. E. B. Osborn's admirable diligence and discrimination, we now know something of 'what passes in the British warrior's soul when, in moments of aspiration or inspiration, before or after action, or in the busy days of self-preparation for self-sacrifice, he has glimpses of the ultimate significance of warfare.' But is it possible that in other days the British warrior's soul was moved in like manner? If so, how comes it that the emotion found no comparable expression?"

Not less remarkable than the quality of the picture, it is asserted, are the number and variety of the artists by whom the picture is composed. Several questions propose themselves:

> "Had we realized that we had among us so many pardlike spirits, beautiful and swift, capable of such articulate self-expression in poetry? Or is it the occasion that has made the poet, as the fire in the flint shows not till it be struck? Assuredly it is not too much to say that while every line in this volume must always remain treasurable, as part of a memorial more enduring than brass, there are lines that may be ranked as an indubitable enrichment to the garden of English poetry—lines that 'beacon from the abode where the eternal are.' Of such are poems by Rupert Brooke, Robert Nichols, Ivor Gurney, Richard Molesworth Dennys, F. W. Harvey, and Joseph Lee, to mention only half a dozen of the half-hundred authors whose *testamenta militares* make up this book.
>
> "What strikes the reader most is the high serenity which breathes through all these battle-pieces—the quiet conviction exprest by Captain Dennys, who fell in the Somme advance, that
>
> My day was happy—and perchance
> The coming night is full of stars.
>
> There is no wailing or knocking of the breast; there are no doubts,

no misgivings, or regrets, but just a quiet acceptance of what may befall. And next to this serenity, there is evident a deep and almost passionate attachment to England. These men who have been confronting the supreme sacrifice write of the land for which they make it 'even as a lover or a child.' As Mr. Osborn truly points out, there is a complete absence of the note of 'professional patriotism.' The word 'patriot' does not occur once in all these pieces; but the feeling is how much more poignantly conveyed in such lines as these by Robert Nichols:

> The gorse upon the twilit dawn,
> The English loam, so sunset brown,
> The bowed pines and the sheep-bells' clamor,
> The wet, lit lane and the yellowhammer.

At every turn in these pages one meets these tender witnesses to 'abiding memories of sights and sounds and odors of the green countryside.'"

The "incalculable toll" which the war has levied upon England may not be offset by what has been given, but this reviewer sees that the war has "given royally":

WHAT THE WORLD STANDS TO LOSE.

The interior of the Arena church in Padua, whose walls are covered with some of the greatest work of Giotto. The loss of these frescoes, through the chances of an air-raid, would be to the whole world an incalculable calamity.

"Tho we mourn the irreclaimable dead, we are 'immeasurably the richer for the spirituality which they have bequeathed to us, of which the poems in this book are an enduring expression'; and we may read a new hope for the future in the revelation thus vouchsafed. We are told how in the war-ravaged villages of France, after the tide of battle has passed on, the grass and the flowers begin to spring up again amid the ruined homesteads, throwing a gracious mantle of oblivion over the desolation and defacement that shot and shell have wrought. So, from a book like this, we see beauty and fragrance growing out of the suffering and sacrifice, and teaching once again that 'out of strength comes sweetness.'

> If we return, will England be
> Just England still to you and me?

writes Mr. Harvey; and to ask that question is to give the answer. The future of the country which has bred the spirit revealed in these poems is assured. . . . . . .

"This is a book which will become a present possession and a permanent treasure, as 'the first-fruits of them that slept'; and it is not easy to be too grateful to the sympathy, the understanding, and the zeal of the editor who has brought such a collection of scattered jewels together and presented them as a rich and covetable legacy to the nation."

GERMANY RECONSIDERS RODIN

WHEN RODIN DIED it was said that Germany laid claim to him, as it has to many other world-geniuses, including Shakespeare. It may be that some one in the name of Germany made the absurd claim, but soberer considerations also seem to have found expression there. The New York *Tribune* makes a digest of the various estimates appearing in leading German newspapers, and we find from their translations that the *Kölnische Zeitung*, for example, burns with a patriotic flame, and seems to doubt whether future generations will regard Rodin as great as either of "the greatest German sculptors, Hildebrand and Klingsor." What the world outside Germany may have thought of these competitors does not seem to concern this paper from the Rhine-side. It sees, indeed, that among French sculptors no one of a dozen of the past century has "established the international reputation of Rodin." Furthermore, if no one has been to "such an extent the subject of controversy," it is also true, as this German critic sees it, that "about none has been spoken and written so much bombastic and fantastic nonsense as about Rodin." In its view, however, Rodin is admitted to be "the strongest and truest artist of the present day." And—

"He constitutes an exception to the deplorable rule that an artist must die in order that his life-work may get its merited appraisement. France and foreign countries — Germany not among the least—crowned him with laurels; and an extensive circle of admirers spoke of him only in the language of rhapsody. Rodin, however, was not the man to lose himself in dreams of the ideal, and in doing so to forget the commonplace and the laws of success in this evil world. He possest, along with all his fire as an artist, a shrewd and cool understanding of practical life."

The *Berliner Tageblatt* finds three sides to Rodin's work: "He was a powerful genius free from the barriers of time and nation; an accomplished Paris sculptor in marble who aimed at elegance and picturesque effect; and at the same time he was a shrewd manufacturer, who put many young sculptors of talent to work for himself." Good and bad are to be found among his finished work:

"Much of what the wise master created, much that was admired and bought by the public in recent years, after he had become famous throughout the world, is worse than of doubtful merit and will be forgotten. But many of his works stand alone, and will therefore endure, equals of the greatest works of the plastic art; and even where they have remained uncompleted they are incomparably higher than any others of his time—so especially are his 'Eve' and his study of 'John the Baptist Preaching.'"

More enthusiastic is the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, crying out, "Great Pan is dead!"—

"The last great ruler in the realm of nature, the fervent worshiper of all created life, who, with antique joy, exalted beauty and sensuous pleasure, yet whose pipe also sounded the most passionate plaint of the creature in bondage. When Bourdelle, Rodin's pupil, gave the features of his old master to a statue of the nature-god, this was but a case of deep symbolism. Nature in art has died with Rodin, a newer time has dethroned it, and hands have already been raised to shatter his figure as that of an idol."

SECRETS OF THE CRITIC'S PRISON-HOUSE

NOT MORE than half a dozen newspapers east of the Mississippi give their dramatic critic a free hand or protect him "from corruption by innuendo as well as intimidation." A critic of six years' standing makes this claim, and asserts that it would be patent to any one "as close to the newspapers as a critic." To review the conspicuous cases of past history, as Mr. Kenneth Macgowan does in *The Dial* (Chicago), one has to recall "the story of Norman Hapgood's fight with the syndicate; the barring of Walter Prichard Eaton and Alexander Woolcott by the Shuberts, and of Metcalfe and Alan Dale and Louis Sherwin by Klaw and Erlanger; the troubles of Delamater, Hammond, and Collins in Chicago, and of Salita Solano in Boston." For those of shorter memories who are not so near to the "open secrets of the journalistic profession" he recalls that while the New York *Globe* [*Commercial Advertiser*] and *Times* supported Hapgood and Wollcott in their fights, it was the newspapers which knuckled down in the cases of Walter Prichard Eaton, Alan Dale, and William Winter, and that at least "two critics are supposed to have left a New York evening paper because of the hostility aroused in the breasts of a person of the prominence of David Belasco and communicated to the owner." The indictment has even a wider scope:

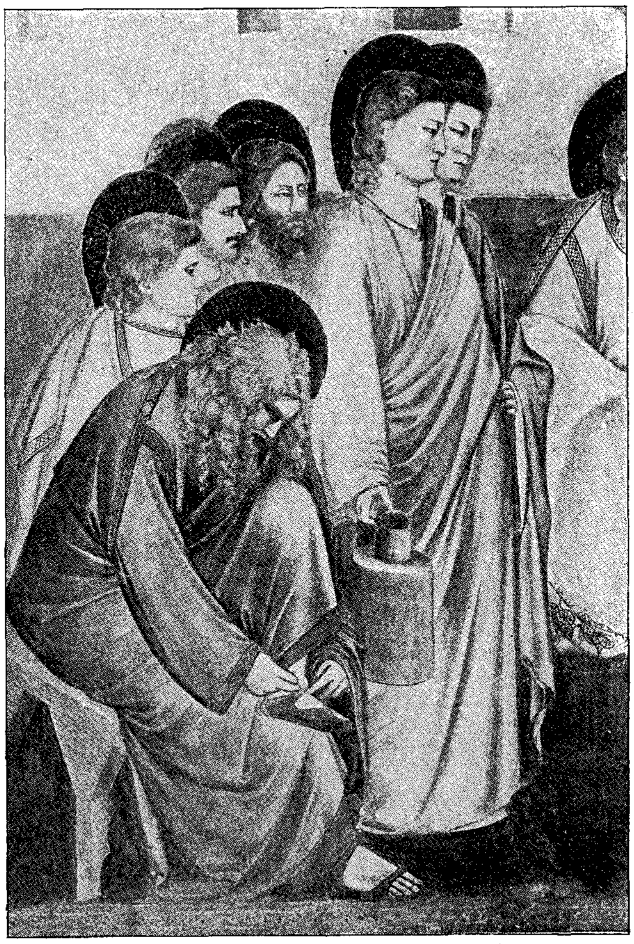
"To state only the most flagrant cases, in one of the four leading cities of the country the critic of the largest evening paper is also its advertising solicitor, while a morning paper pays its critic a salary in which is figured a percentage on the receipts from theatrical advertising. In another of these cities one dramatic editor may be found of a Friday inspecting the list of Sunday advertising before making up his theatrical page, while persons asking for advertising rates on another page are referred to the dramatic editor for information; and in the same town a leading progressive paper requires its critic to write an absolutely fixt number of lines about each new opening, paying for a corresponding size of advertisement.

"If you are as close to the newspapers as, say, a press-agent, you may receive from the dramatic department of a very prominent New York paper a letter containing the following sentence: 'If you will see that the *Evening* —— receives the full Sunday copy on Saturday, we will be glad to help your show along when it opens.' This is the usual introduction to the 'dollar criticism' of a chain of the country's most popular papers, where a rigid adherence to 'so much for so much' replaces the older editorial motto, 'Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may.' . . . . . .

"For instance, it is the custom of the theaters to send their press-agents round to the newspapers once a week with pictures and special articles, and they pick, of all days, Tuesdays. This means, in cities outside New York, that the day the critic's review appears he knows he must face and talk to men who earn their bread by the thing that he may have to do his best to kill. Worse still, he knows that these men will come from other newspaper-offices where their wares have been respectfully received.

"When the manager is not reminding the critic corporeally of the existence of himself and his fortunes, he is doing it by mail. Not a week passed in which some notice from one of the major theaters in Philadelphia did not reach me with the penciled message in the bottom corner: 'thirty-line ad. Saturday,' or 'two-col. ad. to-morrow,' or '150 lines next week.' Sometimes special notes came along, too. Here is a characteristic one: 'The Blank Theater will use 75 lines of advertising space daily during the week commencing Monday next. In view of this fact, can we ask that you will give extra attention to our press notice and see that this house is well looked after both as regards the Sunday notice and also Tuesday's review?'

"To conclude my personal experiences with theatrical corruption, I had one very clear intimation, during my work in Philadelphia, of what would have happened to me and my job if I had worked on an average newspaper instead of the best in the city. It involved, first, a request from the manager of two of the leading playhouses that I cease to review his plays on Tuesdays, while continuing to give them routine advance notices, special articles, and pictures; and, secondly, the cutting down of the advertising space of all the major theaters to four or five lines each, when I added to my criticisms occasional reflections on the effect of economic organization on art in the American theater."



ONE OF THE GIOTTO PANELS

In the little Paduan church called "The Arena." The strength and sincerity of this early master are considered among the marvels of primitive Italian art.

No critic can face such pressure if "he has any of that sensitiveness that is desirable in a good critic." Because he knows that—

"No matter how loud the business management of the paper may be in its declaration that the advertising department has no connection with the editorial, every time he ignores the managerial pleas to which his fellows accede his paper stands to lose revenue. In the last analysis he feels at the bottom of his heart that newspapers prefer tact to truth; and when he contemplates the caliber of the art over which all this pother is raised, he finds it easy to understand the newspaper proprietor's lack of interest in serious criticism."

The criticism that gets its "snappy" phrases put up in electric lights over the playhouse, thus seducing the critic to such an ambition, is, Mr. Macgowan asserts, but "the reflection of an unhealthy theater, a theater that has become a combination of eight-day race, gladiatorial contest, and a great public disaster." He goes on to speak of the criticism which "matches the system it pretends to guide":

"Of course, the best thing that can be said of most critics is that they are no worse than the plays they have to write about; and the worst thing is that they do not see the system which brings them such plays, and how this system has corrupted their courage and reduced the quality of their work by capitalizing the obvious, the 'punchy,' in criticism as much as in plays."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE NEW ALINEMENT OF RELIGIONS

THE KAISER'S "*GOTT MIT UNS*" has been repeated so frequently that observers outside the Teutonic pale may be excused for taking his claims lightly. Harry Lauder is quoted as raising a smile when he says, "I don't know who made the Kaiser, but God knows he made a bad job of it." How far this is from the Teutonic view-point may be surmised from a quotation from a famous German theologian and Nobel prizeman, appearing in the Stockholm *Dagen*. The man in question is Prof. Wilhelm Ostwald, one of the agents of the German propaganda, who seems to be quite serious even in writing the following:

> "In our country God the Father is reserved for the personal use of the Emperor. In one instance He was mentioned in a report of the General Staff, but it is to be noted that He has not appeared there a second time."

That the Kaiser, forever calling upon God, never appeals to Christ seems to the Chicago *Post* as a fundamental fact of which cognizance ought to be taken. "The larger conception of the God of mercy and love, of Jesus Christ, with his kindness and fairness and gentleness—these conceptions have no place in the kind of thing that the Prussian junker has labeled his theory of life." The Allied nations "know in their hearts that they fight to save the things that the good Christ taught," yet "there is something in the races that profess the religion of Christ which keeps them from dramatizing their religion to answer the tribal paganism of the Kaiser." *The Post*, quoting from the Christmas message of Henry Watterson in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, feels with him that in face of the "Satanism" with which we fight, the world "may stand upon the edge of a new descent into the Dark Ages." Mr. Watterson writes:

> "Surely the future looks black enough, yet it holds a hope, a single hope. One, and one power only, can arrest the descent and save us. That is the Christian religion.
>
> "Democracy is but a side issue. The paramount issue, underlying the issue of democracy, is the religion of Christ and him crucified; the bed-rock of civilization; the source and resource of all that is worth having in the world that is, that gives promise in the world to come; not as an abstraction; not as a huddle of sects and factions; but as a mighty force and principle of being. The Word of God, delivered by the gentle Nazarene upon the hillsides of Judea, sanctified by the Cross of Calvary, has survived every assault. It is now arrayed upon land and sea to meet the deadliest of all assaults, Satan turned loose for one last, final struggle.
>
> "The Kaiser boldly threw down the gage of battle—Infidel Germany against the believing world—*Kultur* against Christianity—the Gospel of Hate against the Gospel of Love. Thus is he Satan personified—'Myself and God,' merely his way of proclaiming it—for his 'God' is Beelzebub, the Angel of Destruction, his creed the devil's own, his aim and end a hell on earth. Never did Crusader lift battle-ax in holier war against the Saracen than is waged by our soldiers of the Cross against the German. The issues are indeed identical.
>
> "If the world is to be saved from destruction—physical no less than spiritual destruction—it will be saved alone by the Christian religion. That eliminated leaves the earth to eternal war. For fifty years Germany has been organizing and laboring to supplant it with *Kultur*, the genius of Infidelity. Her college professors have been obsessed with it. Her universities have seethed with it. In acclaiming 'Myself and God,' the Kaiser has put the Imperial seal upon it. When our armies have run it to its lair—when they have crusht it—naught will have been gained unless the glorious Banner of the Cross is hoisted—even as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness—and the misled masses of Germany are bade to gather about it and beneath it as sadly they collect the débris of their ruin for the reconstruction of the Fatherland.
>
> "Let every American soldier swear this day—this Christmas morn—that he will link him and his with the Christ-child—the Light of Love—that suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried, that descended into Hell, that the third day arose from the dead and ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty!"

Reverting to the quotation from Professor Ostwald, if this had appeared in one of our professional comic papers the usual result might be expected to follow. Instead, the New York *Globe* takes it with William's other blasphemies, as the signs of a disordered intellect. It says:

> "A volume of his speeches can hardly be read without feeling the presence of mental abnormality. It is no secret that Bismarck believed something more serious than merely arrogance afflicted Potsdam. The Kaiser's trumpeting of himself as a Prince of Peace while at the same time he was making spectacular appearances in shining armor is a contradiction not to be reconciled. The explanation of hypocrisy does not suffice, for the Kaiser's amazing indiscretions and extraordinary frankness on many occasions do not suggest steady cunning. We are not dealing with such cold-blooded, consistent, and secret wickedness as marked Frederick II. The Kaiser's latest is not to be viewed as calculated to appeal to the materialistic leaders of Germany, and they will hardly react as did the troopers of Cromwell.
>
> "When the true story is told of exactly how the Kaiser came to launch the war the world is likely to receive a surprize. It is probable we shall have a narrative showing how a weak and vain man, shuttlecocking according to his wont, suddenly fell under the dominion of the war-lobe of his crooked brain. The Pan-German party deliberately schemed for the war, sought to create conditions that would force it, but the decision of the Kaiser was a hasty and perhaps a maniacal one."

The change in the Kaiser is only reflected in the German nation, according to the Chicago *Tribune*, and it tries to analyze the manner of religion that the German nation now claims for itself. "Despite its sins, its hypocrisies, and inconsistencies, ours is in principle a Christian nation," *The Tribune* affirms, but Germany?—

> "Early in the war a German pastor declared that Germany ought to reject the New Testament and cling mightily to the Old Testament. Away with the gentle Nazarene! Give us instead the God of Battles!
>
> "In a report from Amsterdam of an address by the Kaiser to his troops on the Verdun front the following passage is quoted: 'The year 1917 with its great battles has proved that the German people have in the Lord of Creation above an unconditional and avowed ally on whom it can absolutely rely. Without him all would have been in vain.'
>
> "We shall quote, presently, from several German preachers and religious writers, but we do not intend to lay an undeserved emphasis upon any one citation. We aim merely to exhibit what seems to us a trend. To our way of thinking, the trend is away from Christianity and toward the religion not of the Prophetic Period but of Old Israel.
>
> "'We have become a nation of wrath,' says the German dramatist and critic Philippi. 'We think only of war. We execute God Almighty's will, and the edicts of his justice we will fulfil in vengeance upon the ungodly. God calls us to murderous battles, even if worlds should thereby fall to ruins. Like gardens of roses, our wounds blossom at the gates of heaven.' Pastor Martin Hennig, author of 'Der Krieg und Wir,' says: 'The principle which the Kaiser imprest on his soldiers lives in his own soul: "Each must so do his duty that, when he shall one day answer the heavenly bugle-call, he may stand forth with a clear conscience before his God and his old Kaiser."' In Pastor Vorwerk's 'Battle Prayer' we read, 'Thou who dwellest in thy Heaven, above cherubim, seraphim, and *Zeppelins*, thou

who art enthroned as a God of thunder in the midst of lightning from the clouds and lightning from sword and cannon, send thunder, lightning, hail, and tempest hurtling upon our enemy and hurl him down to dark burial-pits.' Professor Deissmann writes: 'The German God is not only the theme of some of our poets and prophets, but also a historian like Max Lenz has, with fiery tongue and in deep thankfulness, borne witness to the German God in our holy war. The German, the national God! Has war in this case impaired or has it steeled religion? I say it has steeled it. This is no relapse to a lower level, but a mounting up to God himself.'

"When the Kaiser speaks of his 'good old German God' and of himself as 'Jehovah's sword,' it is clear that, like the writers just quoted, he has reverted to the preprophetic period of Jewish antiquity and worships a tribal divinity who glories in battle, hating all save his chosen people. From the preprophetic conception of Jehovah it is but a step to the Mohammedan conception of Allah. The Turks were not greatly deceived, after all when told that Wilhelm II. had turned Mohammedan. With a little revision of terminology and a little tinkering of metaphysics, he could do it without blinking."

From the frequent employment of it as a means toward arousing enthusiasm, the writer infers that this idea of a "good old German God" has taken a tremendous hold on the German people, and he asks if it has any on the German military caste?

"Probably none. Their creed is might, and the might their own. However, it is with their approval that the universities, the press, and, to a surprizing extent, the pulpit have inoculated the German people with a philosophy that prepares the way for belief in a Thor-Allah-Jehovah trinity as far removed from modern Judaism as it is from modern Christianity. Great tactics! No matter if multitudes remain Christian and other multitudes atheistic, enough have accepted the 'German God' to give Germany a morale which only overwhelming defeat at arms can vanquish. When the placard '*Gott mit uns*' appeared over a German trench and the 'mittens, too,' it was to laugh, but not to chuckle. Ridiculous the German faith may be. It is not on that account the less formidable. It has made Germans accept literally Professor Deissmann's phrase, 'This holy war.' It has given them immense courage, immense tenacity, and the sooner we get that through our heads the better."

RELIGION AFTER THE WAR—Will the religious attitude of the *post-bellum* time be "a weary acceptance of whatever religion one had in childhood?" A writer in *The Christian Century* (New York) asks this after reading Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, "Missing." "The novelist who attains to the rank of a 'best-seller,'" he observes, "is usually a very good interpreter of public opinion," and his question is answered by implication in the example of the heroine of this work of fiction. Certainly there is a change from the past:

"War-seriousness has put to an end the cynical talk about religion which was often found in fiction in the *ante-bellum* days. One has but to recall the spirit in which 'Robert Elsmere' was written a generation ago by Mrs. Humphry Ward. We have traveled far since then. In a recent book called 'Missing' Mrs. Ward tells the story of a young woman, *Nelly*, whose young husband disappeared for many months, and when the wife found him again he was near his death.

"*Nelly* was a lovely, petted girl, but under the stress of her grief she finds the deeper things of faith. In the closing chapter we find her a housemaid in a hospital 'doing her bit,' and when she is not busy she is reading from St. Ignatius such words as: 'For I fear your love, lest it injure me, for it is easy to do what you will; but it is difficult for me to attain unto God, if you insist on sparing me.' And later she finds the great words of the Christian saint: 'I entreat you show not unto me an unseasonable love! Suffer me to be the food of wild beasts through whom it is allowed me to attain unto God. I am the corn of God; let me be ground by the teeth of wild beasts that I may be found the pure bread of Christ.'

"Here by contrast is a picture of the spiritual deadness of those who have borne no great sorrow. The book is distinguished by the absence of that wrestling with rationalistic doubts which has characterized so much of Mrs. Ward's religious writing."

PROTESTANT SOLDIERS AT MASS

THE MASS which is said at Camp Dix, at Wrightstown, N. J., finds many Protestant attendants, says a writer in the Catholic journal, *The Monitor* (Newark). This fact is said to be puzzling to onlookers not of the Catholic faith; but the writer, Mr. John McGuinness, sees in the fact a confirmation of his creed and gives a rather detailed history of the mass and its long-popular appeal as the answer to the query. His picture of camp-life will be interesting to both Catholic and Protestant. It will be recalled that Cardinal Gibbons said that more than half the enlisted men were Catholics, and the report from Camp Dix shows that this contingent continue the habit in which they have been bred. We read:

"Ten masses are said every Sunday in the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. buildings (the Y. M. C. A. permit the use of their building). The buildings are overfilled at each mass. The men kneel in the aisle, on the door-steps, and even outside on the ground. Protestants marvel at this. They can't understand it. A lasting impression is being made on them. One of the chaplains told us of a wealthy man who gave up his business in order to take up the Y. M. C. A. work in the camp. For several Sundays he had watched these great gatherings of Catholics at the masses. One Sunday he came to the priest and said: 'Father, every Sunday you have thousands at the mass, while we get only a handful at our service. Every Sunday you have the same thing; you never change and the buildings won't hold the men. We change; we bring in new speakers, men of national reputation; we do everything to attract the men, without avail. Father, how do you do it? Why do they come to the mass?'

"We have in the past heard similar complaints from ministers who had to preach to empty pews. A little reflection will give the cause. Run back over the pathway of time till you come to the sixteenth century; there you will find the beginning of the cause of their complaint. The revolters of the sixteenth century overthrew authority—not an authority set up by man—but the authority established by Jesus Christ, the Living Voice, which speaks through his Church, and which is none other than the Holy Catholic Church in communion with the See of Rome. When they rejected this authority they cut themselves off from the main stem—the Catholic Church. As the branch when cut from the tree withers and dies, so they, being cut off from the parent stem, are withering and must eventually die; in fact, they are now dead so far as making spiritual progress is concerned. The result of this decay is manifest to none more clearly than themselves.

"The rejecting of this Divine Authority established by Jesus Christ and exercised by his Church has led to chaos. In its place the revolters set up their own authority—pride of intellect, under which every one becomes an authority in himself. The Scriptures they interpret to their own liking. The result of this has led to the denial of its inspiration."

The Knights of Columbus buildings, three in number, at Camp Dix will seat about 1,500 each. Their physical appearance is here detailed:

"At one end of the building there is an alcove in which the altar is placed. After mass is celebrated, the alcove is closed, shutting off the altar from view. There is also a small room used as a sacristy. Two small rooms are in the rear. One is used by those in charge, the other for a library. Around the inside of the building desks are made fast to the walls for the men to write on. The room also contains a piano, billiard-table, and other means of amusement.

"We learned from Mr. Neary, K. of C. Secretary, in charge, that there is a great demand among the soldiers for reading matter. They have some good books, but can use many more. There is a special demand for magazines and periodicals that are not too old, at least not over three months, for as one soldier said: 'He did not want to spend his time reading in 1917 about the World Series of 1912.' These boys are up to date and want current matter. I appeal to all who read this article to assist in this matter by promptly mailing their Catholic papers and any other good solid reading matter they may have to the K. of C. headquarters, Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J., where it will be well distributed. Catholic papers, periodicals, etc., will serve a twofold purpose, viz.—stimulate and keep alive the faith among our own boys and enkindle the Light and spread the Truth among those not of the faith."

THE NEW VISION OF THE WAR

THE DEEPER SPIRITUAL ISSUES of the war are but imperfectly apprehended by us, at least; and even "the churches," says Mr. John Jay Chapman, "do not seem to be aware that these matters can not be exprest in terms of social betterment." Our piety he likens to the activity of Martha, since it is "preoccupied with the welfare of the troops, the care of the wounded, the succor given to depopulated provinces, etc." But there is a "new war-music," he tells, which even our churches, "tuned to the old materialism," have not heard the accents of. He feels a danger to be lurking "lest the churches, by clinging to the phrases and formulas of the nineteenth century, lose the key to the future." He foresees the possibility that the greater age now opening "will be accompanied by a destruction of much that the nineteenth century regarded as the foundation of society," and unless "religion discards the language of materialism, the churches may be left in darkness and despair even while the great spiritual light of the world is burning for them." Mr. Chapman is the father of the brilliant aviator, Victor Chapman, who was the first American in the flying corps to give his life for France. And when he speaks in *The Churchman* (New York) of the personal relation each one of us must now bear to the conflict he speaks as one whose initiation in such thoughts and emotion came almost a full year before that of most of his fellow countrymen:

> "When the war began many of us thought of it as a distant and transient thing. We adjusted our lives to it as to an emergency. As time wore on, however, the persistent influence of the dark onmoving cloud began to penetrate and to obsess every mind. And now each of us has come to feel that he has an inner relation to the tragedy which overshadows and swallows up his external relations to it. We are overcome by a feeling of awe and of helplessness, which, could we but know it, is the very elixir and antidote that nature distils in us—the cure for the plague, the road to salvation.
>
> "In ordinary times men's spiritual knowledge generally comes to them through sickness or through grief. These things shut out the buzz and clamor of passing events, and open people's ears to the silent forces which really control their being. Now this great sickness of the war converts thousands daily, and one can hardly find a man who does not show signs of illumination. The young men, as of old, shine as the natural heroes of the race. Their readiness to die restores our faith in human nature. It reminds us that the sacrificial part is what counts in the spread of truth. This much we know, and we know little else, about morality and religion. To count the cost and dwell upon the life and property sacrificed in heroic action is to doubt the value of truth. To what better use could these young heroes and all this amassed wealth have been put? It was for this that they existed. As for the pain involved in their engulfing, as for the agony of the experience, this is a part of the regeneration. People seem to desire the power of Christ, and the benevolence of Christ, without the Passion. The thing can not be done; and nothing but an age of materialism could have so softened the fiber of moralists as to lead men to think it possible. There is a species of tenderness toward human suffering which, if exhibited in the midst of a heroic crisis, turns into a morbid element. The best of men sometimes preach about the horrors of war as if they thought we suspected them of delighting in war. Having bathed all the mothers of the drafted men in tears, they think to lift the question to a higher plane by talking of the need to win the war. But it is too late. They have muddled the issue by commiseration, and no amount of reasoning will restore the temper of instinctive heroism to their words. Once dwell upon horror and indulge in analysis—as *Macbeth* did—and you confuse the conscience. Pathos is the enemy of courage. As for winning the war, the war is already won for those who died in it, and we do not need to wait for a Congress of Vienna to appraise the value of their service."

All the preliminary obeisances to peace which good patriots put into their war-discourses are, indeed, done in the name of Christianity and on the theory that Christ valued peace above all things. We are corrected in this view, so as to take the stand that "the spiritual peace to which Christ refers, however, is a state of mind, not of politics." Christian pacifism, he declares, is an effort to define the indefinable. We read:

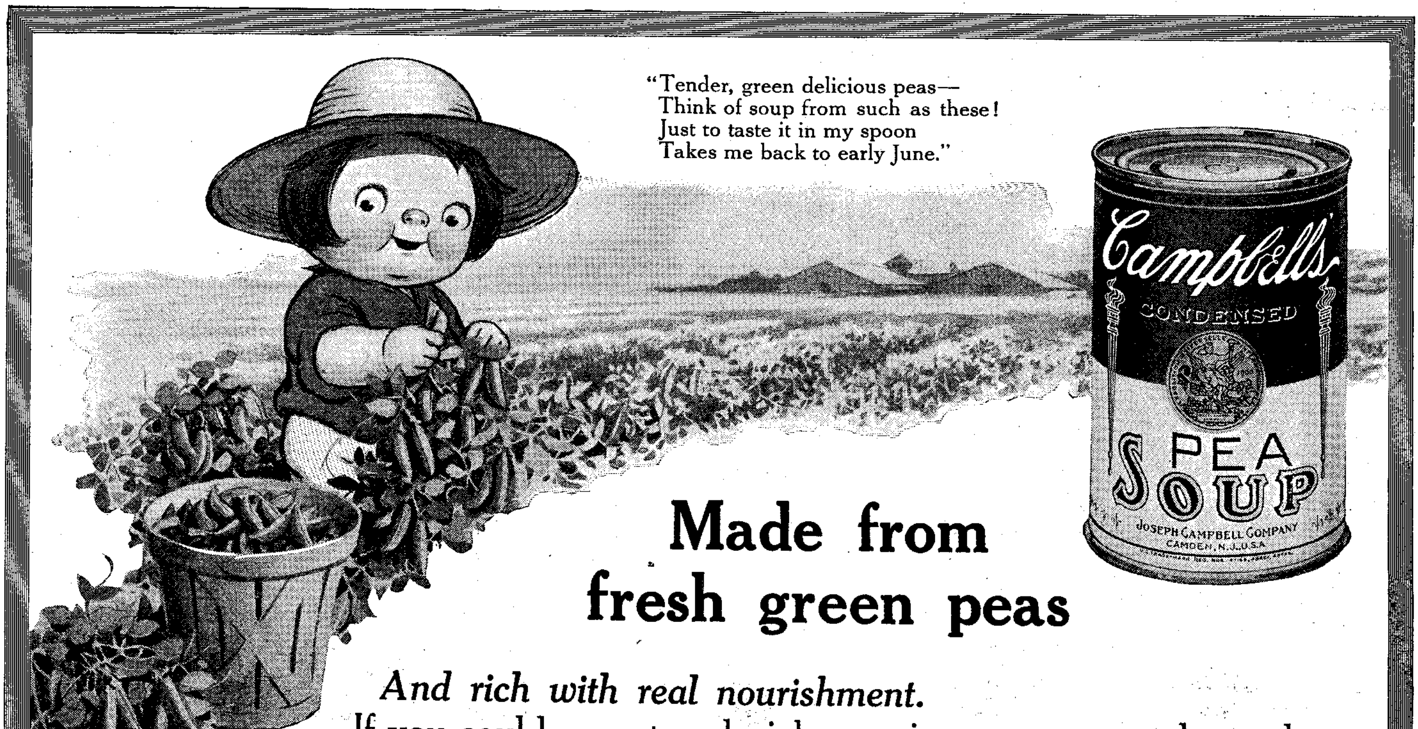
> "Under what circumstances may I use force to protect the oppressed or to prevent some profanation? God knows; but there are times when I must. If this be not Christian doctrine, then Christianity, or its interpreters, are in favor of suppressing a divine impulse. And the suppressing of this impulse leads to a sentimental attitude toward the value of life and property which is at odds with Christ's whole conduct. I can not see that he valued his own life or that of others except as a means of spreading the truth which he taught. For this reason he heals the sick, for this reason he advises men to lose their lives that they may save them. For this reason his example has always made men disregard death. Death is a trifle.
>
> "As the war proceeds men will come more and more to accept it as a mysterious reality, a thing for which they are not responsible, except vicariously, and by reason of the bond of evil that runs through human nature, uniting all men, even as the bond of good unites them. The bond of evil is the thing of which the doctrine of original sin was at one time the symbol. It is the consciousness that each one of us forms a part of the very evil which he would combat. And the rest of the old doctrines as to grace and redemption refer to the fact that in truth we do not know how to combat evil, whether in ourselves or in others. The very essence of evil we never quite reach with our understanding or heal with our remedies. But the effort to do so teaches us much. The very helplessness with which we are overcome proves to be a period of transition. Being helpless, we grow attentive to new vision. Being baffled, we grow wise."

In its inmost aspect, Mr. Chapman concludes, "the war is a vision—a continuous and consuming apparition which burns with familiar truth"—

> "Men have only to look up in order to see it. They have only to repeat the Lord's Prayer in order to find the response to it."

RACE SUICIDE IN THE LIGHT OF THE PRESENT—From a condition of enlightenment and scientific and mechanical advancement promising to make a new world offering a fuller life for many more of the children of men, the world has used these instrumentalities to serve the end of human slaughter, and "a problem of race survival is beginning to emerge." Without dealing with the ethics of the problem itself the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* shows how governments and Church in Europe are concerned with this future of its peoples:

> "The cry of 'race suicide,' when raised in a time of peace, provoked as much derision as serious thought. But the world-war has changed all of that. The first official statistics coming out of Germany since the beginning of the war show that the rate of mortality in the Empire, not from injuries or wounds received in battle, or from the war death-rate, is twice that of the birth-rate. Underfeeding, anxieties, and griefs may possibly account for some part of this great increase in German civilian mortalities, but there is small consolation in that fact for the German statesmen who must consider it only as the smaller part of the problem raised by the tremendously greater sacrifices of young life on the firing-lines. How to rebuild on shaken and impaired foundations has become, for them, a question the serious consideration of which can not safely be deferred until the war is over.
>
> "In France the problem is also acute. And there the law-makers are already considering measures for assisting and encouraging those who marry and become parents. Under the terms of a proposed French law, the preamble of which declares that maternity is 'the highest and greatest social function for which the Government should assume the responsibility,' every Frenchwoman who works, or is in need, shall receive from 40 cents to $1 a day during the four months preceding the birth of a child. Fathers of large families, or mothers, shall be entitled to a yearly subsidy from the Government amounting to from $100 to $200, dependent upon the number of children.
>
> "In such measures the destructiveness and ravage of the war are most clearly reflected. In Germany some recognized publicists have lately urged even the legalization of polygamy. Great Britain must feel the drain in increasing degree, and there, in the early days of the war, the Archbishop of Canterbury urged the marriage of soldiers before departure for Flanders as a means of maintaining population."



"Tender, green delicious peas—
Think of soup from such as these!
Just to taste it in my spoon
Takes me back to early June."

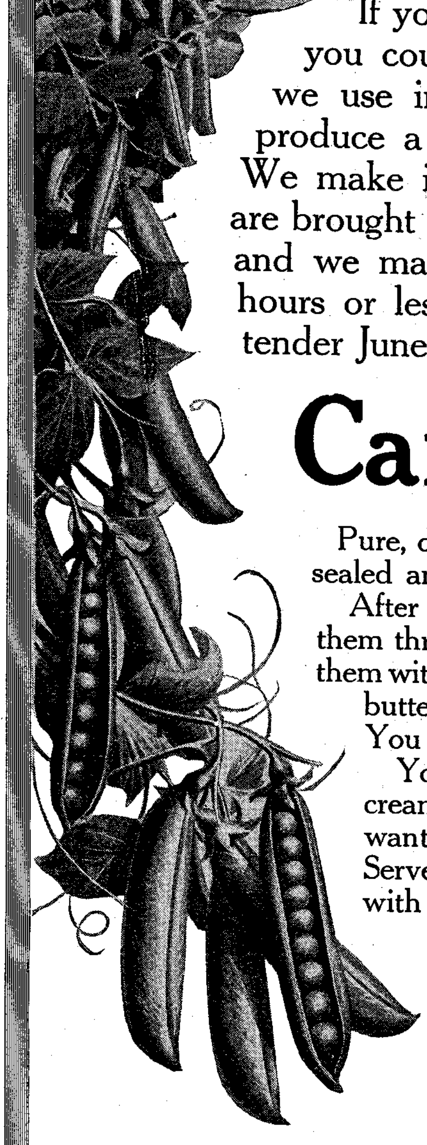
Made from fresh green peas

And rich with real nourishment.

If you could go out and pick peas in your own garden today you could have them no fresher nor more tempting than those we use in *Campbell's Pea Soup.* And no home kitchen could produce a soup more wholesome and satisfying.

We make it only in the growing season when the fresh green peas are brought to us every day direct from the near-by fields and farms and we make them into soup the same day. Within twenty-four hours or less from the time they are hanging on the vines these tender June-ripened peas are transformed into

Campbell's Pea Soup



Pure, delicious soup, hermetically sealed and ready for your table.

After boiling the peas, we rub them through fine colanders, blend them with rich milk, choice creamery butter and delicate seasoning. You will say "perfection!"

You can add hot milk or cream when serving, if you want the soup especially rich. Served in bouillon cups topped with whipped cream, it makes a remarkably pleasing attraction for a ladies' luncheon or any formal occasion.

Its use is particularly appropriate, too, for "meatless days," and as an aid in carrying out the national program of food conservation; for this soup, it should be remembered, abounds in nutritious proteid elements and the carbohydrates which supply energy and force.

You will find it a distinct advantage to order it from your grocer a dozen at a time. This saves extra delivery expense, and insures your having an inviting soup always at hand when you want it.

21 kinds 12c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

CURRENT POETRY

THE winter season is receiving due attention in the current poetry magazines. John Gould Fletcher has a series of pictured snow-phases done after the Imagist manner in *The Lyric*, which we quote below, and, as a sharp contrast to his finished portrayal of the milder inland moods of cold, we follow it with a fierce, hard, vivid poem by Paul F. Sifton, describing the approach of winter on the Great Lakes, which appears in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.*

SNOW

By John Gould Fletcher

Out of the silence,
Out of the dark and lonely sky brooding upon the silence,
Floats the snow, and slips and sinks and whispers
Whirling lightly over the frozen earth;
Trembling and wavering in its flight as fearful
Of the harsh contact;
Lying quite still at last, unchanged, unaltered,
A pale ghost staring back at the black sky.

Drumming and thrashing rains
Break forth from clouds of summer;
Like clenched fists they beat upon the earth,
With lost force they stream down from the trees;
They are heavy and sorrowful,
But earth receives them gladly,
When they have gone the grass becomes more green.
The air feels fresher than before.

But it is far different
With the new-fallen snow;
The earth is angry at its coming,
It will not open to it the secret doors;
The trees stand bleakly scowling,
The stiff stalks of the grass press through its surface;
It lies aloof, abandoned,
Colorless, dead.
Only the wind
Stirs in its heart the longing to fly back
To the forgetful sky from which it came,
Wearily floating;
In fine dry dust it springs aloft,
Spinning in streaming ribbons
Before the breeze;
Sifting and drifting here and there,
Spent glittering particles
That slip back and lie still at last,
Where the black pine-trees bar their path;
Sleeping in heavy drifts upon the earth.

The whispering and uneasy snow!
When once again the sun looks out upon it,
It is all checkered—golden lights, blue shadows,
Like the upperside of clouds seen from a mountain,
Struck by the risen sun;
The snow
Makes of sharp-angled rocks smooth round projections,
Conceals the heavy earth and changes trees
To fretted lacework spun upon the air,
Such as the frightened upper clouds may show.

Out of the silence
The snow is woven closely white;
The garment of the sky descends and lies
A little while upon the earth,
Then vanishes like a fog before the sun.
But to me, as I walk upon it,
The snow becomes a living thing;
I could walk deeply to some motionless drift,
And feel its white arms closing quick about me,
Its slyly creeping fingers on my cheeks,
And its cold burning kisses on my lips.
Before I sank at last.

WOLVERINE WINTER

By Paul F. Sifton

The chickadee came in the morning:
Over the Lake hung snow-clouds—piling,
Wheeling for the signal—for the signal
Of the lake gods coming to battle!
Up and down the West Coast went the Life Guards
Sniffing at the air and frowning at the sky;
Peering out to westward, muttering to their Pard—
To their Pard, the surf seeping high.

While the winter came out of the North
Stript naked, cruel as a bloodless sword!

I carried in wood and I pumped me some water;
I cleaned out the chimney and doubled my quilts.
Then I phoned in to town and bid my pals adieu.
We curst at the weather; promised our God a prayer.

For the winter, the frozen Hell of the West Coast,
Like a weasel was sneaking down the shore.

Like the wraith of a profaned tomb it came.
I could see it twisting and writhing round the Point,
Round Little Sauble Point, where the pines and spruces
Whine in a gale like the overtaut string of a viol.

Out among the snow-clouds swept its scythe-like breath,
Fretting the pitching waves to frothy frenzies;
Catching their boiling crests in a creamy ice:
And where it passed the moisture was turned to snow.

At dusk, with a keening wrench and thrust, it left the Lake;
Snarled at the Land; froze the West Coast dead!

Here is a pleasing wintry figure from *Contemporary Verse:*

FROM A WINDOW

By Antoinette de Coursey Patterson

A winter evening, but the frozen land
Presents one cheerful picture; there below,
Shaking as tho with laughter, poplars stand,
And warm their fingers at the sunset glow.

In her volume of "Love Songs" (The Macmillan Company) is ample evidence of the art which gives Sara Teasdale her place among American women poets. Seemingly spontaneous in their artistic simplicity, these verses are exquisite, frank expressions of the emotions of the woman who loves. Mrs. Filsinger has wisely confined her selection to songs so harmoniously consistent in theme and tone that the little volume contains not a single jarring note. One is tempted to characterize the collection in her own words describing the song of the wood thrush:

WOOD SONG

By Sara Teasdale

I heard a wood thrush in the dusk
Twirl three notes and make a star—
My heart that walked with bitterness
Came back from very far.

Three shining notes were all he had,
And yet they made a starry call—
I caught life back against my breast
And kissed it, scars and all.

Mrs. Filsinger's philosophy of life and love is perhaps best summed up in the opening poem of the collection:

BARTER

By Sara Teasdale

Life has loveliness to sell,
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,
Music like a curve of gold,

Answer Their Questions

Tell the children why they shouldn't eat or drink certain things. And when they ask why they may not drink coffee, tell them the truth—that coffee contains a drug which is harmful to the nerves and heart, especially with children.

If you have become convinced of this truth yourself, the probabilities are that your own table beverage is

POSTUM

This harm-free, pure cereal drink is good for young and old alike, and mighty delicious.

If you haven't been using Postum, now is a good time to begin.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers
Everywhere.

Scent of pine-trees in the rain,
  Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
  Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
  Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be.

A stronger tone sounds in the series "Songs Out of Sorrow," of which we quote the first:

SPIRIT'S HOUSE

By Sara Teasdale

From naked stones of agony
I will build a house for me;
As a mason all alone
I will raise it, stone by stone,
And every stone where I have bled
Will show a sign of dusky red.
I have not gone the way in vain,
For I have good of all my pain;
My spirit's quiet house will be
Built of naked stones I trod
On roads where I lost sight of God.

Charming in its utter abandon is this little pæan:

JOY

By Sara Teasdale

I am wild, I will sing to the trees,
  I will sing to the stars in the sky,
I love, I am loved, he is mine,
  Now at last I can die.

I am sandaled with wind and with flame,
  I have heart-fire and singing to give,
I can tread on the grass or the stars,
  Now at last I can live!

Under the title "Poems" has appeared a small collection of the verse of Carroll Aikins (Sherman, French & Co.). From the sonnets, of which the collection contains a number, we take:

THE SONG OF THE WINDS

By Carroll Aikins

All the bright day we wandered and were proud
As the free winds, and with them stormed the height
And swayed the thrilling grasses in our flight,
So swift were we to press against the cloud
Our happy faces. Riotous and loud
We roused the lonely mountain with our might
Until he laughed with us in our delight
And crest to crest threw back the vows we vowed.

Oh, love is of the mountains; old as they,
Torn and triumphant as the riven crest
That fingers to the sky; the ancient prey
Of every wind that strikes the open breast.
Our love is of the mountains, furious, strong,
And every wind of heaven is our song.

The poetic craftsman must be permitted sometimes to play with his tools. In the current *Century* we find this delightful whimsy:

THE MINUET

By Dorothy Leonard

A sonnet's like a measured minuet
  That poets step in, statelily and slow.
  Forward and back its powdered couplets go;
  Its quatrains keep their own appointed set.
With formal grace the company is met,
  In periwig, grisette, and furbelow,
  Scented with ambergris and bergamot,
  And no more free than finches in a net.
So when it's done, I like to fling my stiff,
  High heels away and run outdoors to find
  Adventure far from candled halls; and if
A thorn should prick me or a pebble hurt
  Or bramble-bushes tear my silken skirt,
  At least I'm going where I have a mind.

HEINZ

More than 50,000 visitors inspect the HEINZ *Pure Food Kitchens every year*

One of the 57

HEINZ Vinegars

No small part of the Heinz reputation for delicate and delicious foods and condiments is due to the aroma and flavor of the perfect Heinz vinegars used.

There is as much difference in the quality of vinegars as in coffees or teas. And as much need for discrimination in buying.

These same perfect Heinz Vinegars, so important to many of Heinz 57 Varieties, can now be had for your home use in bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment.

In pint, quart and half-gallon bottles

Malt
Cider
White

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All filled and sealed in the* HEINZ *establishment

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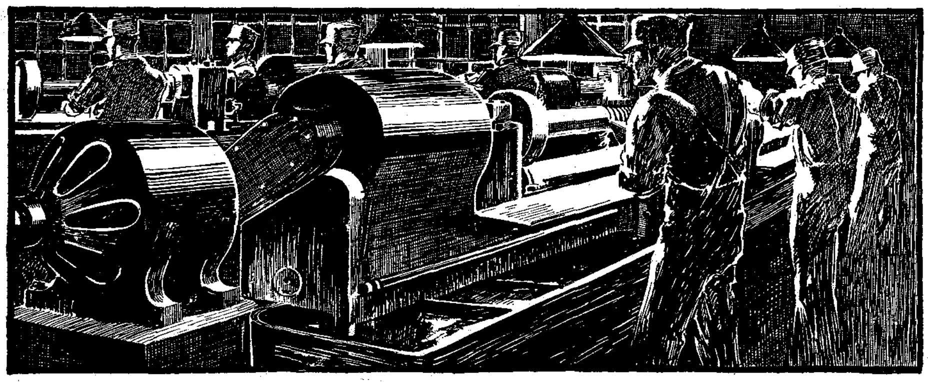

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The Men Who Know

Wherever factories operate, there are competent electrical contractors, firms that carefully engineer and economically install electrical equipment. These men have grown up with the electrical industry. They are able to insure the utmost service from your current.

Some manufacturers take mechanics off their jobs and put them on electrical work as a makeshift arrangement; or maintain organized electrical departments to look after electrical equipment. It has been proven that electrical contractor firms can do such work much better and more economically

Frequent Inspection at No Cost

Furthermore, electrical contractor firms will take the responsibility of planning your electrical equipment, and maintaining it at full efficiency. They will arrange for a competent man to see that the power is properly distributed, applied and operated. Whenever a change in the factory lay-out is necessary, these men will co-operate with the production manager in making the lay-out.

The Value of Expert Service

This is the day of specialists, and the manufacturers who make the most money are those who employ experts for technical jobs. It is not reasonable to suppose that a lathe operator or steam engineer is a competent electrician. Leading plant and building owners now have architects plan their buildings, engineers lay out the machinery and, of course, electrical contractors to do the electrical work.

We, as makers of insulated wire, realize that not only our product, but all of the electrical equipment is dependent largely upon the method of installation. For that reason, we have made investigations and can furnish manufacturers with the names of competent contractors to take the responsibility of making electricity earn full dividend value.

Write at once for full information.

THE ELECTRIC CABLE COMPANY, 10 East 43d Street, New York

Makers of ECCO WIRE for every purpose where rubber covered wire is used

ECCO Dependable Insulated WIRE

—the kind good architects specify and responsible contractors use

ECCO ECCO

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

HOW IT FEELS TO BE TORPEDOED BY THE HUN

THE scene is the big saloon of a steamship serving as a transport from Saloniki to a European port. The tables are set with snowy linen and gleaming glassware. A white-jacketed steward scurries about serving the two officers who are the only occupants, for they have kept boat-watch during the night, and are the last at breakfast.

It is a few minutes past ten when the first torpedo strikes. One of the officers laughs, as much as to say: "Here she is." Then they put on their cork belts, and hurry on deck.

Surely a strange time for mirth, but Albert Kincross, the man who laughed, explains the psychology of it in an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* for December. "Crude and horrible as it may sound, there was a large portion of my consciousness which was most vividly and delightedly enjoying itself," he says. "I will try to explain why." Then he writes:

First, the torpedo had come, and with it an end to our suspense. A weight seemed lifted. I have crossed the Channel five times, the Mediterranean twice and a fraction—I call the last effort a fraction—during this war, and much of these twenty-three nights and seventeen days one was waiting. The Channel crossing is nothing. You turn in, go to sleep, and wake in safe waters. But from Saloniki to port, or from Europe to Saloniki, you are at the mercy of your digestion, your nerves, and, especially in my own case, an incorrigible imagination. I am a writer, and therefore have not spared that faculty. Well, the torpedo had come at last, and now farewell to fond imaginings.

Secondly and chiefly, *the whole thing was so terrible as to be quite unreal.* In that way it defeated itself. I, for one, simply could not believe in it. "Such things are done at the 'pictures' or at Drury Lane; they are not done in real life." I was arguing something like that, very swiftly, no doubt, very subconsciously. I am not aware that I argued, but I do know that at the outset the whole thing seemed like an exciting, wonderful adventure, and withal quite unreal.

Just picture us on a great liner, cozy as a grand hotel. Everything was remote from war and death, as I have seen them so constantly on land these last three years. No mud, no dirt, no continuity. And we were all at ease and leading civilian lives with bathrooms, linen sheets, and even an American bar! I don't know why, but I had imagined it all quite differently.

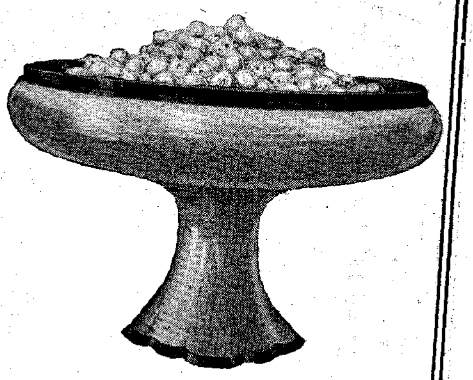
As one rushed up-stairs one thought of things one had valued yesterday—two brand new pairs of boots, one's field-glasses, some money—they seemed now so utterly of no account. Providence must have been with me, for, arrived on deck, I stood flush before my boat, Number 13. I stood there and took charge. To left of me the right people were busy with our sixty-six sisters. These ladies were part of the staff of a new hospital unit. Safely they were put into their boats, safely lowered, and safely rowed away from us. We cheered them as they left, and they cheered back. Then Tommy, lined on deck, struck up a song. He always does in moments of emotion.

Finally, the writer's boat was filled with fifty men, including some members of the crew. Six or eight boats and numerous rafts were already on the water. They rowed away from the ship none too soon, for there was a flash and an explosion as a second torpedo struck her. And then, he proceeds:

> There followed next the most dramatic period of that spectacle. So far the great ship had stood firm, as if anchored. We noticed now that she had a definite list to starboard. The angle grew steeper, and then suddenly her bow dropt, her stern lifted, and next she slid to the bottom like a diver. It was as tho a living thing had disappeared beneath the waves. We watched her open-mouthed, a tightness at our hearts. We missed the comfort of her presence, we felt the tragedy of her surrender. In her death and engulfment there was something more than human. So might a city built by countless hands and quick with life pass suddenly away. . . . We turned now a more searching eye upon the strange shores that lay some five miles distant, and upon the strange city whose central monuments fixt our attention. What kind of people lived there and would they send us help? we seemed to ask. But already the latter question was answered. A small steamer, apparently a tug, was evidently the forerunner of rescue.
>
> You must picture us now on an empty sea, for with the going of our ship, altho some thousands of us were floating, struggling, and, alas, drowning, we made no great impression on that immensity. We felt very small, and we felt very much alone and neglected.

They discovered that the boat was leaking badly, and that they had no rudder to keep her head up to the heavy seas that dashed over them. The water rose above their waists. The bailer had been lost overboard, but another was improvised by knocking in the head of a water-cask. During this critical period the writer made a closer study of his companions, of whom he writes:

> I had never seen any of them before, so I did not know their names or anything about them. Mentally I described the more marked characters to myself, and even went the length of inventing nicknames. There was the Pop-Eye Man, for instance. He was a sailor, or, rather, a member of the crew. He was so terrified that he shouted wild things at us, and his eyes seemed to pop out of his head. What he yelled I neither knew nor cared. He made me realize that there are such things as cowards, and once or twice I caught myself wondering what it was that made him so afraid of death, so tenacious of life. Was it wife, children, or beer that so unmanned him? He had a beery look and rather a brutal, bullying manner. He is saved and is now probably lying hard about his confounded heroism. That type usually does.
>
> Then there was the Coconut-Shy Man. At village and other English festivals there are men who keep up a continual shouting in a hoarse and blatant voice. They must have lungs of brass, and as often as not they are attached to a coconut-shy



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Bubbles of Wheat and Rice

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There came Japanese, and saw their rice grains puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size.

There came men from Russia and from India—homes of wheat. And they saw gigantic wheat grains, steam-exploded, thin and airy, yet still shaped as they grew.

And those men by the thousands went back to their homes to tell of these American wonders.

To you they seem commonplace, perhaps.

But inside each grain our process creates a hundred million steam explosions. Every food cell is blasted for easy digestion. The grains are shot from guns.

Prof. A. P. Anderson spent years on the process—to make whole grains wholly digestible. The result is the greatest foods ever made from these grains. Also the most delightful.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

and Corn Puffs

Each 15c Except in Far West

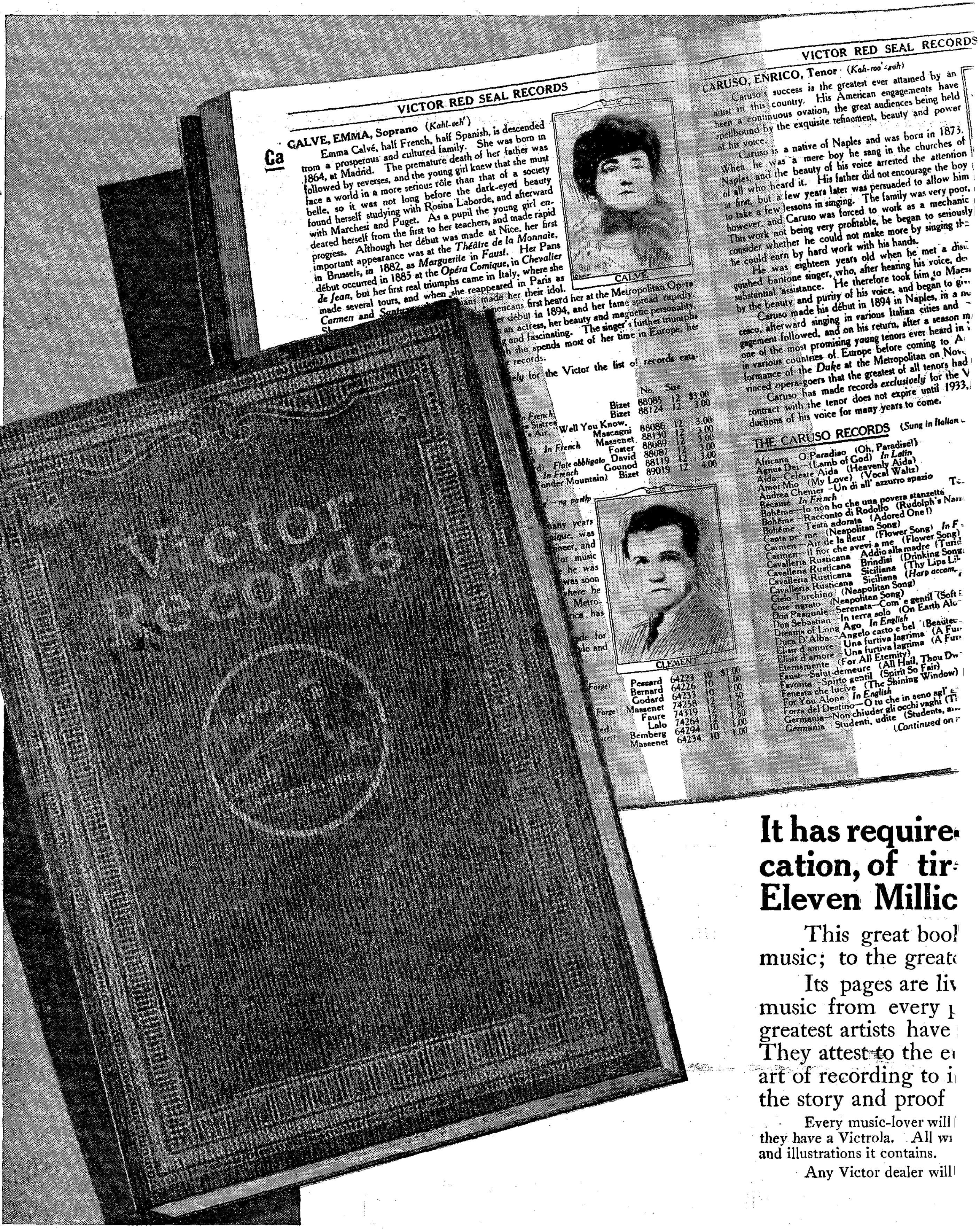
Don't Treat Like Confections

These are ideal foods, in which every granule is fitted to feed. The Wheat and the Rice are whole-grain foods, of which children get too little. They are immeasurably better than whole-grain foods cooked in usual ways.

They are enticing—thin, crisp, flaky, with a taste like toasted nuts. They are widely used in candy making.

But, despite their attractions, they are wondrous foods. Make them your breakfast cereal. Mix them with your fruits. Float them in bowls of milk. Salt like peanuts, or douse with melted butter, for children after school. Every serving means clear nutrition in a fascinating form.

(1739)



VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

CALVE, EMMA, Soprano (*Kahl-veh'*)

Emma Calvé, half French, half Spanish, is descended from a prosperous and cultured family. She was born in 1864, at Madrid. The premature death of her father was followed by reverses, and the young girl knew that she must face a world in a more serious rôle than that of a society belle, so it was not long before the dark-eyed beauty found herself studying with Rosina Laborde, and afterward with Marchesi and Puget. As a pupil the young girl endeared herself from the first to her teachers, and made rapid progress. Although her début was made at Nice, her first important appearance was at the *Théâtre de la Monnaie*, in Brussels, in 1882, as *Marguerite* in *Faust*. Her Paris début occurred in 1885 at the *Opéra Comique*, in *Chevalier de Jean*, but her first real triumphs came in Italy, where she made several tours, and when she reappeared in Paris as *Carmen* and *Santu*

ans made her their idol.
mericans first heard her at the Metropolitan Opera
er début in 1894, and her fame spread rapidly.
s an actress, her beauty and magnetic personality,
g and fascinating. The singer's further triumphs
h she spends most of her time in Europe, her
records.
ely for the Victor the list of records cata-

CALVE

		No.	Size	
	Bizet	88085	12	$3.00
n French	Bizet	88124	12	3.00
s Sistres Air. Well You Know,	Mascagni	88086	12	3.00
	Massenet	88130	12	3.00
In French	Foster	88089	12	3.00
	David	88087	12	3.00
d) *Flute obbligato*	Gounod	88119	12	3.00
In French	Bizet	89019	12	4.00
onder Mountain)				

CLEMENT

Forge)	Pessard	64223	10	$1.00
	Bernard	64226	10	1.00
	Godard	64233	10	1.00
Forge)	Massenet	74258	12	1.50
	Faure	74319	12	1.50
	Lalo	74264	12	1.50
ed)	Bemberg	64294	10	1.00
ce)	Massenet	64234	10	1.00

VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

CARUSO, ENRICO, Tenor (*Kah-roo'-soh*)

Caruso's success is the greatest ever attained by an
artist in this country. His American engagements have
been a continuous ovation, the great audiences being held
spellbound by the exquisite refinement, beauty and power
of his voice.

Caruso is a native of Naples and was born in 1873.
When he was a mere boy he sang in the churches of
Naples, and the beauty of his voice arrested the attention
of all who heard it. His father did not encourage the boy
at first, but a few years later was persuaded to allow him
to take a few lessons in singing. The family was very poor,
however, and Caruso was forced to work as a mechanic
This work not being very profitable, he began to seriously
consider whether he could not make more by singing th
he could earn by hard work with his hands.

He was eighteen years old when he met a dis
guished baritone singer, who, after hearing his voice, de
substantial assistance. He therefore took him to Maes
by the beauty and purity of his voice, and began to gi

Caruso made his début in 1894 in Naples, in a n
cesco, afterward singing in various Italian cities and
gagement followed, and on his return, after a season in
one of the most promising young tenors ever heard in
in various countries of Europe before coming to A
formance of the *Duke* at the Metropolitan on Nov
vinced opera-goers that the greatest of all tenors had
Caruso has made records *exclusively* for the V
contract with the tenor does not expire until 1933,
ductions of his voice for many years to come.

THE CARUSO RECORDS (*Sung in Italian*

Africana—O Paradiso (Oh, Paradise!)
Agnus Dei—(Lamb of God) *In Latin*
Aida—Celeste Aida (Heavenly Aida)
Amor Mio (My Love) (Vocal Waltz)
Andrea Chenier—Un di all' azzurro spazio T
Because *In French*
Bohême—Io non ho che una povera stanzetta
Bohême—Racconto di Rodolfo (Rudolph's Narr
Bohême—Testa adorata (Adored One!)
Canta pe' me (Neapolitan Song)
Carmen—Air de la fleur (Flower Song) *In F*
Carmen—Il fior che avevi a me (Flower Song)
Cavalleria Rusticana—Addio alla madre (Turi
Cavalleria Rusticana—Brindisi (Drinking Song
Cavalleria Rusticana—Siciliana (Thy Lips Li
Cavalleria Rusticana—Siciliana (*Harp accom*
Cielo Turchino (Neapolitan Song)
Core 'ngrato (Neapolitan Song)
Don Pasquale—Serenata—Com' e gentil (Soft
Don Sebastian—In terra solo (On Earth Alo
Dreams of Long Ago *In English*
Duca D'Alba—Angelo casto e bel (Beaute
Elisir d'amore—Una furtiva lagrima (A Fur
Elisir d'amore—Una furtiva lagrima (A Fur
Eternamente (For All Eternity)
Faust—Salut demeure (All Hail, Thou Dw
Favorita—Spirto gentil (Spirit So Fair)
Fenesta che lucive (The Shining Window)
For You Alone *In English*
Forza del Destino—O tu che in seno agl'
Germania—Non chiuder gli occhi vaghi (T
Germania—Studenti, udite (Students, a

(*Continued on*

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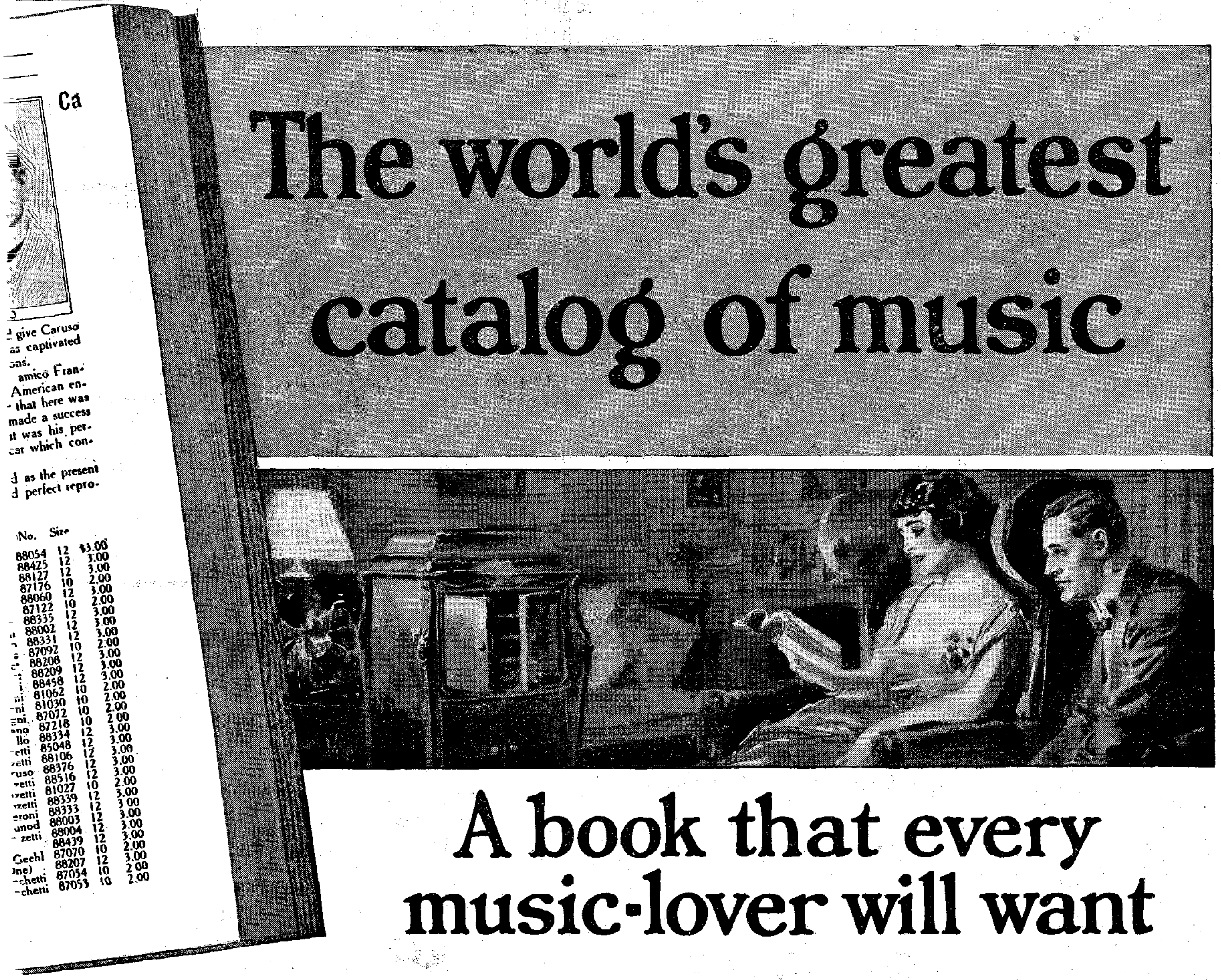

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	88209	12	3.00
i	88458	12	3.00
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ni	81030	10	2.00
gni,	87072	10	2.00
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eroni	88333	12	3.00
unod	88003	12	3.00
zetti	88004	12	3.00
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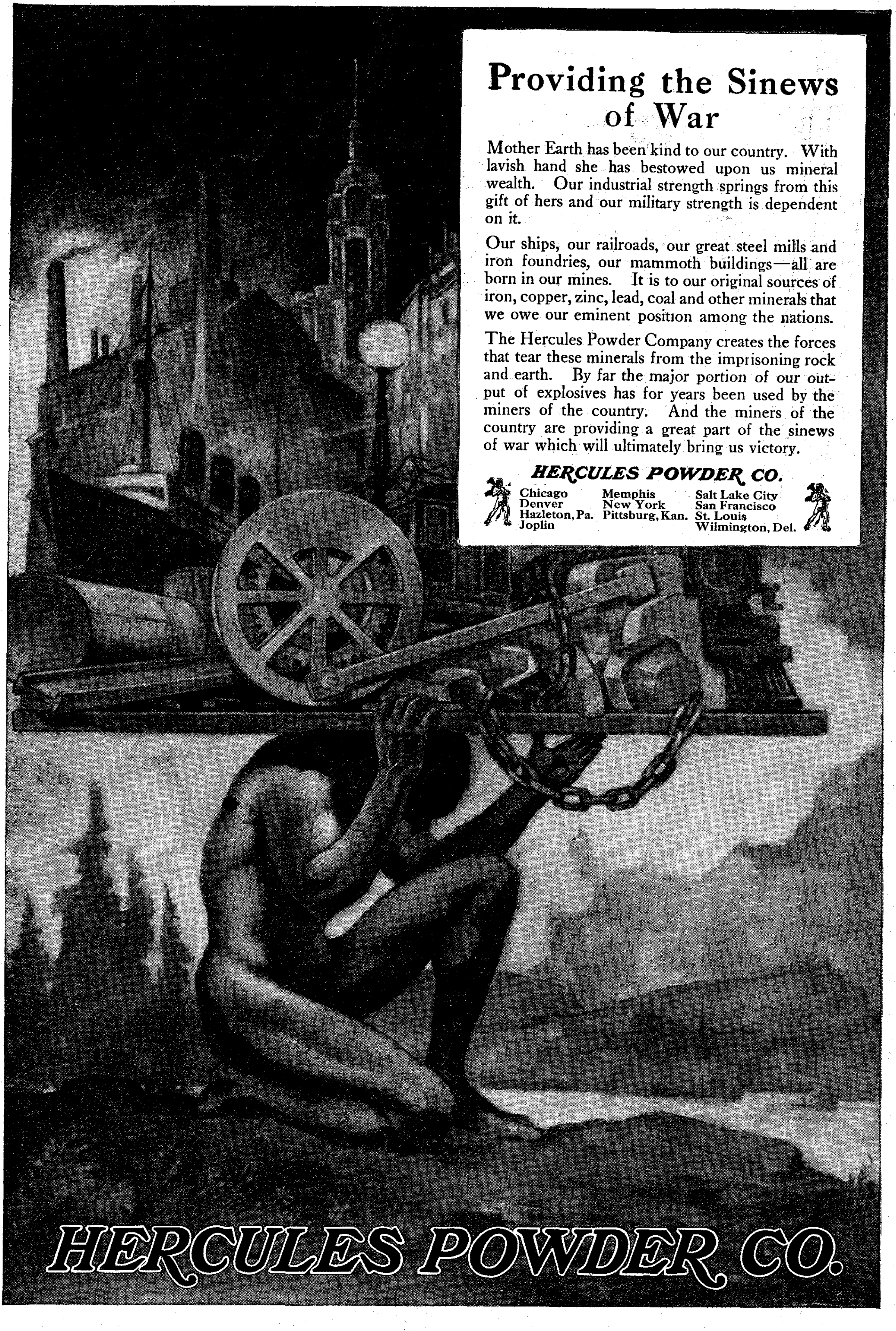

Providing the Sinews of War

Mother Earth has been kind to our country. With lavish hand she has bestowed upon us mineral wealth. Our industrial strength springs from this gift of hers and our military strength is dependent on it.

Our ships, our railroads, our great steel mills and iron foundries, our mammoth buildings—all are born in our mines. It is to our original sources of iron, copper, zinc, lead, coal and other minerals that we owe our eminent position among the nations.

The Hercules Powder Company creates the forces that tear these minerals from the imprisoning rock and earth. By far the major portion of our output of explosives has for years been used by the miners of the country. And the miners of the country are providing a great part of the sinews of war which will ultimately bring us victory.

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> outfit. I had one such man on board. He was probably shouting to keep his own courage up as much as ours.
>
> "Three more strokes to the shore, boys!" he yelled. "Three more strokes! Now all together!" And so on and so on. He had a voice like a bull and made the welkin ring with encouragement and exhortation. Of course, not three nor three thousand strokes would have taken us to the shore. The sea, the wind, and our own dead weight were all against us. But still the Coconut-Shy Man, whether it was rowing or bailing, worked like a man and encouraged others to work, and was a good fellow.
>
> There was the Man Who Nodded. He was a sailor in the stern. I faced him, and whenever I ordered the boat's head to be kept on to the waves, he nodded approval and seemed satisfied.
>
> Beside me all the time was a boy of eighteen, fresh from home, a private in the Royal Army Medical Corps. He nestled beside me with large, trustful eyes, like a little dog, and whatever I asked him to do he did quickly and implicitly. If I have any touch of vanity it must have been tickled by that dear lad's faith in me.
>
> A fair young fellow, probably a shop assistant before the war, and, I believe, a corporal or sergeant in the Army Service Corps, worked well and always with intelligence and coolness. And there was a plucky middle-aged man in the stern who simply oozed calmness and confidence, tho he once had me puzzled by telling me that the rudder was there and working as it should do. He admitted later that he said this to cheer up the waverers.
>
> Now as to the waverers. They were mostly boys, and I think all of them were seasick. One or two whom I urged to row or bail replied: "I'm done, sir." And done they were, I suppose, poor beggars!
>
> I, too, tho smiling in the face of events, had a lengthy period of doubt, and even went so far as to loosen my soaked boots as a precaution. It was when the water threatened to sink or overturn us. I remember a few of the thoughts that criss-crossed with more practical reflections. Chief and foremost was the recognition that I had had forty-seven years of life and a d——n good time, all things considered. Friendship, love, books, pictures, music I had had, and I had seen a good deal of the world and its adventures. And as I thought of these it occurred to me that I had done pretty well everything except die, and that, after all, Barrie was right. In "Peter Pan," you will remember, he makes his hero say that death is the greatest adventure of the lot. I probably misquote him, but that is the gist of it. Now, I had always thought that sentiment unreal and a piece of claptrap. And so it was in a way. When I heard it I was fresh from the Russian revolution of 1905-1906. The audience who applauded struck me as about the last people in the world who wanted to die; in fact, London, after Russia, seemed a place where people wanted to go to offices, make money, and live forever, and Barrie's audience more so than any of them. But as I stood in the boat and contemplated the possibility and even probability of this last great adventure, it occurred to me that *Peter Pan* was right—exactly right.

But he was not to experience the great adventure yet, for at last all were taken aboard a Japanese destroyer which then cruised about picking up the flotsam and jetsam struggling on the water in life-preservers or on rafts, and the writer thus describes the scenes:

> Every now and again we passed the floating bodies of the drowned, their faces hid in the life-belts that made them bob so pathetically—as if they, too, were made of cork. Cold, seasickness, exhaustion had made them give way; a man under these circumstances is as strong as his vitality.

And when they were finally landed in a port in Italy—

> Every available motor-car from far and near was there to fetch our wounded and our dead. There were men who had been hurt in the two explosions, and men who had jumped from ship to destroyer, and broken a leg. On our destroyer's deck I now saw the body of Major B——. I had learned that he was lost, but I had yet to hear that he had reached a safe place on a raft, which, trusting to his powers as a swimmer, he had yielded to two men less able than himself. They were saved, but the cold of a long immersion had proved too much for Major B——. He was a partner in the famous bank that bears his name, a brave man who had died as unselfishly as he had lived.
>
> On Sunday S—— gave the first twenty of our ship's company, who had died, or whose bodies had been washed ashore, a public funeral. It was the most impressive funeral I have ever seen. In a procession fully a mile long we streamed away to the Campo Santo. The whole town and countryside were there to watch us, on sidewalks, crowded balconies, even on the house-tops. Many of the women were weeping as they stood there, thinking of their own men-folk away on the two fronts.
>
> To the Italians the most interesting members of the stream of mourners were "*Le Donne*," as they termed our brave sisters. In scarlet and gray those who had saved their uniforms marched gallantly down the long road that led to the cemetery. The whole sixty-six were present, many dressed in hats, skirts, and blouses provided by the ladies of S——. We were proud of our women—but that is an old story.
>
> With the Italian and British troops marched the sailors of Japan, smart and workmanlike. I had never seen them in a body before, and I observed them closely. I may be mistaken, but to me they seemed as formidable as any seamen in the world. Physically and morally they impress me deeply. One little thing won my particular regard: Instead of machine-turned decorations, they wore real jewels, the work of a craftsman. It is a small matter, but a people that will do this will do much else. The Japanese officers were obviously men of breeding, and on more than one face I seemed to read a supreme disdain (which many of us share) for a civilization which expresses itself in mechanics and explosives.
>
> "You Westerners have forced us to take a hand in this," they seemed to say; "very well, then, we will take a hand, till, sooner or later, you reach our level of civilization, and then we can scrap all these toys and devilments, and so go on with the realities that lead to God."
>
> Perhaps I imagined this, yet without those quiet figures whose pride it was to stand there as tho carven, and from another world, I could not have imagined anything of the kind.

The ever-present German spy was encountered during the writer's seven-day stay in Italy. But in his eagerness he overreached himself, for—

> He spoiled his game by being far too eager, and so he is now in a place where his German friends can not even pay him the thin rewards of his disgusting trade. We had met on the quayside. There he was very conspicuously free with Red Cross cigarets and comestibles — a generous lad and a charitable. Later on he invited me to his "house." He was a great, tho wholly transparent, liar and braggart. His "house" turned out to be a mean room in a back street. When we arrived there he put the usual questions, and I rewarded his confidence by giving him full particulars as to how many men we had lost, our destination, and the names of the various units that had embarked. In exchange I received two pocket handkerchiefs and a much-darned pair of socks—both of which I needed badly. I am afraid that this young man now regards me as less of a fool than I appeared.

BRITAIN SENDS US HER LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

HIS friends still call him Rufus, just as they did when he was plain Mr. Isaacs, the young stock-broker. He is better known to the world, however, as Earl Reading, Lord Chief Justice, head of the legal world of England, and recently appointed British High Commissioner to the United States.

The man who is to take over the work of the British Embassy and that of the War Mission in New York and Washington as well, has many friends in America who have enjoyed the hospitality of his home in Curzon Street, London, and he is described as the most courteous of Englishmen.

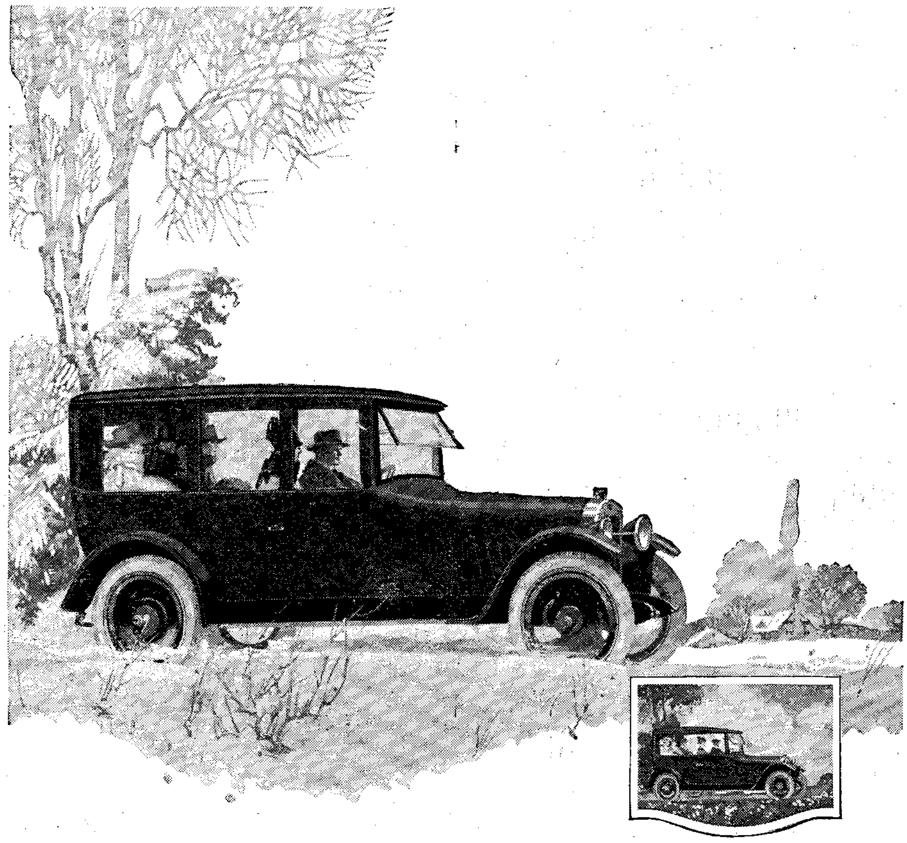
The career of Earl Reading has been a most romantic one, which goes without saying when one considers his jump from the floor of the Stock Exchange to the bench in the Temple of Justice—"going some," as his American friends would say.

Charles H. Grasty, writing to the New York *Times* from London, says of Lord Reading:

> I have met no more alert mind in England than Lord Reading, and his extraordinary versatility is aptly illustrated by the fact that only just now he has been serving his country as special Ambassador and Lord Chief Justice. As a matter of fact, he is one of the most all-round capable men in England, entirely untouched by Old World crystallization and, while maintaining British traditions, will readily adjust himself to his new environment.

Rufus Isaacs left the money market for the bar and rose rapidly as a practising lawyer. He entered politics in 1910, was soon appointed Attorney-General, and then Lord Chief Justice. Robert Donald, editor of *The Daily Chronicle*, who has been intimately associated with Lord Reading, furnishes *The Times* with this estimate of the new High Commissioner:

> Born in 1860, Lord Reading carries his years lightly. His keen, oval face,



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It is very easy to enter and leave, and from its three-piece windshield to its broad rear window it is expertly made and equipped.

The individual front seats and the wide tonneau seat are upholstered in fine quality gray automobile cloth, in keeping with the car's interior.

The comfort and security of this interior are greatly enhanced by the competent performance of the Oakland Sensible Six engine.

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OAKLAND SENSIBLE SIX

lustrous black eyes, raven hair with scarcely a single streak of gray, and his easy, alert carriage suggest a man in the very prime of life. Lord Reading is abstemious in habit and takes regular exercise. To this, and to a constitution naturally strong and wiry, are due his sense of poise, mental freshness, and physical vigor at fifty-seven.

He has had a romantic career. The son of a London merchant, he had excellent opportunities of education, of which as a youth he made very indifferent use. One of his schoolfellows tells that he was a lively and irresponsible boy who chafed under discipline, and loved play and boyish pranks better than his books. Thirst for adventure took him to sea, and he served for some time on merchant vessels trading in far-off oceans. After this experience before the mast he resumed the broken thread of his educational career, entered London University School, and completed his education by residence in Brussels and Hanover.

He began his business life as a broker on the London Stock Exchange. Forsaking commerce for the law, he was called to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1887. He made his reputation as a barrister in a surprizingly short space of time. His knowledge of commercial questions, his keenness of mind and quickness of perception, his mellifluous voice and easy, slow words, his amiability and unfailing courtesy combined to bring him almost at a stride into the front rank of great lawyers.

As an advocate he was the very pink of courtesy. He never stormed at a witness, never bullied in cross-examination. But his cool brain, suave tongue, and silken manner were far more formidable to a hostile witness and much more persuasive to a jury than the rough and blustering methods of some advocates.

He had not been ten years at the bar when his name was a household word in England. Solicitors competed eagerly for his services. No *cause célèbre* was complete without Rufus Isaacs as one of counsel. His income ran into five figures. His brilliant success was achieved without incurring that enmity which is sometimes the penalty of rapid rise to eminence. His generosity of spirit disarmed hostility, and no great advocate has ever been more popular with the junior bar. At the height of his career at the bar he scorned delights and lived laborious days. He often rose at daybreak, and, fortified only by a cup of coffee, began work in his library by going over his papers. After breakfast he would proceed to his chambers for consultations, and then to the law courts, where he would be incessantly occupied all day but for a short interruption for luncheon.

He was elected a Member of Parliament for Reading in 1904, as a Liberal, and in 1910 he was appointed Attorney-General. In 1912 he was made a member of the Cabinet, being the first Attorney-General to receive that honor. In Parliament he made no shining mark, for Mr. Donald writes:

> Like many eminent lawyers, Sir Rufus Isaacs was not a success as a Parliamentarian. The forensic method is a very different thing from the Parliamentary manner. He entered the House of Commons too late to master its technicalities or assimilate its spirit. No man was more popular in the House, and yet his best friends were compelled to admit that as a debater he lacked richness and power.

Rufus Isaacs in Parliament and Rufus Isaacs in court was as moonlight is to sunlight, as water to wine. The explanation, to some extent, was that when he reached the House of Commons after an exhausting day in court he was a jaded man. An exacting master, the House will not tolerate devotion at another shrine.

In 1913 Sir Rufus was appointed Lord Chief Justice. In this great position as head of the English judiciary he has won golden opinions.

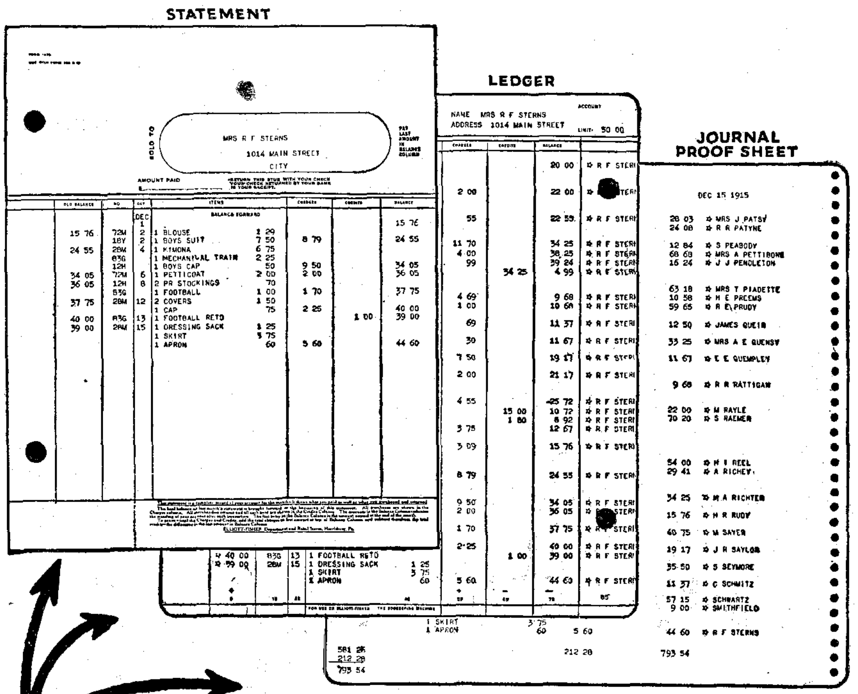
FINE FIGHTING SPIRIT SHOWN IN LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

HERE is a letter from a son at the front to a mother at home. It was written by a Minneapolis man who, as his father, H. F. Newhall, writes to THE DIGEST, resigned a position as instructor at Harvard University to go into the Army on principle. He is now a second lieutenant in the American Expeditionary Force in France. The letter is particularly interesting as showing the attitude of a trained mind toward the war, and the calm fighting spirit of a man who considers death a small price to pay for the privilege of playing an active part in it.

In the letter, which is dated December 6 and is printed in the Minneapolis *Tribune*, the writer says:

> Don't be unhappy, even if something happens to me. The Japanese point of view always appealed to me. They are proud when one of their relatives is lost in a patriotic struggle and put on festival clothes instead of going into mourning. I was pleased to see it suggested in the Chicago *Tribune* that we adopt the custom of wearing a badge, such as a star, instead of black.
>
> When we think of the bigness of the work at hand—and it is more than merely defeating Germany — any man can feel that even being killed is a small price to pay for having an active part in this great step forward, which the world is taking.
>
> It is the welding together of the liberty-loving peoples into a great cooperating society—which is to be the triumph that will follow an Allied victory.
>
> The great weakness of our democracies has been that this liberty of which they were so boastful was a mere individualism which allowed every man to compete unscrupulously with all his neighbors. Now in the face of this German menace we are trying to learn how to curtail some of our individual "liberties" in order to secure a national unity.
>
> Germany and Japan have secured the spirit of cooperation through the action of autocracies. It is now for us to show that it can be achieved as well and in less dangerous form through democracy. Perhaps it can't be. If that is so, it is better to be killed before that impossibility has been demonstrated. If it can be, then any one who contributes toward the achievement of that end can be proud in proportion to his contribution. Don't be anxious then. Be happy that I am over here as I am, despite the mournful tone of some of my letters.

Then comes a warning against placing too much faith in the news that reaches this side from "Somewhere in France." After



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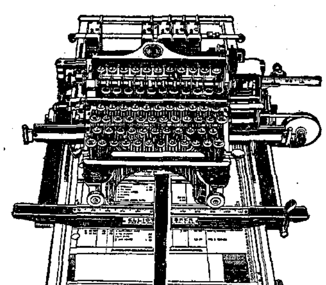
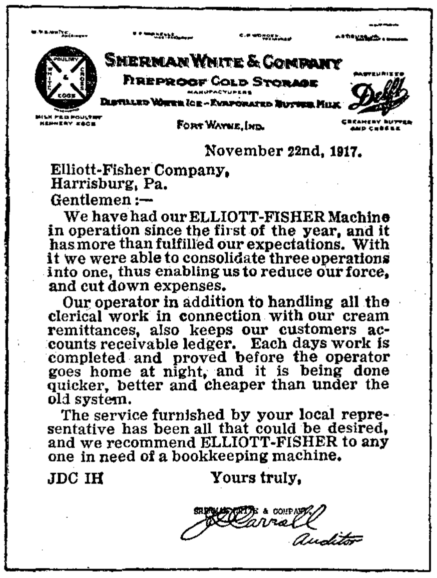
Elliott-Fisher Company
132 Elliott Parkway
Harrisburg, Pa.





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telling of his company having been rushed to the front he writes:

> My advice is to discount any scare-heads or dramatic stories about American troops in France. Accounts which have been published about things which I knew of were usually the veriest rot.
>
> My own experience in the trenches was that my chief job was to restrain the men from senseless firing. I would hear the sound of an automatic or of rifle-grenades on the right of my sector, say about 9 P.M. Hurrying to that point in the line, I would inquire,
>
> "What did you see?"
>
> "Nothing, sir."
>
> "Well, what did you fire at?"
>
> "I thought I heard a noise in the wire, sir."
>
> "Do you think you can hit a noise in the dark?"
>
> "No, sir."
>
> Then we send up a flare which illuminates our front and makes it quite clear that no one is in the wire, so the men calm down and things remain quiet. From what I learned of other platoons, I got the idea that things "happened" in proportion to the nervousness of the commander.
>
> One man made himself the laughing-stock of the battalion by the stories he told of what happened to him. It is quite true that when you have been peering out into the dark for a while the posts in entanglements begin to put on German helmets and to creep toward you. This is especially true in the small hours of the morning, when you are struggling to keep awake. I had to urge the men to listen rather than to look. It is exceedingly interesting.
>
> I had a glimpse of Generals Pershing and Bliss the other day and also of Colonel House. I was much interested in the latter, and I had a feeling that he represented the real power and policy of our Government. I was pleased that America should be represented at the Versailles conference by a man without personal ambitions and who is so free from some of the swaggering characteristics that are supposed to be peculiarly American.
>
> When I go up to Paris next week I want to buy some war-posters which I will send you. Weather is cold now, and mud is frozen solid, which is an improvement on last week's conditions.
>
> The President's message seems to please every one.

From "over there" comes another letter from son to mother. This young man is in the ambulance service, and his mother, in Fordham, N. Y., has been particularly fortunate in hearing from him about every two weeks since his arrival on the other side. And she knows that he has received nearly all of the letters and packages that she has sent to him, as she has adopted a system of numbering in order that he may tell if any are missing.

This young man sailed from "Somewhere in America" in August. The New York *Sun* prints two of his letters which were dated in November. Here are some extracts telling of the warm and sincere welcome the Americans received, and something of their lives and duties at the front:

> We are at our final destination and enjoying many conditions that would surprise you. Our quarters are warm, and the nearer we get to the front the better our food is. We had an interesting three-day trip across France in our cars and stopt in many wonderful places.
>
> You speak of reading in newspapers and magazines about the treatment of soldiers over here. If they don't praise the treatment they are lies. No one could get a warmer or more sincere welcome than the American soldier gets on his arrival in a French port. As our boat sailed up the canal to dock all the fruit and chocolate available was thrown on board to us. There was a "*Plus Grande Fête pour les Américains Soldats*" in one town we visited, and our path was literally strewn with flowers, and banners waved everywhere.
>
> We are attached to the French Army, and are to have a ten-day leave every four months, which we are all looking forward to. Our work is confined to ambulance driving—Fords and Fiats—I am on a Fiat. Our base is about ten kilometers from the front-line trench, and we go up to our advance-post every three or four days. This depends on the action up front. (Six lines deleted.) All this is done in the dark. Star shells shot up from both sides to light the surrounding territory give us our only light. These last about thirty seconds and are a continuous performance all night.

The letter describes the drives between the front and the base hospital, through many old towns where only women and old folk are to be seen now. Then here is a hint of unsuspected luxuries and social enjoyments, punctuated by the roar of the big guns in the distance, until the tramp of men and the rumble of supply-wagons, moving out into the zone of death, cast a pall over the forced gaiety of the company:

> The few remaining peasant women do our laundry at very reasonable prices. We are able to buy chocolate, jam, cheese, tobacco, and almost any kind of eats at the *Coopératif.*
>
> We have many enjoyable evenings when out at the advance-post. After a good dinner and one of Ray's cigars we sit back and sing all the songs we can recall. Of course the Frenchmen join in and make the evening one worth while. Living so as to drive away the blues—we all have them in turn—some of us dance and just give way to the full enjoyment of it all. When there is a lull in the joy and everything is quiet for a moment, outside—away outside—can be heard the rumble of guns, rapid-fire guns and guns, guns, guns, all dealing death. Then you hear the tramp of men marching out to a barren stretch of land which is indescribable, or possibly a long train of wagons rolling over the rough roads with supplies. All this strikes a new part of one's soul and you hope and hope for the end.

And then comes a call to the front:

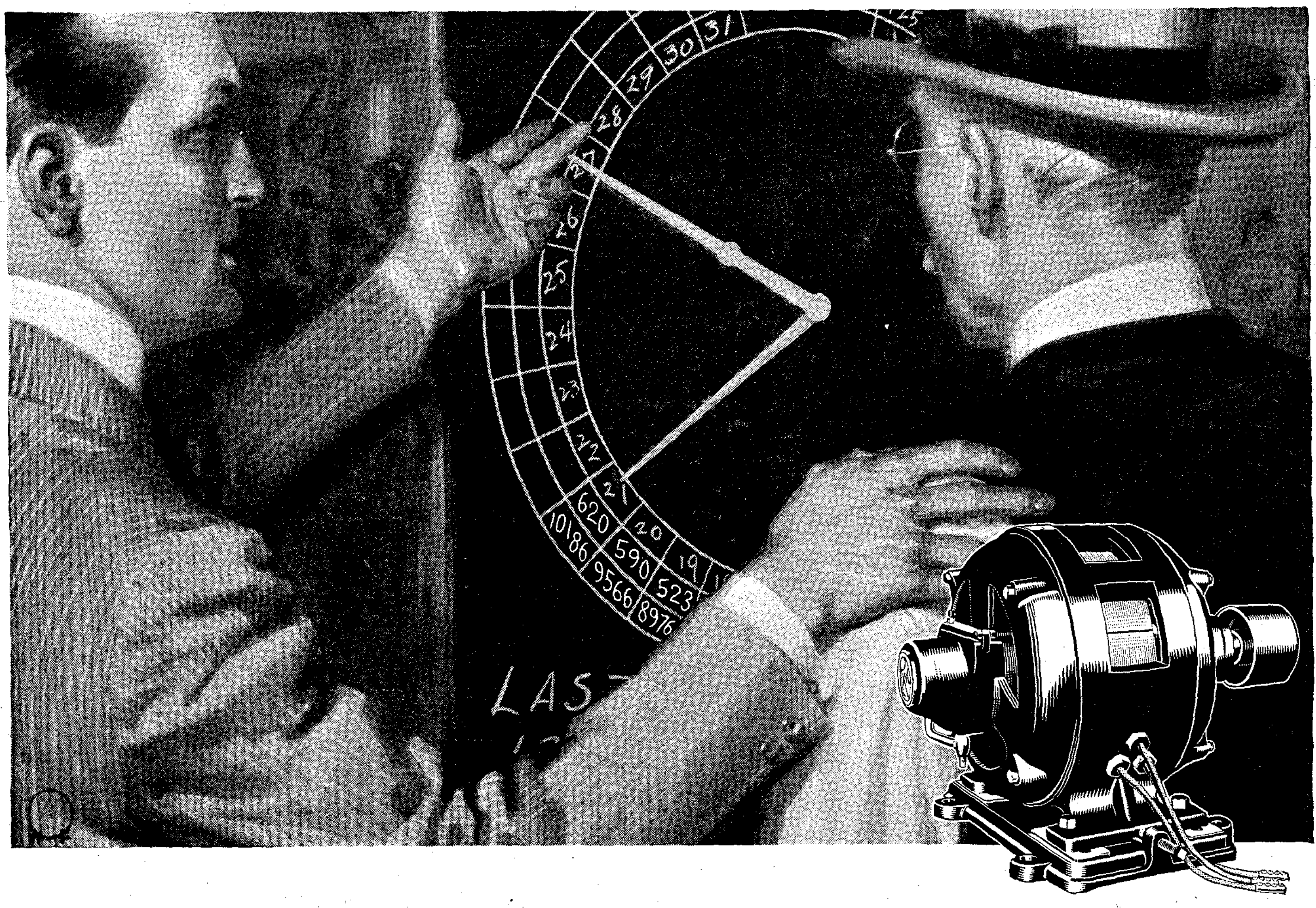
> I have wandered from the room where we were all happy. The telephone rings and the room is noiseless while the adjutant receives the message. Is it a call that means martyrs are suffering in the trenches. Yes, the call is "*Poste Cent-trois.*" Whose turn next? Mine? Good! We get so tired we are glad of a chance to drive "out-there." Yes, wrap up—it's cold, damp, and everything is darkness. November in France is mostly fog and rain. All this gives us some excitement, trying to keep on the road. Sometimes the fog is so thick that five feet in front of the car is nothing but dense gray, and we draw up in back of the slow-moving ammunition-trucks just in time to jam on the brake and shout "*À droit, à droit!*" Horns are not permitted, as they mean "gas," a signal I hope I never hear, tho my mask is always with me and ever ready.

Canteen work in the Y. M. C. A. huts is interestingly described by Mrs. George W. Osmun, of Winsted, Conn., who is in France with her husband, a clergyman. Judging from Mrs. Osmun's letter there was little to remind one of the horrors and privations of the war in the French village where she was located when she wrote to her brother, Prof. Edmund D. Searls, of New Bedford, Mass. But Mrs. Osmun is seemingly an enthusiastic person, but she had had an experience of only two days when she wrote of life at her post. She tells of her outfitting in Paris:

> We both had to have uniforms made, George an extra thick one and I the regulation one for canteen workers. So I have a very lovely whipcord suit, gray, trimmed with blue collar, beautifully fitting, made by a Parisian tailor. It cost the Y. M. C. A. 275 francs [$55], but I bought a hat, gray cloth faced with blue silk, cost 40 francs [$8], three waists and two neckties, a blue scarf, as we are not allowed to wear furs, two linen over-dresses for work about the canteen, two caps, besides all the boots and thick things we bought at home. But I sure am fitted out. We finally had to buy another trunk and pack it with things we wouldn't need now and leave it in Paris at the American express.
>
> Paris is so big and so confusing that really we spent just hours of our time going from one point to another with little to show for our effort. George took several French lessons, and somehow the days slipt by, both of us realizing more than ever how hard it was going to be to say good-by. But last Friday noon the ax fell. I left for work here and Saturday morning at 8 George started in another direction for his scene of action.

Mrs. Osmun says she is in a little French village with six other American women and five or more secretaries. Of her "billet" she writes:

> Altho we've been here only two days we are just carried away with the work. We have our rooms with some very kind French people. When we come in at night there is a lovely (soft) coal fire crackling in a little grate, and in the morning we have an oil heater to dress by. Our bed is clean and very comfortable, linen sheets and plenty of bedding. A little maid brings us our breakfast about eight—bread, butter, and coffee. That is what the French call "*petit déjeuner*" and is all they have. We brought along a little jam from Paris, as the bread is rather hard, tho very good-tasting and very wholesome. Then we hike for the hut, which is about ten minutes' walk from here. Almost every time an auto is sent down for us, so much are our services appreciated.
>
> The five who have been here have developed the canteen from a dark hut into



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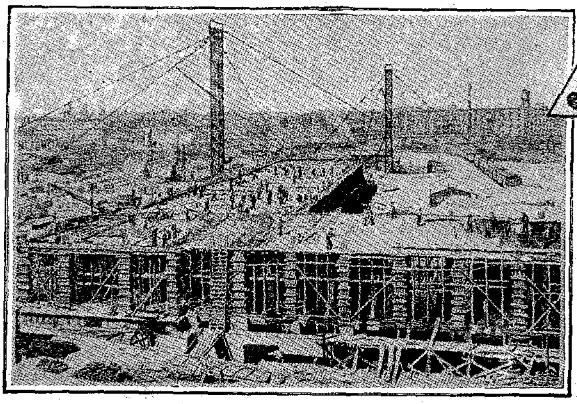

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a homelike attractive place—tables with oilcloth (red-and-white checked), turkey-red curtains, pictures from magazines, and a counter with a sort of kitchen back of it. Until 12:30 we get things ready for serving. About a bushel or two of sandwiches must be made—jelly, meat, and cheese—three tanks of cocoa, a tank of coffee, a tank of hot water for tea, beef-tea, and hot lemonade. To-day, altho it is Sunday, one of the number made cookies (awfully poor ones), and little pies, and how they did sell! Then we have fancy cakes (the kind that come in boxes), and canned pineapples and cherries.

We take turns in doing things. To-day I served cocoa and coffee and hot and cold lemonade and tea. Nearly always the boys linger to chat—if we are not too rushed—and their joy at having us here is pathetic. One boy asked me to-day as he came up, "Are you a real American woman? You are the first one I've seen since I came over."

We have our lunch and dinner at the hotel where the other five women have rooms. Sometimes, if we are too rushed part of the bunch have sandwiches at the canteen, but usually two good square meals. So you see you don't need to worry about me at all. I know I am going to enjoy it more all the time. The other women are fine college girls around thirty, a little less or a little more, I should judge. The men are good virile chaps, just good, ordinary Americans, nearly all of them in the thirties or forties or more.

AMERICAN BOY'S GRAPHIC STORY OF TRAINING UNDER FIRE

A LETTER from a young American officer in France telling of his first experience at the front contains interesting details of the trench-training of army officers from the States. The letter is written to his uncle by Lieut. Paul Remmel, of Little Rock, Ark., and is dated from "A Dirty Little Town in France," on November 13. If one may judge from his description of his first dinner and breakfast under fire, the British officers were not then suffering any great privations. Here are parts of the letter as printed in the Arkansas *Gazette:*

At the close of school, each American left with a British officer (his friend) for a different division which held a different sector in the ever-changing boundary-line of war—the trench. It was my good fortune to visit in company with a fine young English officer, Captain Bond, a sector upon which ensued enough excitement for any live American. After a day and a half of traveling by train we arrived in the war-area, eight miles from the German lines, the division headquarters of the British Army (First Army). Here my friend took off his finery and put on his trench-clothes and we both were fitted out with steel hats, gas-respirators, and the long, Webly pistols, to take our last lap to the trenches' edge. We were given two horses and two soldiers to accompany us the remaining eight miles.

We passed through several French villages, through which raced back and forth English ambulances, ammunition-carts, and huge automobile-trucks bearing fresh fuel (men) to the hell that is forever waging on that front. As we came close, we passed through villages in which there stood no house that was not completely ruined by shell-fire. These villages you would easily recognize if I could only tell you their names. Village after village, ruins after ruins, utter desolation mutely spoke of wild barbaric treatment at the hands of the Germans. Not one soul did we see in these villages as we drew nearer the booming guns we could so distinctly hear.

In the heart of a deserted village we were compelled to leave our horses and strike out on foot, and after a three-quarters of an hour walk along a camouflaged wood we reached at last the mouth of the trenches. As we bid farewell to level ground and walked down into the trench, I looked overhead and saw seven British planes flying overhead observing for the artillery that was at that moment sending screeching shells into the German lines.

At last they entered the trenches, the entrance to which was situated in the center of a ruined and deserted village. They were German trenches, very well made, tho somewhat battered by shells. They were constantly drawing nearer to the German lines, and the writer says:

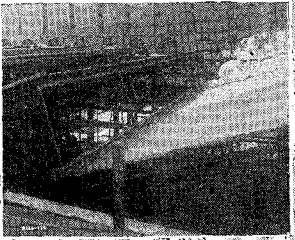
At last, after walking around and around, we finally reached the battalion headquarters (it was then 4 P.M. and gradually growing dark), which was quartered, as everything is, in a dugout 45 to 50 feet under the ground. After climbing down the steep steps I came to the dugout, and it was certainly a surprize. The first thing that greeted my eye was a long table, upon which was a cover of spotless linen, with silver placed all around, and grouped around were five English officers drinking tea. Oh, these English, you can not beat them. They go to war with a teacup in one hand and a revolver in the other.

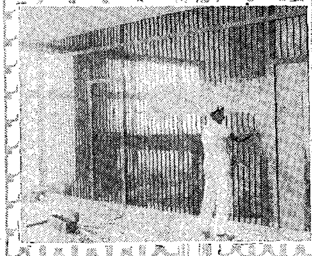
This dugout was an old German one, which consisted of four rooms, a large dining-room, a signal-room, a kitchen, and bedroom. Imagine that if you can, all fixt up with huge mirrors, lounging chairs, stoves, lighted candles in brass holders. These men were sitting around calmly drinking tea and whisky while 45 feet overhead the shells were screaming by. I was introduced as the American who was attached for a few days for instruction, and I was made quite welcome; such a welcome I had never had before anywhere. My hosts were a colonel, captain, two majors, ably assisted, and several privates whose only duty it seemed was to look after me and to be sure I saw everything in the way of excitement, and believe me, I did. I was just in time for tea, so I sat down after taking off my tin hat, as the steel helmet is called.

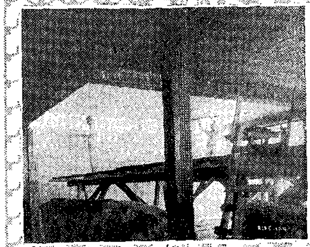
As I drank my tea I was plied with questions, for I was the first American officer they had seen. I seemed to be refreshing to them because they were constantly laughing at my answers. Just before dinner I was led by the colonel, the two majors, and the captain up the steps to see the heavy guns belch into the night, sending huge missiles of death into the German lines; also the heavy guns of the Huns would grunt in retaliation.

From young Remmel's description his first night in the trenches was not tinged in any way with the horrors of war. In fact, he might very well have been dining and sleeping at some hotel far from the front save for the sound of the shells overhead. He writes:

We had a wonderful dinner, consisting of







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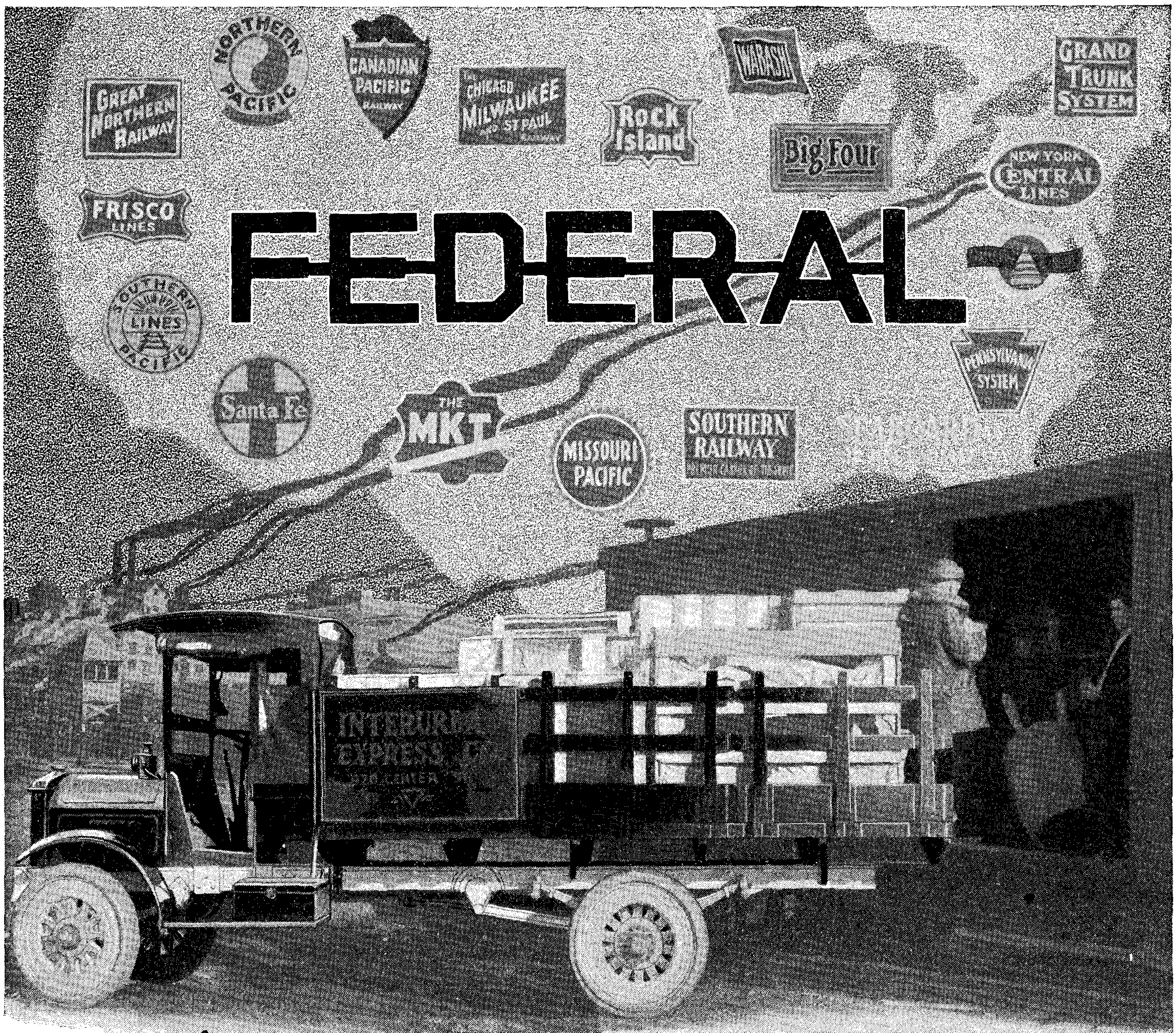
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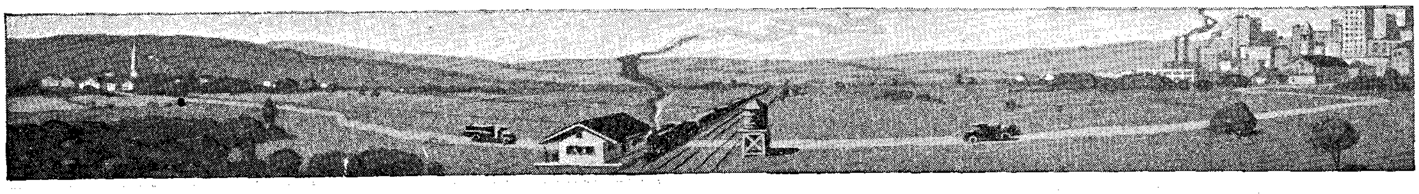


> fresh meats, sugar, cream, and a whole course dinner, even down to cheese and coffee—think of that if you can on the firing-line. These "blooming Britishers" certainly do live.
>
> About nine o'clock I went to bed in an adjoining room, about twenty feet square, and my bed was a berthlike affair, with heavy blankets, and I slept soundly in spite of the fact now and then I could get the jar of a German shell lighting overhead. I was awakened next morning by the colonel's servant handing me a cup of steaming hot tea, which I drank down with much gusto. I was also brought hot water for shaving and for washing and was told that breakfast was ready. And such a breakfast! You would think that this was some hotel instead of a dugout on the Western front. Wonderfully cooked oatmeal, fresh eggs and ham, hot coffee, tea, and jam greeted me.
>
> After breakfast I was furnished with two runners (privates with full equipment) and a fine daredevil lieutenant, for the purpose, as the colonel exprest it, of seeing the whole show.
>
> So I started out with my tin helmet, gas-respirator, a cane, and a 45-revolver just as a German machine gun spat out a welcome, the bullets coming 100 feet away. My guide took me down one trench into another, every one named, down into dugouts, bomb dugouts, and out into observation-posts. I looked into periscopes overlooking the German lines, saw Germans walking around, peered into German wire entanglements, saw dead Germans lying in captured dugouts (this hill has been only captured two months). As we walked on the Germans were sending huge shells over us and the English were giving them tit for tat; overhead eight English planes were flying, observing for the artillery. One especially claimed my attention. It would fly around and around, then suddenly swoop down straight for the German trench, getting about 100 feet above the *Boche*, then let fly his machine gun, which would pop-pop-pop certain death in their trench. Then we would yell. It was wonderful!

The writer tells of his first experience in observing the work of the artillery. At the top of a hill an officer was directing the fire of the battery 1,500 yards behind. They were shelling a village held by the Germans not 800 yards from the officer's post of observation. Remmel writes:

> He stopt and shook my hand most heartily and seemed most glad to meet me. He explained everything to me, showed me the tiny telephone his orderlies used to give the range to the battery at his command. He then asked me if I would like to see him make a few hits, and of course I said that I would not mind, secretly tickled to death.
>
> He told me to put my glasses to my eyes and pointed out a red-brick house on the extreme left of us, a house which he indicated on his pocket map which was reported to billet a German company. I instantly glued my glasses to my eyes and I heard him call to his orderlies, who stood four feet behind him with the tiny telephone something which sounded like "two degrees to the left repeat." Then suddenly I heard a distant boom and a screeching through the air, and after a few seconds another boom, and, bless you—the house which I had confined within my glasses blew up into the air and fell back in smoking ruins. His had been a perfect hit.
>
> I will tell you in my next letter about returning here to join my regiment, the old 16th Infantry, to find Heber McLaughlin, from Toltec, Ark., who came out with me. He is in a next company and has ably represented Arkansas. He was commanding the platoon which was raided by the Germans. He had a terrible time, was knocked senseless twice, and barely came out with a whole skin. He was in the first fight for the Americans, and while in hospital was interviewed by French and American generals. He did many heroic things and will perhaps receive the French military cross. He is still suffering from shell-shock, but is all O. K., being in the hospital only six days. He didn't write his mother anything about it. You might get in touch with his family, McLaughlin, Toltec, Ark., planters, and tell his mother what a hero she has for a son. It won't come out in any news, so I am sure I am writing things I should not write. I have not received a line since I arrived. Our letters are held up somewhere. Am working hard now. Will go to Paris next Saturday. Will write to-morrow. Love to all. PAUL.
>
> Co. G, 16th Infantry, France.

ELEANOR PUTZKI, THE "BEST GIRL SCOUT IN AMERICA."

"WAKE up! Girl Scout work waked me up. This is a pretty fine world tho they are trying to tear it to pieces on the other side. Get better acquainted with it, and be happy and useful!"

This is the message of Eleanor Putzki to the girls of America. Pretty fine sentiments, too, for a girl of seventeen, but Miss Putzki is a pretty fine girl. She has won the title of the "Best Girl Scout in America," the highest honor in the organization. She needed twenty-five merit badges to win this distinction, so to make sure she earned twenty-six, and then Mrs. Woodrow Wilson presented her with a gold eaglet of which she is justly proud. The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* says of this energetic Washington girl:

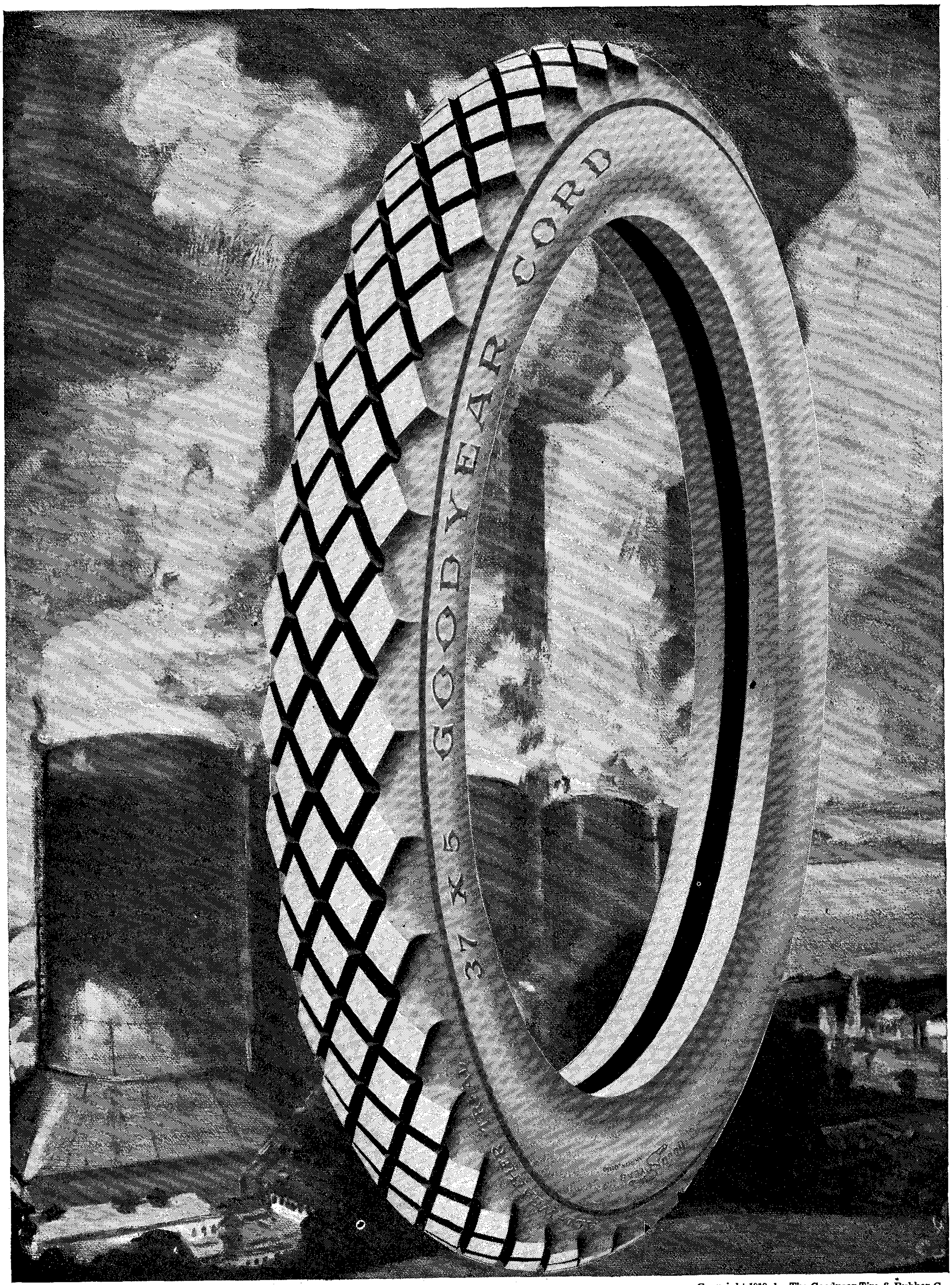
> Miss Putzki tried to explain to one uninitiated in the maze of Girl Scout endeavors what she had to do to get some of her badges. It seems there are six which were won for proficiency in branches akin to Red Cross work, such as home care of the sick, child nursing, first aid, ambulance, invalid cooking. Then there are five for different phases of housewifery, such as ironing, sewing, housekeeping, cooking, dairy. For athletics she has passed tests in bicycling, signaling, swimming, public health. In educational lines she is distinguished for art and as interpreter. In the outside class come pathfinder, pioneer, and naturalist.
>
> Then for attendance she has a badge, or rather a gold star, for each of the four years she has been a Scout, "because I never missed a meeting," she boasts.
>
> "The hardest badge for me to get was—cooking." Then she blushed in an embarrassed, girlish manner as she shyly 'fest up: "I was flunked three times before I got it." And then quickly recovering the confidence born of having succeeded: "But I can get a good dinner now for a whole houseful of company, and I do keep house for my brother during the summer when mother goes to the country."

Asked how she ever came to be the best Girl Scout Miss Putzki enthusiastically gave all the credit to Mrs. Giles Scott Rafter, head of the Girl Scouts of Washington, who is her captain, and whom she describes as "just a peach." And then she exclaimed earnestly:

> "Why, no one will ever know what the Girl Scout work has done for me. Only three months ago, when I started after my badge for pathfinder, I scarcely knew the difference between northwest and southeast Washington. To win that badge I had to know all the public buildings, schools, streets, and avenues, monuments, parks, circles, playgrounds and, in fact, be qualified as a guide. Going after Girl Scout badges just woke me up. It makes you see things, and see why and to want to do things better and to help others.
>
> "It's Girl Scout work that got me this job," she said, referring to her recently acquired dignity as playground instructor. "It's because the scout activities made me know so much about outdoor life for children that they have me here."
>
> "But isn't this playground in the slum district?" her interviewer suggested.
>
> "Certainly it is, but the children are just dear. Don't you see how we can help them by making this place safe for them to play? That's why we had six bad boys pinched here to-day," and her blue eyes snapt, showing the spirit that impelled her to win out in athletic tests as well as in cooking.
>
> She admits that she is a year-round swimmer, and that the last time she was "in" she swam a mile and three-quarters. She is one of the life-saving corps who are on duty the year round at the Central High School. She is an all-round athlete, and wo betide the boy on her playground who thinks to evade the rules and regulations by flight.

Miss Putzki's father is widely known as a painter of china, and his daughter inherits his talent, for since she was nine years old she has earned her pin-money and many of her clothes by her drawing. She is eager to interest all girls in the scout movement, for she declares:

> "Outdoor life is the best thing in the world for girls and I want to encourage every other girl all I can to get out in the open with ears open and eyes open and with lungs open. That's why I'm going to make my troop of girls the best in the city. I'm going to have every one of them a first-class scout before I'm through."
>
> She was referring to one of her "achievements." Mrs. Rafter gave her permission to start a Girl Scout troop at the Webster School, in a congested district. She started with seven girls and in three weeks there were thirty-four. In two weeks the first eighteen girls were proficient in wigwagging and in applying bandages in true Red Cross style. At the end of the school year they gave a little play to raise funds for their summer camping-outfit, and cleared $60. No girl in that troop is more than fourteen years old.
>
> Miss Putzki really earned all her badges, for she passed her examinations before experts in all lines, because Washington is the handiest place in the world to get authorities versed on all subjects. Some of her tests were before officials of the Department of Agriculture or the Department of the Interior. Her examinations for nursing were given by the head of the visiting nurses, other branches were passed



Stacks and condensers in action at the main plant of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

Volume That Means Value

No business rightly can hope for survival that does not recognize its responsibility to the public by which it lives. Such recognition will honorably be expressed not in declaration merely, but in the tangible value of the product for which the public pays.

MORE pneumatic tires are now produced in the enormous Goodyear factories than are produced by any other rubber company in the world.

This gigantic volume has a far more important meaning for the tire buyer than simply as an indication of huge institutional size.

It allows Goodyear to effect savings in administrative, sales and production costs on a scale that lesser operations cannot approximate.

And these insure in Goodyear products a degree of quality and a measure of value impossible to achieve through any other means.

* * *

Twelve years ago Goodyear had but one and one-half per cent of the automobile tire business of the country—its yearly production was 27,000 tires.

Recently, more than this number were produced by the combined Goodyear factories in a single working day.

The stupendous growth indicated by this contrast made imperatively necessary such inventions as the Goodyear tire making machine.

If Goodyear still were compelled to make tires in the old way, this year's output would cost $2,000,000 more, and the tires be not nearly so good.

In the past five years through advanced manufacturing practice, Goodyear's plant operation costs per unit have decreased twenty-five per cent.

In the same length of time, through the development of by-products, waste of materials per unit has been cut by one-half.

In the same period also, factory maintenance costs per unit have been lowered one-third.

And the proportionate cost of productive labor *has been kept level as well,* in spite of an increase of 75 per cent in the hourly rate paid.

Millions of dollars in extra value for the public are represented in these few production economies detailed here.

Millions of additional dollars for the public likewise have been saved in the departments of administration and sales.

All these savings have been made possible through Goodyear's steadily mounting volume.

All of them have scrupulously been turned back into the business to heighten the quality and value given the public in Goodyear Tires.

* * *

That Goodyear Tires do benefit immensely from these sources is conclusively shown by the amazing service delivered users by the tires themselves.

Moreover, further proof of greater value is clearly seen in the impressive figures showing reduction in adjustments in the past few years.

Last year, for instance, on a far more liberal adjustment policy than ever before, Goodyear adjusted proportionately less than a quarter as many tires as in 1913.

Thus the improvement made in the tires themselves results now in an annual saving of more than a half million dollars, which immediately can go back into better value.

In buying a tire or any other article, the public not only "pays the freight," as the saying goes, but every other expense involved in making and selling it.

If Goodyear volume had not allowed the savings shown, the amounts they represent would have to be paid by the public either through higher purchase price or lowered quality.

As it is, the Goodyear Tire the public buys carries no premium through either one of these.

On the contrary, it embodies a measure of usefulness and worth that is not rivaled in any similar product in the world.

CORD TIRES

before the head of the domestic science departments of Central High and Technical High Schools. Her pathfinder and pioneer badges were conferred after an O. K. from Fred Reed, the first Eagle Scout in Washington. Her naturalist examination was before Prof. Wells Cook, of the Department of Agriculture, and officials of the Smithsonian Institution. Her athletic and health tests were given by the director of athletics at Central High School.

When she went to the White House to receive her golden eaglet from the "First Lady of the Land" she was escorted by a body-guard consisting of the five first-class scouts of Washington.

MAKING AVIATORS TO MAN UNCLE SAM'S BIG AIR-FLEET

GERMAN bulletins that claim the destruction of Allied planes confirm the rumors that Germany has been making mighty preparations to win air-supremacy. They are evidently now beginning the test. But Uncle Sam intends to take a hand in the game, and with America's program calling for 22,000 competent pilots, the question of supplying these airmen becomes an interesting one, and even sounds something like a problem. But, after all, it is not such a formidable proposition, as one may learn by reading R. Wherry Anderson's "The Romance of Air-Fighting" (The George H. Doran Company, New York), which tells how the British train candidates for army flying. The first stages are quite simple up to the time the instructor nonchalantly informs the pupil: "Now you can just go up by yourself." Until this thrilling moment the candidate has been making his ascents with a teacher, and of this work the writer says:

> The pupil goes in the morning to the sheds and arrays himself in helmet, overcoat, leather jacket, leather waistcoat, etc., adding gloves and goggles and muffler—protective devices against the cold above. With his instructor, he mounts a machine equipped with controlling levers in duplicate, so that any blunder that he may be guilty of is immediately corrected by the instructor, the "dual control" enabling the latter to pounce at any moment. "Pounce" is, however, not the right word, for it is usually by the most delicate and almost imperceptible action that the machine is righted when trouble threatens.
>
> Awkward and dangerous as the aeroplane was in the early days, it now possesses a stability of its own so automatic that the machine seems to help the pupil more than puzzle him. When the instructor has taken his seat behind the pupil, a mechanic, with his hand on the propeller, gives instructions—"switch off," "suck in," intoned ritual somewhat akin to that familiar to the learner of motor-car driving. After the big swing of the propeller and a short run over the ground, the pupil has the wonderful sensation of finding himself many feet aloft, and climbing briskly into the upper regions.
>
> A first flight may last only ten minutes; the height may be a few hundred feet. The pupil is taught how to work the controls, how to deal with deviations in the machine's course, how to depress the head of the machine for a descent, how to cut off the engine when the actual alighting is to take place, and how to come to a full stop when the machine is again running along the ground.
>
> At each lesson something additional is explained—what to do if a strange noise from the engine indicates something wrong in that direction, how to deal with the "bumps," as the air-waves caused by the sun's action are termed, how to choose the right spot of earth to alight upon. The beginner gets to know that he must never ascend without examining every strut and wire on his aeroplane, or without ascertaining that every working part is in order. Thus, for the first few flights, the program only varies slightly, until the learner knows how to steer the machine himself, taking turns to the right and left, and, in course of time, being permitted to bring the machine to the ground. A few more days and the eventful moment arrives when the teacher says cheerfully: "Now you can just go up by yourself." However long a man lives, and whatever may be his adventures, his first "solo" flight will remain an exciting memory.
>
> Then come the tests for the "ticket." The candidate must prove to the testing observers that he can cut figures of eight in the air, that he can land without bursting a wire, and that, generally speaking, he can handle his machine correctly. The "ticket," once obtained, proclaims to all and sundry the joyful intelligence that its holder is a certified aviator; in course of time the press may begin to speak of him as "the intrepid bird-man." In England this acquirement leads to an appointment as probationary second lieutenant, and one of the next tasks set is generally the flying of types of machines different from that to which the "ticket"-holder has hitherto been accustomed.
>
> Three months, or thereabouts, must be allotted to the "advanced" course of training, and while that stage is being gone through, the candidate presents himself before the examiners to obtain his "wings," a further guaranty.

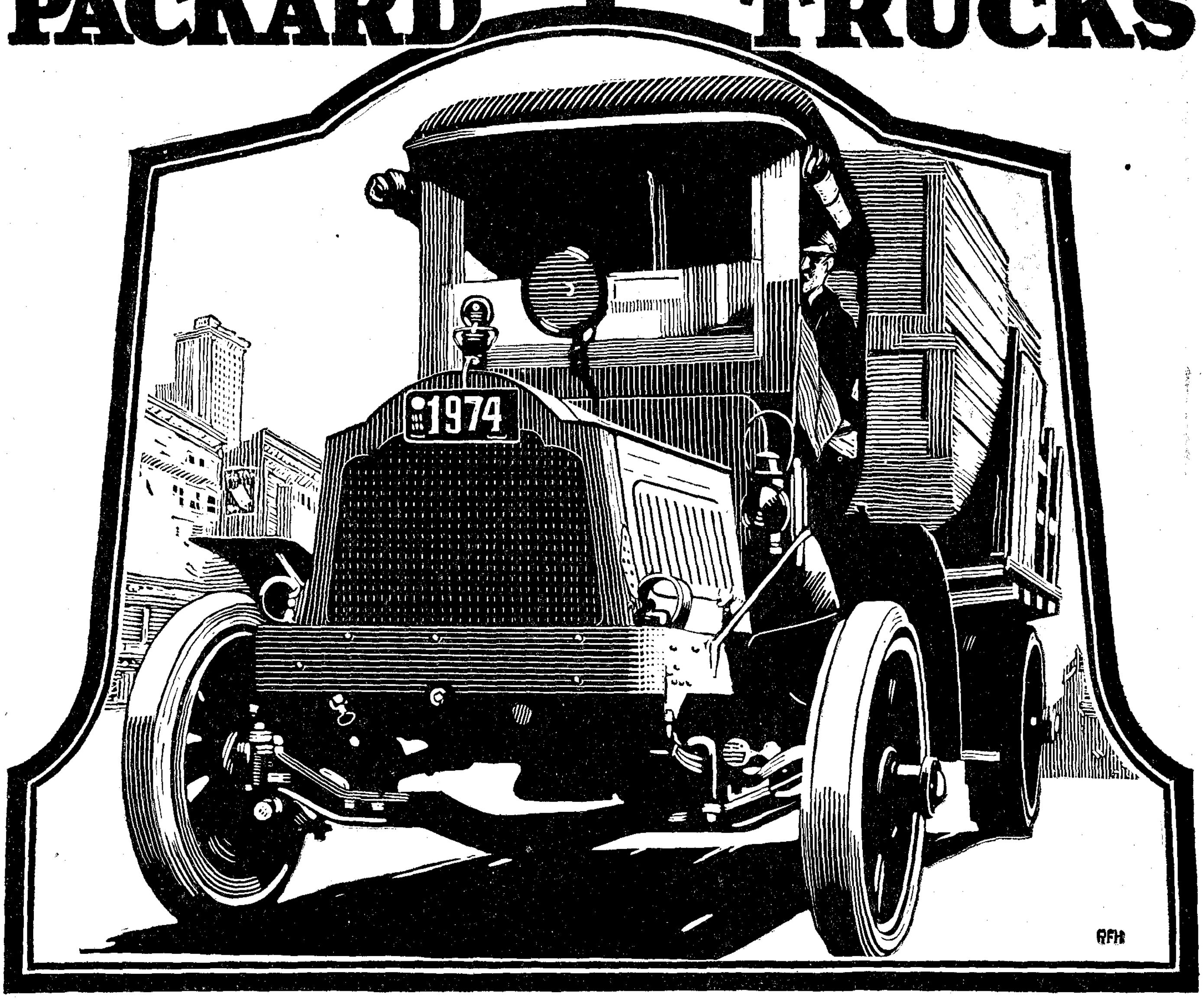
But for the air-fighter obtaining his license is only a small part of his training. He must be a scientist as well as pilot, and he must study maps, compasses, and meteorological conditions. He must know how to "climb out" of a gale that may be delaying him. In fact, there are a dozen sciences with which the competent airman must be familiar, including map-reading, photography, and wireless telegraphy. The writer says:

> It is the duty of the aerial photographer to provide his side with section pictures of the enemy's lines of communication, of the lay of the country miles and miles behind the enemy's front line, and of the zigzag ramifications of the enemy trenches. The United States War Office did pioneer work in this department, and, more than five years ago, an American officer took excellent photographs from as high as 6,000 feet. Piecing the sections together, a commander has ready to hand a kind of ordnance survey map of the whole of the enemy's territory.
>
> Let us now regard the aviator purely as a combatant. Bomb-dropping may seem a fairly easy game to play. Will it surprize any one to learn that it has to be elaborately studied as a separate art? The bomber who hits such objects as a railway-train, a convoy of motor-lorries, or a submarine on the surface of the water is a genius. If he gets on his objective in a fair proportion of attempts, he is probably a man who has studied diligently the theory of falling bodies and the exact effect of his aeroplane's speed on the parabola described by his bomb in its descent. Should an aerial bombardment be undertaken by a squadron of machines, success or failure may depend entirely on special maneuvering, quite distinct from that involved in ordinary scouting. Finally, the air-fighter must be competent to use a light machine gun rapidly and accurately, and know how to circle and dodge around cleverly in an engagement with a flying adversary so as to get him placed at an angle at which a "bead" can effectively be drawn upon him.
>
> Here we touch upon the one thing that distinguishes battles in the air from all the other fighting in this war. It is the revival of the honorable courtesies of the duel—nay, more, the revival of the ancient chivalry of the Knights Templars. As he soars aloft, the airman has at the back of his mind the idea that he is out to meet a champion belonging to the same knightly order as himself, one possessing qualities resembling his own—trained skill, daring, the power of swift decision. In most of the land fighting the enemy's personality is indistinct, perhaps entirely invisible. The gunner who fires shells from afar off can hardly command our respect in any particular degree. The sniper, industrious as he may be, is no very heroic figure. The military chemist, projecting his gas-waves, is a comic creature if he fail in his plan and a somewhat revolting sort of foe if he succeed. Even in the bayonet charge, where the combatants do at least face one another, the gallant deed is to a great extent merged in the rough-and-tumble of the crowd.
>
> It is quite otherwise in the air. From their respective hangars Ivanhoe and Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert sally forth to personal combat. Each has his machine gun couched along the upper ridge of the fuselage of his mount and pointed at his antagonist. Each knows that on the quick maneuvering for position, and on the ingenious anticipation of the other's movements, the issue of the fight mainly depends. Now consider the feelings of the victor as he sees his adversary hurtling down to the ground. Did any tournament of old provide encounter more picturesque or more sublime?

An American member of the Royal Flying Corps describes his first sensation in the air as a sort of daze out of which he shook himself after about five minutes. He tells in the New York *Sun* of his experiences during what he calls his first "joy ride" at the Canadian training-camp at Long Branch, on Lake Ontario:

> From the time you enter the flying corps the one question ever in your mind is, "How will I take to the air?" And there is ever a certain amount of doubt. It is so different from anything you have ever done before, absolutely revolutionary.
>
> You are posted to a squadron; you are posted to a flight in that squadron; you are placed under an instructor in that flight. The instructor is a finished pilot. Sometimes he is a returned aviator with a score of Huns to his credit, but you will never learn it from him; he is too modest.
>
> He tells you he will take you up in five minutes, so you get a leather coat, crash hel-

PACKARD TRUCKS



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"You must wait your turn" is the order of the railroad war board to all lines of business not directly supplying army and navy needs.

Acute freight congestion is here.

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With winter adding further to the blockade, thoughtful business men have turned to Packard *direct transportation* as the most certain means of moving their materials and goods on schedule.

And thousands of Packard trucks are proving their ability every day to carry full loads any distance, through any weather, *cheaply—safely—on time.*

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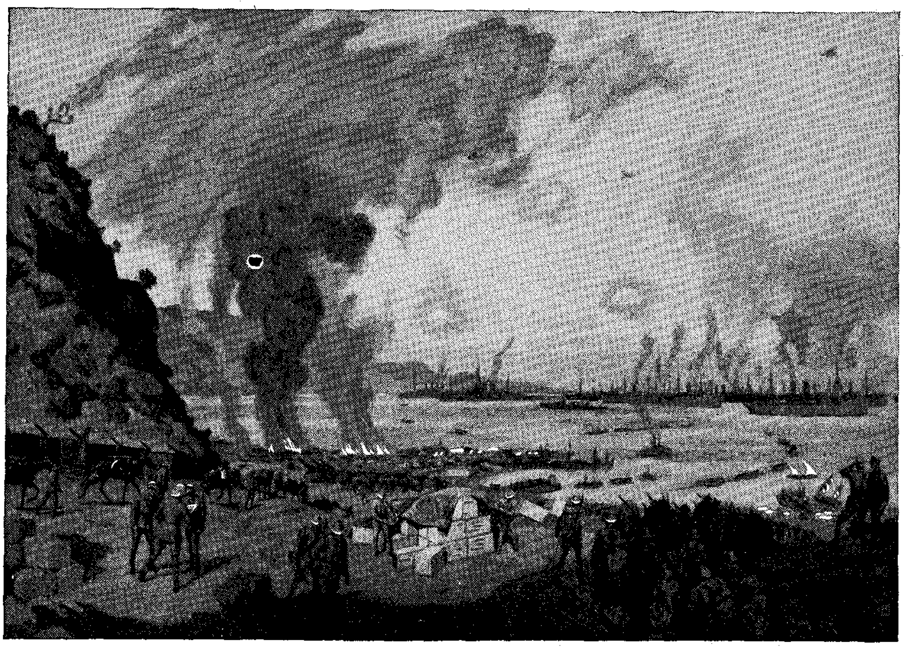

We Must "Follow-Up"

The story of the Gallipoli withdrawal is a tale of inadequate support. Like Salamanders clinging to the red-hot bars of a fiery furnace, the boys of Australia and New Zealand clung to the slopes of Anzac. Desperately, heroically they clung. No troops under any circumstances ever displayed greater soldierly qualities or upheld more sacredly the best traditions of England's Army. But they had to withdraw because the "follow-up" was not there.

To some of us it has been given to march with the columns of troops that go to France. And to others it is given to wave Godspeed. But he who marches and he who stays is equally a citizen of the world's mightiest republic and equally responsible for its success in this greatest of undertakings.

Then let us at home turn from our flag waving and consider how necessary we are, how useful we must be. Those who go to fight cannot hope to win by naked bravery and we cannot hope to win unless every individual at home does *all* he can. We must have no Gallipoli.

The Bell System is only one of the myriad great and small industries which are co-operating that nothing be left undone to keep a constant, efficient stream of men, guns, ammunition, food, clothing and comforts flowing to the front.

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This volume is the authorized and most popular dictionary on the Western front in France, and it is in the hands of thousands and thousands of Canadian, Australian and British soldiers. Contains 8,000 more words than any other similar dictionary.

ALREADY many individuals, fraternal organizations, church societies, etc., are presenting their local soldier boys with this handy book. If you know a soldier, give him one. It will help him out of many trying difficulties. If you are a member of an organization, tell them in meeting that here is a glorious way for those who can't go to "do their bit." Every man in the Army, Navy, or any other branch of the war service, should have a French vocabulary. He will need it constantly when he is actually engaged in the war and comes into daily contact with the French people. It will help him to understand his allies better and it will add immensely to his personal comfort, convenience and pleasure while he is in France. There is no better book on the market for this purpose than the

FRENCH-English—Pocket-Sized Dictionary—English-FRENCH

This handy little volume weighs only a few ounces and yet it contains 28,000 words defined, the French translations of over 14,000 English words and the English meanings of the same number of French words. Contains also tables of weights and measures, menu terms, money values in French, English and American currency and a wealth of other information needed by the American in France. This is just the book to help you in conversation with your French comrades. Handy pocket size for odd-moment study or quick reference. 576 pages.

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met, goggles, flying-boots, mitts, and "doll" yourself all up, despite the fact that the instructor probably has nothing but an old, worn army tunic, helmet, and goggles. When you take the front seat in the aeroplane you generally look like a million dollars' worth of paraphernalia, and the instructor takes the rear seat, looking like thirty cents.

You place your left hand on the "joy stick," a vertical bar of wood which controls the upward and downward flight of the machine, and also the banking of it on the turns, and your feet rest on the rudder-bars, which control the right and left turning; you do it very gingerly and with a resolution to take them off at the first sign of something wrong. A mechanic puts a speaking-tube to your ears, so that the instructor may talk to you above the din of the motor, and fastens your belt.

The instructor asks, "Are you ready?" and you nod. The mechanic takes his place in front of the propeller.

"Gas on, sir?" he cries.

"Gas on," replies the instructor.

"Suck in!" and he turns the propeller several times. "Switch on!"

The instructor puts on the switch and the mechanic gives the propeller another turn and you taxi along the ground. Before you know it you are in the air and a good distance from the ground.

For about five minutes on that first joy ride I had no sensation at all. I was in some kind of a daze. Afterward I thought it was like the sleep which I have always thought precedes the entry of a mortal into the next world. Suddenly I shook myself and began to take an interest in things.

I looked over the side of the plane and a great map stretched out before me, with little toy-houses and miniature trees, lakes, valleys, and hills. It was nothing but a map, it seemed—a map that moved under you.

There was none of the dizziness noticeable when one looks down from a tall building. The machine flew steadily along without the least jolt under the skilful guidance of the instructor, and I began to have a grand and glorious feeling. I was defying nature and rivaling the birds. I felt proud and haughty and very important.

There was no sense of fear. I felt absolutely secure and invincible hung up there in the sky, and that sense of security has been with me ever since when I am in the air. I can not explain it and, of course, it is not logical, but it is there.

And now something of the more prosaic adventures here below, before American candidates for pilot's licenses may even enter the ranks of would-be fliers—the physical tests that must be passed before taking the course of instruction. C. Rainmond Collins, a member of the staff of the Philadelphia *Press*, tells his experiences in that newspaper. Having passed successfully, he is filled with a supreme satisfaction, he declares, when he considers that physically and mentally he is normal—a one-in-twenty man!

After interrogation as to his education, mechanical knowledge, and personal habits he was turned over to the physicians at the University Hospital, and of this experience he writes:

Each of the twelve young men—every

one of whom was a young college graduate—great robust chaps, who, it appeared, could pass any physical test imaginable and come out with absolutely clean records, was told to disrobe and line up at one side of the room.

We were first numbered. In blue crayon, numerals running from one to twelve were marked on the chests of each of the men in the order in which they stood. I was No. 12 and I was to see the moment I would regret it.

The physicians divided the men in beginning the examination, each taking five, and starting from either end of the line they quickly started the external tests. The pulse was first taken; next the respiration, and then several rather simple questions were asked.

The young sergeant, assisting the examining physicians, inquired of each man as to any serious illness, operations, etc. He then asked whether or not the applicant had ever been seasick and had ever had tonsillitis. The height was next gaged and the weight taken.

Three of the candidates fell out under the stethoscope's revelations, while the others were passed on to the "Chamber of Horrors," as Mr. Collins describes it. Continuing:

Each man was again seated in the test chair, in the order in which the numbers ran, and again told to close his eyes and turn each side of his head, in turn, toward the examining physician. A small watch, with an almost inaudible tick, was then held in the hand of the *medico* several feet from the man being examined and gradually moved nearer his ear. When he could hear it tick he was to advise his examiner. Both ears were so tested. In order to learn whether or not the men really hear the ticking of the instrument the examiners intermittingly work a "con game" on the man being tested by holding the watch at a distance for several seconds and not moving it toward the ear of the listener.

A microscopical examination of the inner parts of the ear was then made and several men were found to have defects which later proved serious enough to eliminate them. My hearing was perfect and as I have never had an earache I had no trouble passing this test.

Applicant No. 1 was then ordered to remain in the room and the rest of the men were told to wait in the office, or the outer hall, until their numbers were called.

The examination of No. 1 in the Chamber of Horrors, as we had named it, consumed almost half an hour and we imagined every sort of thing possible was being done to him. However, he suddenly rushed from the room, through our midst, and to a huge sink at one end of the hall. He was pale as a ghost and two glances were not necessary to assure us he was ill.

In an instant the young sergeant appeared and requested No. 2 to enter the small chamber.

It was as he greeted each returning sick man that Mr. Collins regretted that he had drawn No. 12, and he began to feel quite ill himself before he was called into the mysterious chamber. There he was requested to seat himself in a small, round chair to the back of which was fastened a bracket into which his head was firmly clamped. Above the chair was a handle that enabled the physician to whirl the

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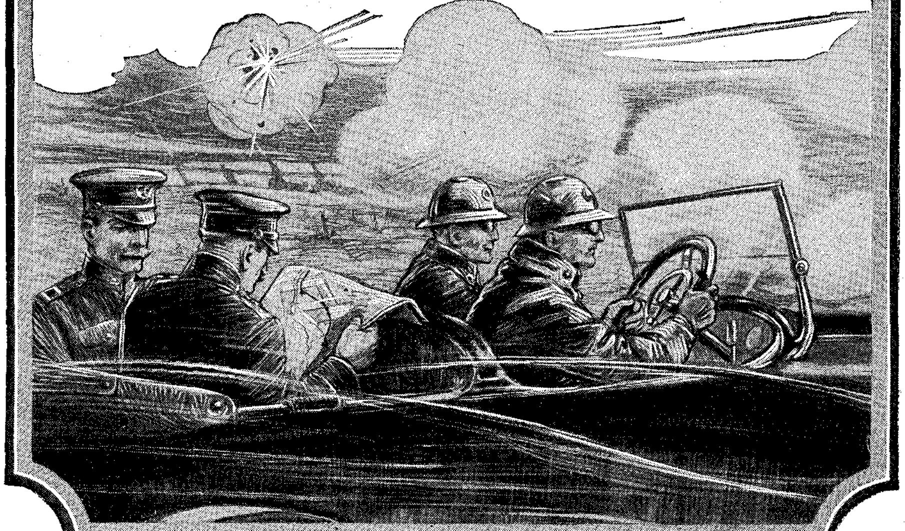

The Sovereigns and Statesmen of Europe
INTIMATE PEN PORTRAITS OF THE MEN WHO WILL DECIDE THE MAKING OF THE NEW EUROPE
By PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL
Author of "Memories of Forty Years," "The Royal Marriage Market," etc., etc.

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In this work the Princess gives her impressions of "Sovereigns and Statesmen" with a critical eye upon personality, temperament, and character. Her main idea circles around the days which will see the close of the present war and the discussions from which will evolve the arrangements forming the basis of the Peace Treaty.

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Her pen lacks none of its candor or incisive satire, and throughout the running sequence of comment and anecdote is a linking of thought which shows that the Princess has in clear view her aim to convey to her readers sharply focused portraits of the men who will have the making of the new Europe in their hands.

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candidate around at his—the doctor's—pleasure. The writer continues:

> This is the horror which puts horror in the Chamber of Horrors, I soon discovered, and is the revolving test which has made the aviation physical examination famous.
>
> A brake, at the bottom of the chair, was suddenly released. The doctor asked me to fix my eyes on an exit light on another building, I could see through the window across the court, without. I was then told to close my eyes, brace myself with my hands and feet, and the whirling began.
>
> I was whirled to the right ten times in twenty seconds, the chair was suddenly stopt, and I was told to open my eyes and keep them on the exit light ahead. The world seemed to be passing me at a terrific pace for an instant and the exit light ahead was wobbling back and forth rapidly. In reality my eyeballs were rapidly moving back and forth, so rapidly, in fact, that the movement of them could only be counted with a stop watch, which the physician held. Suddenly the pupils became stationary and the doctor called twenty-six to the sergeant who registered this duration of the nystagmus. I was then turned to the left ten times and given the same test. The nystagmus this time was twenty-five. I later learned twenty-six was normal, but that the examiners allowed for several numbers above or below this figure.
>
> This over, I was told to sit upright and close my eyes. I was then whirled ten times to the right in ten seconds. As the chair was suddenly stopt, my right index-finger was touched by the doctor, and I was told to place my arm high above my head and bring my finger down on his hand. This was done four times, and then with the left arm. I failed to touch his hand until the last trial with either hand, but learned that had I done so I would probably have been rejected as the applicant is supposed to move his hand a few inches to one side to allow for the movement he feels in the chair.

By this time Mr. Collins admits that he was forced to be excused for a moment. But he was fortunate in not having eaten as heartily at luncheon as those who had preceded him, and he was able to return to the test. He was again placed in the chair, and told to clench his fists, place them on his knees, and lay his head on them with his eyes closed. And then, he writes:

> I was turned to the right five times in ten seconds, then told to sit upright. This sensation is the most peculiar I have ever experienced. I have undergone an operation and know the feeling in "passing off," under ether. This sensation was almost identical, only it did not have the pleasant after-effect. As I opened my eyes, in response to the doctor's order, I seemed to be falling through space. The room seemed to be moving downward and myself flying through the ceiling. This is known as the falling test and is one of the most important of all. It is, incidentally, the most memorable to the applicant. This was repeated by turning the chair in the opposite direction.
>
> That over, I was ordered to return to the main room, and there obtained a seat in an open window where I could obtain all the fresh air possible, as I was feeling more than a bit giddy, and was as white as it is possible for a human to become.

NIGHT SCENES IN WAR-DARKENED VENICE

WHILE Italy's sons struggle with the Hun, fighting desperately that the invader may not set his devastating foot upon the Plain of Venetia, the "City of the Waters" calmly awaits her fate, bravely working by day that her defenders in the mountains may be clothed and fed, and at night, in almost total darkness, trying to forget the horrors of war. Then even the flare of a match causes anxiety. Virgilia Bogue Baron, an American woman who has served as a hospital nurse on the Italian front, writes in the New York *Times* of the scenes in Venice at night:

> Venice is at war! The electric current in the entire city has been suddenly disconnected. What a sublime spectacle awaits you! There is no light anywhere—no trembling reflection of a candle in a side canal, no gleam of brilliance seen through the crevice of a shutter here and there—for all windows have been made opaque and all shutters are barred and covered by curtains to obscure even the soft candle-light (one candle being allowed by the authorities to burn in every room).
>
> Venice is like a city of the dead, thriving only on the light of the night sky, which, should it be moonless, is little enough. Little by little one's eyes accustom themselves to the darkness. Across the shadowy lagoon rises the graceful Campanile of San Giorgio, black in the moonless night, and the eye travels from it to the mystic San Salute and the Redentore, both scarcely visible against the sky. Out of the darkness of the *piazzetta* stands the Lion of St. Mark, fierce and austere, and near him St. George looms white, a fairy symbol, a mystic protector of the city of silence. Venice in the darkness offers something new to every one, something new and sublimely fantastic, something exquisitely mysterious, luring one back to all her romantic legends—the Foscari, Marino Faliero, Gioconda, Caterina Cornaro. Surely one is living in the Renaissance, and the black figures that pass in and out among the arches must be bound on some mission of love or crime.

For even in its darkness and silence Venice lives. These figures are not ghosts of the past, but men and women on their way to Florian or Quadri to drink their coffee or sip an ice, and, says the writer:

> One follows them instinctively. They lead one to hidden music, for, at Florian, the band plays indoors. One finds a table with little difficulty, and the waiter, unaided by light of any sort, fetches the desired beverage in no time. And yet the darkness is as complete as when one puts out the candle in one's room. Still there are throngs at the cafés. Here and there across the piazza one suddenly sees a light—something very like a great flame of artillery-fire! It is only a match held in somebody's hand a moment to light a cigaret. Wo to the man who keeps it burning too long! There are cries from all sides, for the Venetians desire to keep to the letter all military commands.
>
> At 11 o'clock the music ceases, but the throngs remain seated. Some wander in and out among the tables to surprize the unwary by pressing in their faces the electric pocket lamp possest by all in the war-zone. Out of the blackness one sees outlined for a second the charming profile of a young girl or the broad grin of some elderly Venetian dame, and the whole piazza reverberates with laughter. They are such children, these Venetians! After their fun they go, in little groups, to unfrequented canals, and so, as in times of peace, keep late hours, only now strains of patriotic airs are wafted from all parts of the city. One hates to leave the streets for the bright candle-light of the hotel. Here one dwells mostly on one's surprize at being unmolested in the obscurity that reigns supreme without.
>
> And when the night comes, the moonlight night, and reveals to you all the subtle and infinite beauty of Venice, undisturbed by any artificial light—Venice as she was, as she was built to be—tears come crowding to the eyes, for it is something one can not gaze upon. One feels it is "horribly beautiful." It is unbearable. Low on the horizon the moon robes the *piazzetta*, brings out white the *Schiavoni*, casts her silver-blue light across the lagoon to the islands, fairylike under her light. San Marco, each moment, has a new aspect. Those mosaics, still uncovered, are brought into wonderful relief. The moonlight accentuates the graceful lines of the ever-graceful Ducal Palace, and glancing beneath the arches one feels they are fantastically deep. But back and forth, to and fro, wherever they may wander, the throngs always return to worship before San Marco. One looks from the giants to the angel on the *campanile*—to the austere winged lion and then back to San Marco. All is calm, serene, and beautiful. There are no songs in the air as on moonless nights and one speaks in whispers; the spell of the war and the moon holds all.

GERMAN ATROCITIES REVEALED BY DIARIES OF HUN PRISONERS

WHEN those who prepared the field-service rules of the German Army advised each soldier to keep a diary they overlooked the possibility of these human documents falling into the hands of the enemy, thereby convicting them, as if by their own lips, of the atrocities that have followed in the wake of the invading Hun.

The United States Government is in possession of many of these diaries, taken from German prisoners, and they have been published in a pamphlet in which the war-practises of the Germans are set forth. Here are some extracts, printed in the Chicago *Tribune*, which reveal the varying sentiments of the writers as they compiled the record of each day's horrors:

> A horrible bath of blood. The whole village burned, the French thrown into the blazing houses, civilians with the rest. (From the diary of Private Hassemer of the Eighth Army Corps.)
>
> In the night of August 18–19 the village of Saint-Maurice was punished for having fired on German soldiers by being burned to the ground by German troops (two regiments, the Twelfth *landwehr* and the Seventeenth). The village was surrounded, men posted about a yard from one another, so that no one could get out. Then the Uhlans set fire to it, house by house. Neither man, woman, nor child could escape. . . . Any one who ventured to come out was shot down. All the inhabitants left in the village were burned

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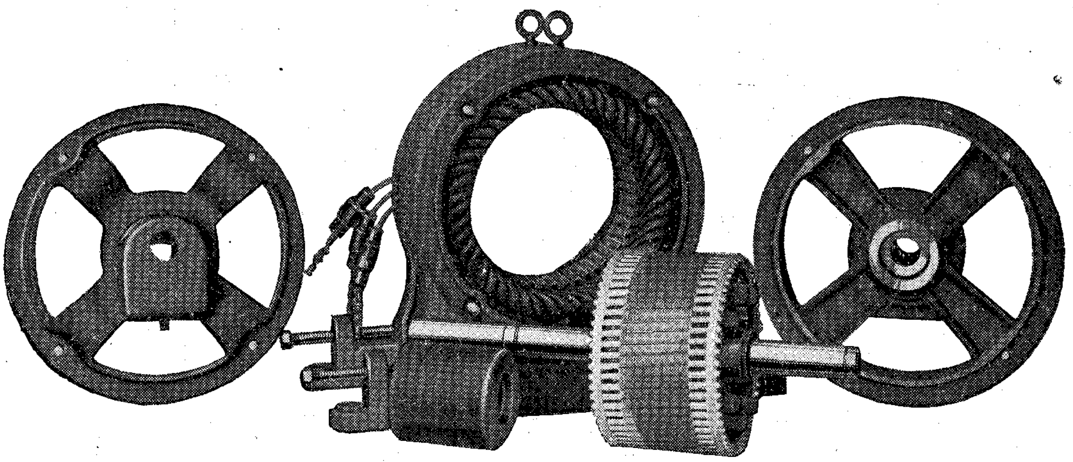

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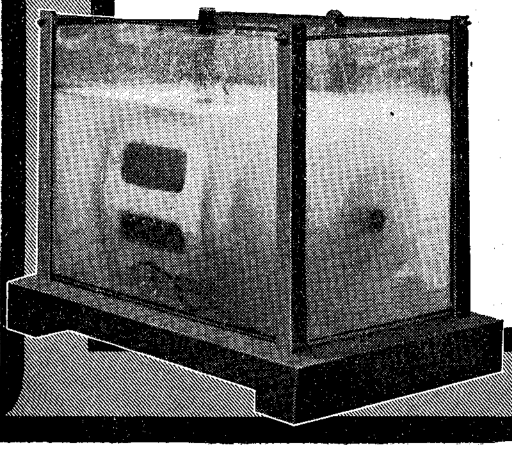

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with the houses. (From the diary of Private Karl Scheufele of the Third Bavarian Regiment of *landwehr* infantry.)

At ten o'clock in the evening the first battalion of the One Hundred and Seventy-eighth marched down the steep incline into the burning village to the north of Dinant — a terrific spectacle of ghastly beauty. At the entrance to the village lay about fifty dead civilians, shot for having fired upon our troops from ambush. In the course of the night many others were also shot, so that we counted over two hundred. Women and children, lamp in hand, were forced to look on at the horrible scene. We ate our rice later in the midst of the corpses, for we had had nothing since morning. When we searched the houses we found plenty of wine and spirit, but no eatables. Captain Hamann was drunk. (This last phrase in shorthand.) (From the diary of Private Philipp of the One Hundred and Seventy-eighth Regiment of Infantry, Twelfth Army Corps.)

August 23, Sunday (between Birnal and Dinant, village of Dison). At 11 o'clock the order comes to advance after the artillery has thoroughly prepared the ground ahead. The Pioneers and Infantry regiment, One Hundred and Seventy-eighth, were marching in front of us. Near a small village the latter was fired on by the inhabitants. About 220 inhabitants were shot and the village was burned. Artillery is continuously shooting. The village lies in a large ravine. Just now, 6 o'clock in the afternoon, the crossing of the Maas begins near Dinant. . . . All villages, châteaux, and houses are burned down during this night. It was a beautiful sight to see the fires all around us in the distance. (From the diary of Matbern, Fourth Company, Eleventh Jäger Battalion, Marburg.)

But here are three entries that show the hearts of the writers to have been still free from the taint of blood-lust:

At 5 o'clock we were ordered by the officer in command of the regiment to shoot all the male inhabitants of Nomény, because the population was foolishly attempting to stay the advance of the German troops by force of arms. We broke into the houses and seized all who resisted, in order to execute them according to martial law.

The houses which had not been already destroyed by the French artillery and our own were set on fire by us, so that nearly the whole town was reduced to ashes. It is a terrible sight when helpless women and children, utterly destitute, are herded together and driven into France. (From the diary of Private Fischer, Eighth Bavarian Regiment of Infantry, Thirty-third Reserve Division.)

The inhabitants have fled in the village. It was horrible. There was clotted blood on all the beards, and what faces one saw, terrible to behold. The dead, sixty in all, were at once buried. Among them were many old women, some old men, awful to see; three children had clasped each other and died thus. (From the diary of Lance-corporal Paul Spielmann of the Ersatz, First Brigade of Infantry of the Guard.)

In the night the inhabitants of Liége became mutinous. Forty persons were shot and fifteen houses demolished; ten soldiers shot. The sights here make you cry.

The following extract from the diary of an officer calmly records the sacking of a convent and the murder of the inmates. Mark how munitions were conserved:

> Our men came back and said that at the point where the valley joined the Meuse we could not get on any farther as the villagers were shooting at us from every house. We shot the whole lot—sixteen of them. They were drawn up in three ranks—the same shot did for three at a time. . . . The men had already shown their brutal instincts. . . . The sight of the bodies of all the inhabitants who had been shot was indescribable. Every house in the whole village was destroyed. We dragged the villagers one after another out of the most unlikely corners. The men were shot as well as the women and children who were in the convent, since shots had been fired from the convent windows, and we burned it afterward.

Bombardier Wetzel is an emotionless Hun, if one may judge from these impassive entries in his diary.

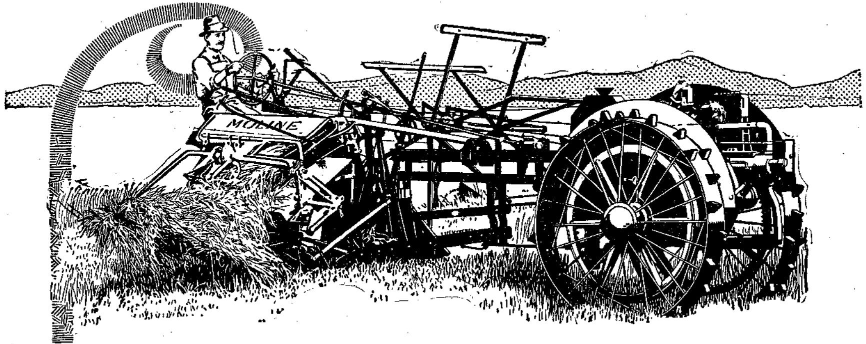
> August 8. First fight and set fire to several villages.
>
> August 9. Returned to old quarters, where we searched all the houses and shot the mayor and shot one man down from the chimney-pot, and then again set fire to the village.
>
> October 11. We had no fight, but we caught about twenty men and shot them.

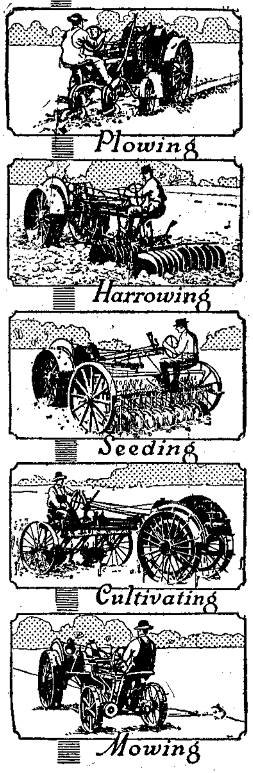
CARING FOR THE HUMAN WRECKS IN THE WAKE OF THE HUN

IT is not surprizing that when Mme. Huard returned to her home, after the Germans had been driven from the village, she should find that much of her stock of linens had been appropriated. But the disappearance of her night-robes puzzled her until Mother Poupard explained. Mother Poupard knew what had happened to that dainty lingerie, for she had remained in the village during the Hun occupation, and she had seen General von Kluck and his officers strutting about with the collars of Mme. Huard's lace garments hanging over the shoulders of their mud-stained uniforms. This incident and many others that occurred after Mme. Huard had converted her home into a hospital are related in her book, "My Home in the Field of Honor," by Frances Wilson Huard (George H. Doran Company, New York). Mother Poupard was indignant as she told about the night-robes, crying:

> "All monsieur's shirts first, and after that your nightgowns. Yes, madame, the Lord is my witness. They put them on and went strutting up and down the village with those Irish lace collars that Catherine spent so much time making, hanging out over their dirty uniforms. Ah, madame, the pity! and when one of them came over 'to borrow' some brandy from father, I up and said what I thought. And what do you suppose he answered?"
>
> "What?"
>
> "He came right out in French and remarked that it was a pity all the women in France were not as big as madame so the whole German Army could have clean shirts every week."

Mme. Huard, who at once began to prepare her home to serve as a hospital,





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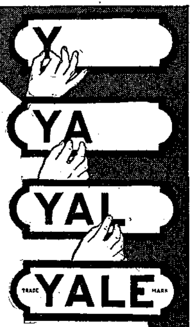

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was asked to visit a child in a neighboring village that had also suffered at the hands of the invaders. The little girl, who was only ten years old, was almost crazed with terror. Mme. Huard says that she found the child in bed, but when her eyes fell upon the uniform of the doctor who accompanied her she sprang into a corner of the room where she cowered, shrieking:

"I am afraid! I am afraid! Don't come near me! Don't, don't!" Her little body was quaking, tortured by her spirit. The old grandmother darted into the room and, seizing the doctor by the arm, motioned him to come away.

"Elvire," pleaded the broken-hearted mother, "Elvire, he's gone."

"But he'll come back! No! no! I'm afraid. No, don't let him come, don't let him touch me."

"Elvire," I called, my voice shaking with horror and emotion. "Elvire, don't you remember me? Surely—Mme. Huard? Don't you remember how we used to sing together last spring?"

A queer choking sound came from her throat. Her eyes softened, but no tears came. There were none left.

Then followed the hardest moral struggle I ever hope to experience—a full half-hour in which I sought to convince this little fear-cowed animal of my integrity. And when at last I held that tiny heaving body against my breast, saw the eyes close peacefully, I knew that I had won a victory.

Elvire slept, slept for the first time since the 5th of September. We had already guessed the woful truth, but to corroborate our direst suppositions, the tales of German cowardice and brutality that mid tears and lamentations we wrung from those grief-bowed peasant women made me feel that war might pass and peace might come again, but I could never pardon.

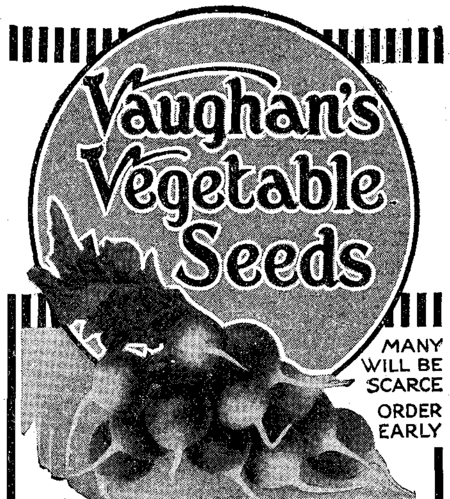
Finally, when the wounded men began to arrive at the improvised hospital it was found to be no easy matter to amuse those who were convalescent. There was only a single pack of playing-cards and the patients were forced to rely upon their singing for entertainment. The talent was meager, tho each man had some folk-song characteristic of the neighborhood from which the singer came, and these they rendered at great length and with much pride. Mme. Huard says:

It is really extraordinary in what rapt silence forty men will sit listening to a long-drawn-out story, whose primitive musical accompaniment becomes more than wearying after the twenty-second verse; and it is stranger still when one considers that the French soldier, usually so modest about displaying his talents, can be called upon for a *chanson* at almost any time or place—and willingly complies—standing up and pouring out his heart, absolutely unconscious of his surroundings.

It was thus that a sad-faced, sallow-cheeked, middle-aged man called Lebras insisted upon getting in his turn every time our impromptu concert began. And after the third or fourth stanza—each one of which commenced—"The snow is gently falling"—he would be obliged to gasp for breath owing to his run-down physical condition.

"Don't strain yourself, old man," gently hinted a companion a bit bored.

"No danger, I'm all right now," replied



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the singer, grasping the rail of his bed to steady himself, and literally growing purple in his attempt to keep on key.

"Don't overdo, it isn't worth while. Plenty of time to-morrow," suggested another *confrère*, guessing my mental agony.

"I'm still game," would come the reply, and as tho storming an enemy position the fellow would valiantly stick to his post—only to fall panting on his bed mid thundering applause from his audience.

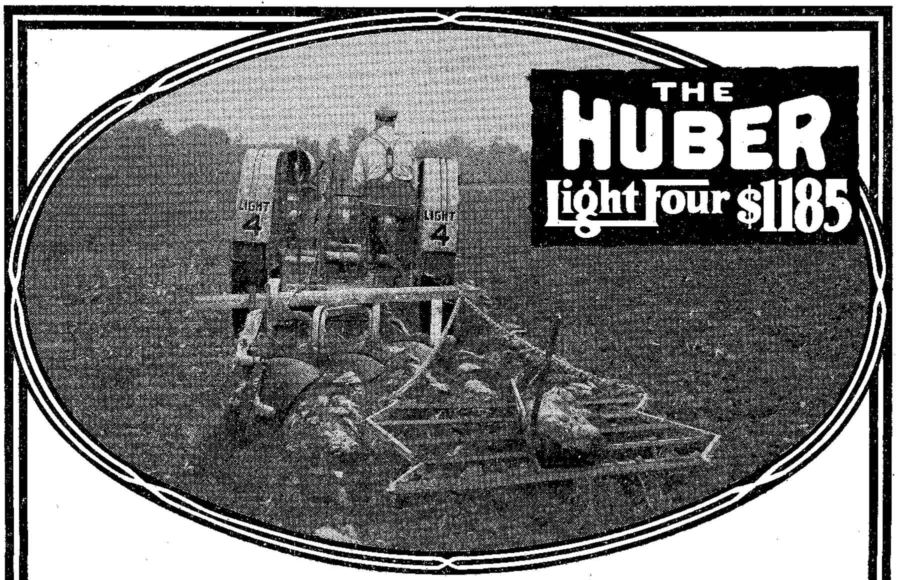
"Awful ordeal for you, madame," whispered little wide-awake Sergeant Lorrain by way of apology, "but he's such a good fellow we can't let him down. He's got a wife and three kids, and he won that medal for going out and fetching in his captain, who was agonizing twenty yards in front of his trenches. We can stand a lot more from him if you can."

The element of personal pride was not lacking even amid these poor victims of war's horrors. A patient named Paul had lost a leg and took much pleasure in displaying the stump which, through some pathological phenomenon, was developing a luxuriant growth of hair that was the envy of two bald-headed patients. The nurse explained the growth as probably due to the iodin that had been used as a disinfectant. Mme. Huard writes:

> The matter was dropt there, but the next morning I was astonished to see Sergeant Godec and Martin with their heads tied up.
>
> "Severe toothache," replied Godec to my inquiry. Martin didn't even say as much—but rocked himself to and fro in his armchair, the perspiration trickling down his cheeks.
>
> Fancying there was something amiss, I went to the doctor, who, with a twinkle in his eye and at the risk of violating a professional secret, informed me that both Martin and Godec, who were bald as bats, had overheard Madame Guix informing Paul about the abnormal growth of hair on his stump. So that same evening on retiring each one had painted the other's unadorned head with sufficient iodin to raise a tremendous blister, and in the middle of the night so great was their agony that they were obliged to rouse the doctor, and, sheepishly avowing their vanity, supplicate him to ease their pain—and above all not to tell the others.

The hospital was finally adapted to the typhoid-fever sufferers from the trenches. The pitiable condition of these human wrecks is graphically told by Mme. Huard, who writes:

> They came without knapsacks or guns, which followed in an open rig, and from the color of the tags tied to their buttonholes we knew that we had to do with severe cases of typhoid, tho to prevent discouragement, the description on the card ran:
>
> "*Embarras gastrique aigu.*"
>
> Not a sound from any mouth, not a smile on any lips—the vacant stare in their eyes betokening their total submission to the malady that had gript and strangled their every effort to resist. Gently we led them in.
>
> It would be useless to try to depict their unshaven, unkempt condition; as long as they had a spark of fight left they had remained in the trenches, unwilling to complain, living in hope of being "better to-morrow," and, as is generally the case, lingering until medical assistance could no



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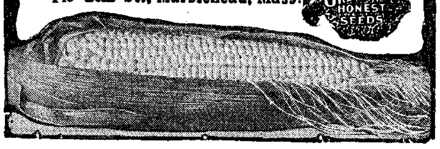

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> longer prevent, but merely witness the rapid development of their sinister ill.
>
> One or two among them were chewing vaguely at the unlighted butts of cigarets. A certain very youthful chap was staring wildly at an orange which he shifted from hand to hand, uncertain what he should do with it, too tired to make the mental effort necessary to find out; while others, laying eyes on the chairs in the vestibule, quickly seated themselves, vainly trying to gather enough strength and courage to "move on" should we so desire.
>
> It would have been futile to attempt medical examination, or to let them even approach their beds before having been subjected to Chou and his partners who had chosen to superintend the baths—no easy undertaking when one considers that all the water had to be heated in huge clothes-boilers on the kitchen range, or over the open fire, and then carried some hundred yards to the only bath-tub that had remained intact.
>
> Shoes, caps, top-coats, and shirts were dropt in tiny heaps outside the bath-room door, to be gingerly removed for disinfection—perhaps disposed of altogether. And then the patients were gently deposited in the lukewarm, disinfected water, without removing another stitch. Those who find these details too disgusting, pray jump to the end of the paragraph, but now that war has become a *métier*, and organization and efficiency are no longer vain words, it seems unfair to those who willingly labored against such tremendous odds, not to state exactly the situations with which they had to cope. Here were men come to us in November with typhoid already developed to its worst stages, and before we could even take their temperature it was necessary to remove with pincers the underclothing they had put on before the battle of the Marne!

Then here is the story of how Betsy, Mme. Huard's Boston bull, became the pet of the hospital:

> Once again the food question loomed in the distance. For the moment, however, we were obliged to keep very strict watch to prevent the convalescents from infringing on our diet laws. It was most difficult, for an appetite is a hard thing to curb, and I feared lest pressure be brought to bear upon one or another of our orderlies, who, ignorant of the gravity of the situation, might procure some long-craved edible, thereby causing a catastrophe.
>
> Naturally unsuspicious, I was, nevertheless, surprized to see a soldier whisk something beneath his counterpane, when I unexpectedly opened the door into a ward.
>
> "What is it?" I queried, shaking a warning finger. "Sweetmeats?" It was just possible that a parcel had arrived and been distributed uncensored.
>
> "No, madame, really."
>
> "Then what?"
>
> "Nothing."
>
> "Nothing?" I put my hand onto something lumpy that moved a trifle. In an instant I had whipt off the coverlet much to the sick man's dismay, and my surprized gaze was met by a pair of round, brown button eyes that belonged to Betsy—my Boston bull.
>
> "Oh, please don't take her away," pleaded the soldier. "Gamant had her yesterday. It's my turn to-day. She's been such a comfort to us all. She seems to understand everything we tell her. This room has planned decorating her for devotion, just as soon as we can get about."
>
> And that is how Betsy became a heroine, the proud possessor of a tin-foil medal!

AIRMEN MAY STILL LEARN MUCH FROM THE BIRDS

IT was Darius Green, we believe, who was stimulated to devise and construct a flying-machine by watching the birds. The result, as the poet tells us, was not altogether successful; yet birds do indubitably fly better than humans, even in this day of aviatory achievement. It is not impossible that we may yet learn something by observing their methods. This is distinctly the view of a correspondent of *The Guardian* (Manchester, England), who writes that one trouble is that aviators seem not to have noticed the smaller fliers, either because birds do not commonly fly within the aviator's limits of height, or because aviators are not enough interested in birds to notice their habits of flight. Says the writer:

> Our knowledge of artificial flight has advanced by leaps and bounds during the last few years, and we can now learn much about problems which have long puzzled us from those who have had practical experience. If we can find out how birds are such wonderful masters of the air we may glean hints which will improve the rigid machine. So far, however, I have only heard of two instances of birds actually on migration being noticed by airmen, tho I have some recollection of seeing a record of ducks at a great height. Doubtless other pilots and observers have noticed birds, but have kept no record of their height, nor perhaps known what species they saw.
>
> Before we argue that this lack of evidence suggests either that birds fly near the earth or at so great a height that they are not visible from our high-flying aircraft we must bear in mind that only a small number of our airmen are ornithologists or are likely to store in their brains instances of passing birds. The ordinary terrestrial traveler seldom troubles to notice birds, or knows them if he does; less frequently still is he able to say if they are on their migratory travels. Even with an airman who is a keen ornithologist there are difficulties, for his attention may well be concentrated on sterner work—keenly watching the ground below or those hawk-like rivals which may attack or have to be attacked.

One experienced airman, also a keen ornithologist, has told the writer of the article of an even greater difficulty, which he thinks may explain why he has seen so few birds. Even a large machine a thousand feet down, if painted brown, takes an appreciable effort to locate, and the glare of the sun makes it very hard to locate objects. It must be easy, then, for birds, either above or below, to pass unnoticed. We read further:

> Tho this friend has but seldom seen birds his observations and comments are most enlightening; he knows his birds and noted their height of flight. At 2,500 feet he saw a carrier-pigeon; at 6,000 some two hundred golden plovers passed him, and two other pilots, flying near him at the time, also saw them. In *The Field* a short time ago there appeared a note signed by "An Observer," stating that when flying at 9,500 feet he saw birds high above him, and aided by his glasses identified them as swallows. These practically are all the actual records from airmen that I possess, but I am sure that many others have had similar experiences which, perhaps, they have not thought worth recording. My friend is very honest about his golden plovers. As a heavy bombardment was in progress at the time, and many machines were up at various heights with anti-aircraft shells bursting around them, it was "an unpleasant belt of land to cross, which might have caused them to rise to the height mentioned."
>
> In America birds passing across the field of vision of telescopes were calculated to be flying at from about 3,000 feet to about 15,000 feet. Similar observations in England gave heights between 10,000 and 15,000 feet, while other American experiments of checking heights by taking simultaneous observations from two points and thus getting a base-line resulted in elevations of from 1,200 to 5,400 feet. In addition, we have all the records of visible migration—visible from the ground by the naked eye—of birds skimming a few feet above the waves, of others passing high overhead, of them crossing high mountain passes at known heights. Evidently migrating birds may fly at any altitude up to, say, 15,000 feet; beyond that we have no certain evidence.

The conclusion drawn by the writer from these varied observations is that the height at which birds travel probably differs according to conditions. We know that the speed and direction of wind varies at different altitudes. Is it not conceivable, he asks, that the bird seeks a helping wind, one which will drift it onward in its desired direction? He goes on:

> In an air-current the bird flies in a moving medium; with a wind behind it its speed is its normal rate of progression plus the rate of the wind; against it it can fly just as easily, but will be drifted on its aerial medium. The aeroplane flying against a strong wind may remain stationary over a particular spot on the earth; it may even travel backward.
>
> It has often been argued that the study of bird flight is of no value to us because we are wholly dependent upon the rigid machine; we do not fly by wing progression. Up to a point this is true, but there is much to be learned and much that has been learned from the bird. Dr. Hankin, in his book on "Animal Flight," has entered carefully into the methods by which birds adjust their balances, and we have the same difficulties to overcome. The bird corrects its loss of balance, its side-slips or tendency to rise or fall, by reflex action. When we make false steps in walking we do the same; if we had to stop to think we should inevitably fall. The more experienced our pilot becomes the more reflex are his actions; he touches the right lever, adjusts his balances, avoids difficulties, without actual thought; the slightest loss of balance is the stimulus for his corrective action. Thus if we find out how the bird corrects itself when in difficulties, and can adapt our machines to imitate the method, the pilot will act as instinctively as his model. He is the brain of the machine.

Watch the Wheels of the Car Ahead

See how they bob up and down—by comparison the body seems not to move at all.

You think "That's a mighty rough spot he's just struck"—yet when you pass over it yourself a moment later, it doesn't feel half as bad as it looked.

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Every loose brick, hole, or car track deals a vicious blow on the front axle spindle followed instantly by another on the rear axle, with a perceptible forward, then backward wrench on the spring seats.

It isn't the occasional big bumps so much as the millions and millions of little bumps that ultimately wear out a motor car.

If the axle engineer does not foresee these thousands of miles of jars and jolts, you pay for it in repairs of some kind.

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JIM IRWIN—THAT'S ME.

This is a business-card with which everybody in Cleveland and those in many other cities are familiar. But it is only one of the many that Irwin carries around in his pockets to advertise his restaurant. For ordinary purposes he tucks away about twenty-two sets that he can easily reach, but the total—for number and variety—would undoubtedly give Mr. Heinz, the pickle man, a close run.

And these cards are used so extensively that Mr. Irwin has to have them printed by wholesale, his orders running as high as thirty thousand at a time. He carries two sets in each pocket of his coat, vest, and trousers. Albert Sydney Gregg says in *The American Magazine:*

At first thought one would think that the promiscuous use of such cards would give offense, but it seems that Irwin has a way of handling them that causes people to visit his restaurant, stop him on the street, write him letters, or follow him around to get as many varieties as he will give out.

One of his little ways is to give out a card early in the day bearing the words, "Good morning" or "How are you?" Many a glum-looking man, eating a solitary breakfast, has been made to look up and smile with a new light shining in his eyes as Irwin passes along and hands out his morning greetings.

If a kicker makes a complaint to the cashier, Irwin hands him this card: "Our aim is to please appetites, not dispositions." The way it is done always brings a smile.

One day Irwin got on a Cleveland street-car just behind a very attractive young woman, and as he passed in he gave the conductor a quarter and that worthy gentleman handed back fifteen cents in change. He had collected for the lady, but Irwin did not say anything. He knew something would happen, and it did. Noticing that the conductor had not asked for her fare, the lady later handed it up, whereupon the conductor said:

"Oh, that's all right, lady. Your husband paid for you," and he pointed to Irwin, who sat a short distance away looking as solemn as an owl.

"My husband!" exclaimed the woman. "Why, I am not married. I am a school-teacher and I never expect to get a husband."

Whereupon Irwin came forward and handed the conductor a little white card, and when the latter turned it over he saw: "It's up to you."

The conductor's face became very red.

"Didn't you intend to pay for her?"

"No, you just took it, and I didn't say anything."

Turning to the lady, Irwin handed her a card reading: "Excuse me."

Irwin is credited with no less than one thousand sayings which he uses on his cards. A few that have become popular are: "If you talk in your sleep don't mention my name," "Forget it," "Is that so?" "There's no chance," and "I don't know what you're selling, but I will take two boxes."

Besides all the fun he gets out of his cards Irwin is crowding his restaurant. He is a thirty-second degree Mason and a

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354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York

Shriner. He once attended a Shriner convention at New Orleans and introduced himself at the railroad station with his stock of cards. He had not been many hours in the city before the newspapers were asking: "Who is Jim Irwin? We know he is here, but who can tell us anything about him?"

After a particularly hard day distributing his cards Irwin went to bed in the nearest Shriner's room he could find, it being too far to his own hotel. The story in *The American Magazine* says:

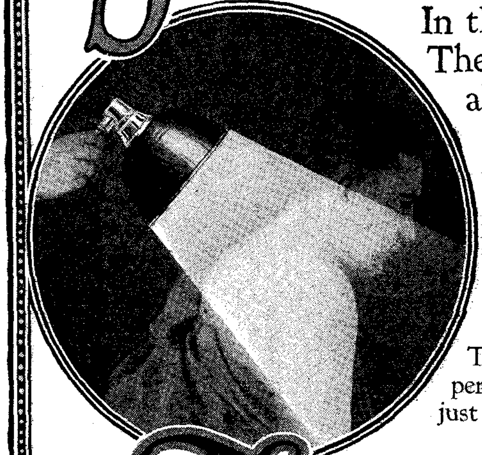
> There were four beds in this room. The convention was so big it was necessary to entertain the Shriners in droves. Jim Irwin had confiscated the biggest bed, and lay stretched out in the middle of it when the occupants of the room came in about midnight, all tired out with the day's business and the ceaseless round of fun.
>
> One of the number discovered Irwin, jerked down the covers, and exclaimed:
>
> "What in Sam Hill are you doing in my bed? Get out! Who are you, anyway?"
>
> Irwin sat up in bed instantly, batted his eyes a moment, yawned a little, then reached into a pocket of his pajamas, pulled out a card, and passed it over. The card read:
>
> "Jim Irwin is here."
>
> As soon as the other fellows caught the name there was a roar of laughter, and the next moment he was dragged out of bed and compelled to stand in the middle of the room while the others circled about him in true Shriners' fashion.

LIEUTENANT CONINGSBY DAWSON DISCOVERS A NEW ENGLAND

LIEUTENANT DAWSON was disappointed when he reached London. He had requested and expected to be sent back to France. Instead, he found himself slated for some special work at headquarters, thereby, as he expresses it, "missing some splendid fighting."

The Lieutenant probably will be better known under his full name—familiar to all admirers of his prose and poems—Coningsby Dawson. With true author's instinct the Lieutenant, on finding himself billeted in London, tried to reconcile himself to the situation by studying England in war-time. As a result he has discovered a new and quickened spirit among his countrymen of which he writes in a letter to the New York *Times Review of Books:*

> It seems an absurd thing to say when so many of our chaps are dying, but England is a much more genuinely happy country than in days of peace. There's a spirit of alertness in the streets, a good-humored intensity, a devil-may-care poise of the head and flash of the eyes. I can remember England when she told herself every morning in her breakfast newspapers that she was decadent, that her public schools were no good, that her merchants were pot-bellied, that her soul was atrophied. Any stranger could say what he liked against England; the Englishman would wag his head, "That's true—that's true!"
>
> We all believed that the American was much smarter than we were, the Frenchman much more artistic, the German much more inventive!—in fact, there was scarcely a nation whom we wouldn't acknowledge as having outtrumped us in the art of nation-



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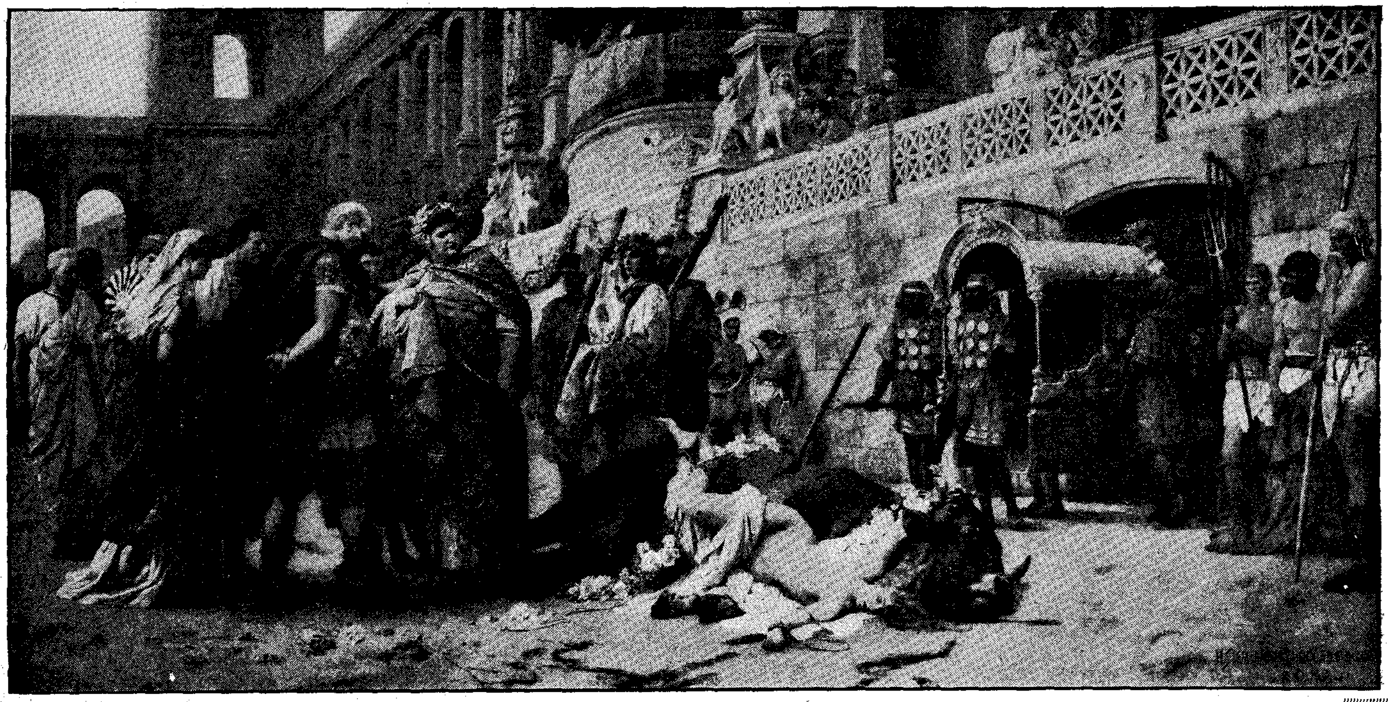

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> hood. We regarded ourselves as a kind of Jim Jeffries, who stood waiting for almost any Jack Johnson to come along and give him a knockout-blow. It's incredible to remember the humility of our attitude. It was because of this that I came to America as soon as I had finished at Oxford University.
>
> And now I've come back to this—to this wonderful England, where the Screaming Sisterhood and Red-Cross nurses and men and women are working side by side as pals. Everybody is in the uniform of service. The Flying Corps girls swing jauntily along the streets with a neat display of khaki ankles. The W. A. C. K.'s salute you as they pass, looking girl soldiers every inch of them. The funny old dugout majors and colonels, who were told they were no use to man or beast, go scooting along the asphalt propelled by the precious petrol which none of us can get—their errand is so important. I think that's it—that's what makes us all so indecently cheerful—we each one feel that we're needed and doing something definitely worth while.

And he finds a strong contrast in the men of the American Army and Navy. They have abandoned the devil-may-care poise with which they have always been associated and are very much in earnest. In fact, thei deportment is such as to make their English cousins seem a bit rowdy, writes Lieuteant Dawson, who says:

> The American army and navy men strike an entirely new note. They're different from us—they haven't caught our carelessness. They look terrifically in earnest—they've no time for trifling. And we like them for it. They seem always to be saying to themselves: "We're not out for a lark. We mustn't play. We came so late." They'll learn to play when they've done a tour of the trenches—they'll have earned the right. I'd like to see them again in a year's time. They'll have a more "gather-your-rosebuds-while-you-may" look in their eyes—a kind of "we've-won-our-spurs" swagger. But they're creating an extraordinarily good impression. We Canadians and Australians went mad on our first landing. England began to wonder whether she'd been wise in bringing us out of our nurseries—we broke too many windows and made much—too much noise. She expected a similar display from your chaps, and she's a little surprized. The immaculate deportment of American officers makes us look very rowdy.
>
> England's doing her best to make American officers feel welcome. Lord Leconfield has presented his house in Chesterfield Gardens as a club for them. Other people have presented money and furniture. The Pilgrims have taken charge of its management, and it's the most comfortable and popular club in London nowadays. It's very jolly to see our Canadians, Guards, navy men, and your officers of both branches of the service all hobnobbing together in the big dining-room. There's a genuine atmosphere of comradeship and friendliness.
>
> I think if I were to choose one word to characterize the American officers I should say that their most noticeable quality is their modesty. That, also, is a surprize for folk this side of the water. By no possible stretch of the imagination did they ever conceive that America could become a modest nation. It's the surest proof of her earnestness in the life-and-death task she has undertaken. People shrug their shoulders now at any rebuff that may happen in Russia or Italy. They say: "It's of no consequence. We and Uncle Sam can lick the Hun together." And so we can! On the first march of the American troops through London I heard the crowds shouting: "Are we downhearted? No!" If they weren't downhearted then, they certainly aren't now.
>
> I'm hoping to go out again to France in the new year at latest. It'll be ripping to get back with the men and the horses. It's a kind of home in the mud, that old battery of mine.

WHO JACOB JONES WAS—When the news was received that the destroyer *Jacob Jones* was lost many good Americans were puzzled. They wondered if the dispatches should not have read "John Paul Jones." Everybody had heard of John Paul Jones, but very few of Jacob, to say nothing of the fact that there was a United States destroyer by that name in our Navy. And yet, says the Boston *Herald*—

> Jacob Jones was a hero whose life-story carries much of inspiration. A native of Delaware, he was ten or twelve years old when John Paul Jones was commanding the *Ranger* and the *Bon Homme Richard*. He studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, but gave up medicine for law, and then—in 1799, when thirty-one years old—he became midshipman on a ship that went to fight the Barbary pirates. For nearly two years he was a prisoner in the hands of the pirates.
>
> In 1810 he was in command of a vessel, and when the second war with Great Britain broke out it brought him his opportunity. In command of the *Wasp*, carrying eighteen guns, he captured the *Frolic* in a memorable engagement. But along came the *Poictiers*, carrying seventy-four guns, and captured both the *Wasp* and its prize. Again Jacob Jones was a prisoner—this time in Bermuda; but when he was safely back in the United States, Congress showed its appreciation of his victory over the *Frolic* by voting him its thanks and a gold medal, not to mention $25,000 prize money for his officers and crew. Then, as captain, he commanded the captured frigate *Macedonian*, and when peace came he went to the Mediterranean, where he vanquished the Algerian pirates. A notable career for a man who was in turn doctor and lawyer before he entered on a naval career.

"THE DIGEST" IN FRANCE—Readers who affix a one-cent stamp to the cover of THE DIGEST and drop it into the mail may be glad to know that their kindness is appreciated. Many who have neglected to do so will perhaps begin the habit when they read this note from one of our boys in France. He writes:

> We are receiving a good many copies of THE LITERARY DIGEST in this camp. We have 12,000 American boys in camp, all artillery. And they sure are some boys. You folks at home should be awful proud of them. They are making the name of the old U. S. A. ring in France, and when the time comes there will be a drive that will be the wonder of the world. We appreciate THE LITERARY DIGEST in France very much. We thank you.
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What built up for Henry Ford, the mechanic, the greatest automobile manufacturing business in the world?

What made F. W. Woolworth's one store grow into over 800?

These men were not superhuman, and they didn't have Aladdin's lamp. But they developed something just as sure and effective—their MENTAL POWER—and it enabled them to overcome all obstacles in their climb to wealth and position.

YOU can realize YOUR great ambition in the same way. Develop the MENTAL POWER that is lying unused in your brain, and you can quickly and surely COMMAND success—you can succeed in whatever you set your heart upon, whether it be the building up of a business of your own, the gaining of high standing in your profession, the rising to a position of leadership among men, or the winning of wealth and independence.

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A man who has had many years of practical experience in developing men for business and professional success, who has mastered the principles of practical psychology and learned through long experience how to apply them, and who has written many standard works on self-education and self-development—Grenville Kleiser—has now produced a great new volume, HOW TO BUILD MENTAL POWER.

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- How to Cultivate Persistence
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Fortunate Author.—" Hurrah! Five dollars for my latest story, 'A Modern Husband.' "

" Congratulations, young man. From whom did you get the money? "

" From the express company. They lost it."—*Santa Fé Magazine.*

Break It Gently.—The Socialistic Austrian prisoners in the Ukraine have petitioned Leon Trotzby, Bolshevil Foreign Minister, not to make a separate peace with Germany. They assert that Germany, unwilling to recognize the self-definition of nations, would keep Austro-Hungary under the imperialistic yolk.—*London dispatch in the New York Times.*

Just Like That.—Germany's miserable apology to the Argentine led Senator Hardwick, of Georgia, to say the other day:

" That apology ought to be received as the Atlanta woman received her apologizing husband.

" An Atlanta husband, having offended, came home the evening of the quarrel with a parcel under his arm.

" 'Darling,' he said to his wife, 'look here. I've got something here for the person I love best in all the world.'

" She came forward with a shrug.

" 'Humph! What is it?' she said. 'A box of stogies?' " — *Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A Conservation Calendar

Monday—we'll say is our " Heatless Day,"
One cinder, one flicker, one coal.
Tuesday—well—this is our " Meatless Day,"
One oyster, one herring, one sole.
Wednesday—oh, this is our " Wheatless Day,"
One corn cake, one dodger, one scone.
Thursday—we must have a " Sweetless Day,"
One pickle, one lemon, one bone.
Friday—will make a good " Eatless Day,"
One cheerful and glorious fast.
Saturday—call it a " Treatless Day,"
For all reciprocities past.
But Sunday—may Hoover forgive us, we pray,
If we should all happen to feel
A little more hungry than usual to-day,
And once again eat a square meal.
—*Kansas City Star.*

Beat Him To It.—The stranger on a walking-tour came across an " old, old man a-sitting on a gate " and began to ask questions:

" You are a farmer, I suppose? "

" No, not now. I used to be, but I gave it up."

" Well, you don't seem to be very busy. You have plenty of time on your hands, haven't you? "

" Lots of it."

" Ever do any work? "

" Once I did."

" What do you do now, if I may ask? "

" Don't do nothing. Hain't done nothing for nearly ten years."

" So. Why, you're in luck! If I did nothing for half that length of time I should be in the poorhouse."

The old man's face beamed with a glad surprize, and then, as one who knows his rare good fortune and values it at its just worth, he cried delightedly: " That's where I be! "—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

How He Helped.—"I venture to assert," said the lecturer, "that there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our forests."

A modest-looking man in the back of the hall stood up.

"I—er—I've shot woodpeckers," he said.—*Boston Transcript.*

How They Feel in Washington.—"Have you made any resolutions or turned over a new leaf or anything like that?"

"No," replied the man with the serene smile. "No need of them. If I have any lingering vices I feel that I need only wait for somebody to introduce legislation that will make them impossible."—*Washington Star.*

Unintentional.—"Stonewall" Jackson was not a man to speak ill of another man without reason. At a council of generals early in the war, one of them remarked that Major Smith was wounded, and would be unable to perform a certain duty.

"Wounded!" said Jackson. "If that is so it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty!"—*The Southern Bivouac.*

A Real Connoisseur.—Two brothers were being entertained by a rich friend. As ill-luck would have it, the talk drifted away from ordinary topics.

"Do you like Omar Khayyam?" thoughtlessly asked the host, trying to make conversation. The elder brother plunged heroically into the breach.

"Pretty well," he said, "but I prefer Chianti."

Nothing more was said on this subject until the brothers were on their way home.

"Bill," said the younger brother, breaking a painful silence, "why can't you leave things that you don't understand to me? Omar Khayyam ain't a wine, you chump; it's a cheese."—*New York Globe.*

Just Wait for the Thaw

Cheer up, chillun, tho the weather's mighty raw,
Every time dar comes a freeze, dar's gotter come a thaw.
It takes a little patience till de freezin'-time is done,
An' if you lose yoh temper, why, it doesn't help yoh none.

Cheer up, chillun, 'cause de weather's on de move,
When de luck appears de hardest, it is certain to improve.
Cold wave an' warm wave, dey gotter mind de law—
Every time you gits a freeze, you gotter have a thaw.

Cheer up, chillun, an' prepare to say "Hurrah!"
De chilliest proposition by an' by is boun' to thaw.
Yoh hopes dey keeps a droppin'—don't you let it make you frown,
Thermometers was built foh movin' up, de same as down.

So, cheer up, chillun, 'cause you sho'ly might as well;
We all has our troubles, an' dar's nothin' new to tell.
Each botheration seems about de worst you ever saw,
But every time you gits a freeze, you's gotter have a thaw.

—*Washington Star.*

CURRENT EVENTS

THE GREAT WAR

OPERATIONS IN AMERICA

January 2.—Washington announces a general reorganization of the Ordnance Bureau with experienced business men as members. Major-General Crozier's renomination as Chief of the Board is pending in the Senate. Colonel Samuel McRoberts, formerly executive manager of the National City Bank of New York, is named Chief of the Procurement Division.

Secretary Lansing makes public a résumé of the work accomplished by the American War Mission abroad. A coordination of war-plans, a pooling of resources, and a speedy dispatch of large American fighting forces are the salient features.

January 3.—Admiral Benson, Chief of Naval Operations, declares before the House Subcommittee on Naval Affairs that the loss of the United States troopship *Antilles* and 67 lives was due to lack of naval escort, the transport having outdistanced the protecting vessel when it was torpedoed. It also developed that hundreds of the 110-foot submarine-chasers built for the Navy have failed to come up to the requirements, many attaining a speed of only 17 knots when 25 is required.

Provost Marshal-General Crowder in a report submitted to Secretary Baker urges that the Selective-Service Law be amended so that Class 1 shall provide all the military needs of the country by including in the registration all men who have reached their twenty-first birthday since June 5, 1917. It is estimated that this will add 700,000 effective men to the 1,000,000 now presumably available under the present registration.

The system of secret contracts adopted by the Council for National Defense is defended before the Committee on Military Affairs of the Senate by Charles Eisenman, chairman of the supply committee, who argues that publicity as to the specific needs of the Government would excite the markets.

January 4.—Col. Elmer Lindsay, inspector and purchasing agent at the Philadelphia quartermaster depot, testifying before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, places upon the Supply Committee of the Council for National Defense the responsibility for the reduction in the quality of the uniforms and blankets issued to the soldiers.

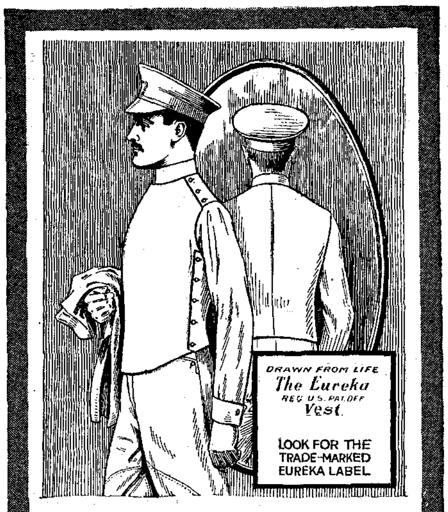
President Wilson, in a message to Congress, outlines the legislation which he believes will make his plan for the Government operation of the railroads effective, just, and equitable to the owners. Director-General McAdoo, after a conference with the railroad brotherhood chiefs, gains their consent to have their wages fixt by a board of four men to be named by Mr. McAdoo.

The United States Shipping Board asks Congress for authority to place $701,000,000 worth of additional contracts, and for the immediate appropriation of $82,000,000 for the extension of shipyards.

January 6.—An order aimed at the car-detention evil is issued by Director-General McAdoo by which on and after January 31 the demurrage rates on cars held by shippers and consignees will be doubled.

January 7.—Chief Justice White delivers a unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States upholding the Selective-Service Act as constitutional.

January 8.—In an address before both houses of Congress in joint session



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President Wilson enunciates the war-plans and peace program of the United States. The message meets with general approval, and is regarded as supplying anything that was lacking in the pronouncement of Premier Lloyd George. In addition to the aims as outlined by the British Premier the President tenders to Russia assistance and sympathy, demands the freedom of the seas, an equality of trade conditions among the people of the world, the reduction of armaments, and an association of nations in a league to enforce peace; and says there must be no secret agreements among nations that may again threaten the peace of the world.

THE FRENCH FRONT

January 2.—London reports that German raids on the British lines between Lens and St. Quentin are repulsed with heavy loss to the enemy. Heavy snow and intense cold check the fighting on the fronts in France and Flanders. Artillery has been active in France and Belgium, but there has been no infantry action.

January 3.—An official communication, made public in London, states that six hostile airplanes were downed and two others driven out of control south of Lille. Three British planes are missing.

January 4.—London dispatches state that Field-Marshal Haig reports four British advance-posts on the Cambrai front near the Canal du Nord driven in by the Germans.

January 5.—A London dispatch states that a strong local attack by the Germans on the British positions east of Bullecourt in the Cambrai sector is partially successful, but on the remainder of the front the enemy is repulsed with losses.

January 6.—London announces that the trench section on the Cambrai front, captured by the Germans yesterday, is retaken by the British. Renewed activity is observed behind the German line, indicating preparations for an offensive. Freezing temperature continues on the British front.

An Associated Press correspondent with the American Army in France states that a recently graduated flying class goes to the front next week for actual front-line experience. They will use their own machines but will be accompanied by British and French aviators.

January 7.—London reports several infantry raids and considerable artillery activity in France and Flanders, but no development of importance.

January 8.—London dispatches state that the Germans again break into the British line in the Cambrai sector, but General Haig reports that a counter-attack was successful in restoring the line.

THE ITALIAN FRONT

January 2.—Paris dispatches announce that the Austro-German invaders of Italy have been defeated in another thrust at Venice, and Rome states that half a score of vessels, heavily loaded with enemy troops, were dispersed while trying to cross the Piave at Intestadura, ten miles above the mouth of the river. Five enemy airplanes are brought down by aviators and English batteries.

January 3.—Rome dispatches announce that "on the whole Italian front there has been nothing of importance to report." A dispatch from Army Headquarters in northern Italy states that in the recent successful operation on Monte Tomba the French took more prisoners than they had men engaged. The victory gives the French the command of the summit from which the Austrians had been able to observe all that occurred in the valley behind the Allies' lines.

January 6.—Rome announces a vigorous fire all along the Italian front with great aerial activity. In defense of Padua from another air-raid Italian aviators take to the air an hour before moonrise, and, forming a cordon around the city, engage enemy airplanes as they appear. Driven from Padua the enemy aero squadron is diverted to Mestre, Bassano, and Castelfranco, where they cause considerable loss.

January 7.—Rome reports increasing activity on the Asiago Plateau and violent concentration of fire by the Italian batteries against enemy positions between the Frenzela and the Brenta valleys with excellent results. At some points British patrols are said to have forced the Piave and caused alarm in the enemy's lines.

January 8.—Paris reports state that the fighting on the Italian front has been reduced to a minimum by the severe cold and snow. The Italian position, however, has been so much improved that the danger to Venice is said now to have been removed.

THE SITUATION IN RUSSIA

January 2.—Advices from Petrograd state that Germany demands that Russia turn over to her Poland, Courland, Esthonia, and Lithuania. A refusal of these terms is said to have caused a rupture of the peace negotiations at Brest-Litovsk. Germany is also said to have insisted upon retaining all the territory occupied by her in Europe unless Turkey's former holdings in Mesopotamia and Arabia be abandoned by the Allies.

A Petrograd dispatch states that thousands of officers of the regular Russian Army are flocking to the standard of General Kaledines, the Cossack commander, who is said to have organized a corps of 20,000 men of commissioned rank. Alexandrovsk has been occupied by the Cossacks without resistance.

January 3.—A delayed dispatch from Petrograd states that while the peace negotiations between Germany and Russia have been postponed until January 5, it is not believed that they will be resumed on the former lines. Foreign Minister Trotzky declares that the Russian workers will not consent to the German terms. The general Russian sentiment is for a resumption of hostilities.

General Korniloff, former Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies, and who was unofficially reported dead, arrives in the district of the Don Cossacks, Petrograd reports.

January 4.—A growing disposition to recognize the Lenine Government, if it can demonstrate a fair degree of support from the Russian people, is reported in London.

Berlin dispatches state that Dr. von Kuhlmann, the German Foreign Minister, has been instructed to reject the Russian proposal to transfer the peace conference to Stockholm. Concerning the rejection of the German terms Chancellor von Hertling, before the Reichstag committee, says Germany can afford to wait further developments, relying on her "strong position, her loyal intentions, and her just rights."

January 5.—A London dispatch announces that Leon Trotzky, the Bolshevik Foreign Minister, accompanied by the Russian delegates, is on his way to Brest-Litovsk to resume peace negotiations with Germany. A Cophenhagen dispatch says that the crisis that has arisen over the Russian demands that negotiations be discust in a neutral country is having a powerful effect in German politics, and may lead to a conflict between the Center and the Socialist parties.

January 6.—The Zurich correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph Company, of London, states that after a Crown Council in Berlin it is announced that because of the request of the Russian Government that the peace conference be transferred to Stockholm all negotiations have been temporarily suspended.

January 7.—London hears that the Bolshevik Government is preparing to resume the offensive against Germany. All points on the Russian front are being strengthened, and disaffected troops are being sent into the interior.

January 8.—According to London dispatches the Russo-German peace negotiations have been resumed with the possibility that the discussions will be transferred to Copenhagen instead of Stockholm.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

January 5.—According to a dispatch from Petrograd free passage of the Dardanelles for Russian ships, Russian demobilization of the Black Sea Fleet, and the evacuation of Turkish territory are provided in the Turkish peace terms presented to Russia. Turkey is to retain her Army because of the continuation of the war against the Allies.

A Russian wireless dispatch received in London states that 25,000 German soldiers have revolted because of the Government's draft of all soldiers under thirty-five for the Western front.

January 7.—London hears that there is a serious quarrel in the Crown Council of Germany, and that the internal situation is acute, due to the peace fiasco. The Socialists are said to have demanded the removal of Foreign Minister von Kuhlmann.

AMERICA AT THE FRONT

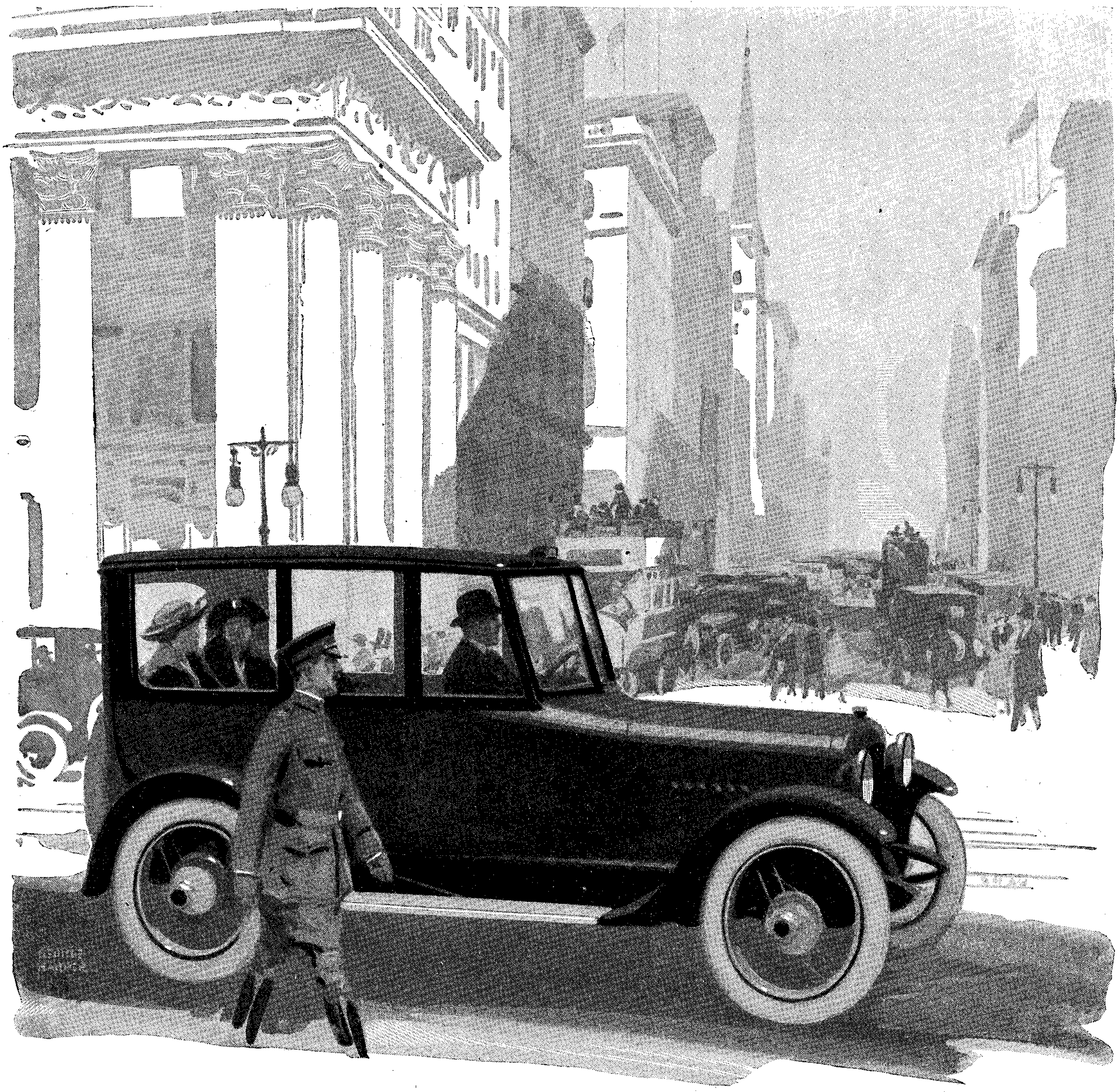
January 5.—A dispatch from the American Army in France states that United States aviators, in conjunction with British and French pilots, have flown over the German lines dropping bombs in reprisal for the killing of two American wood-cutters. American aviators are also reported as taking part in observation and photographic work.

OPERATIONS IN ENGLAND

January 5.—The announcement is made in England that the consumption of beef must be reduced one-half, and that compulsory rationing would soon be applied. Other foods are to be brought under the same system, and all will be rationed by April.

Premier Lloyd George in a speech before delegates of trades-unions again sets forth Great Britain's war-aims. The "reconsideration" of the Alsace-Lorraine seizure, the restoration of Belgium, and reparation for injuries inflicted; the restoration of Servia, Montenegro, and the occupied parts of France, Italy, and Roumania, are the principal demands. Russia, he declares, can now only be saved by her own people, but an independent Poland is urgently necessary for the stability of Western Europe. Washington dispatches state that it is obvious that the Allied Powers approve the Premier's peace outline, tho no expression of opinion from the State Department is yet made public.

January 6.—Dispatches from London state that Great Britain in order to increase her man-power to meet the expected



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They said they had read with interest and perhaps some skepticism the statements made about the car when it was first announced. They were not sure that the Super-Six motor gave greater power than other motors of equal size and that they did not understand the Hudson patented principle which minimized vibration and assured longer motor and car life. They explained that they were conservative buyers, not given to buying new things. But they had followed the performance record of the Super-Six, they had talked with any number of Hudson Super-Six owners and they in that manner had come to feel its reliability. It was that which had persuaded them to choose the Super-Six and so why should they show any more interest in such details than one would display in buying a watch? No one asks concerning the construction of the main spring. What they want to know is whether the movement is a reliable timekeeper.

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increase of the German armies on the Western front is planning to release more men from the industries and to raise the age limit for exemptions.

Paris dispatches state that the French press are almost unanimous in approving the war-aim speech of Premier Lloyd George. In official and diplomatic circles in Washington it is believed that the terms outlined may prevent the Central Powers from forcing the peace issue with the Bolsheviki, and that Russia may yet be saved.

January 7.—The British War Office issues the following statement of captures and losses during 1917: Captures: Prisoners on all fronts, 114,544; guns, 781. Losses: Prisoners, 28,379; guns, 166.

A dispatch from London announces that Earl Reading, Lord Chief Justice of England, has been appointed British High Commissioner to the United States, and besides taking over the work of the Embassy at Washington he will have charge of the work of the British War Mission in New York and Washington.

NAVAL OPERATIONS

January 2.—The British Admiralty statement for the week reports: Arrivals, 2,111; sailings, 2,074. British merchantmen of more than 1,600 tons sunk by mine or submarine, including two previously, 18; under 1,600 tons, 3. Vessels unsuccessfully attacked, 8. The average number of British vessels of more than 1,600 tons sunk weekly during the past forty-four weeks was 16.66.

January 3.—The following figures obtained from reliable sources, a London dispatch states, tell the real story of Germany's "ruthless" submarine campaign: Tonnage of British ships of more than 1,600 tons in August, 1914, 16,841,519; loss by enemy action, less new construction, purchase, and captures, 2,750,000; remaining January 1, 1918, 14,091,519.

January 7.—The British Admiralty reports the sinking of a British torpedo-boat destroyer in the Mediterranean. All the officers were saved, but ten members of the crew were lost.

FOREIGN

January 5.—Washington hears that Guatemala City was entirely destroyed by earthquake shocks on January 3 and 4, following those late in December.

DOMESTIC

January 2.—Director-General of Railroads McAdoo issues an order giving solid coal trains the right of way over all other freight. Fuel Administrator Garfield lays a plan before Mr. McAdoo which he believes will meet the coal crisis within two weeks, and that the demands of every industry and household will be satisfied this year.

The Pennsylvania Railroad announces that in order to conserve fuel and release crews and locomotives for the movement of coal, freight, munitions, and troops, 104 week-day trains and 51 Sunday trains will be taken off beginning on February 6. The new schedule affects the lines east of Buffalo, Erie, and Pittsburg.

January 7.—Washington dispatches state that the American Defense Society, apparently not satisfied with the progress of the Senate investigation, has renewed its demands for the expulsion of Senator La Follette.

The Supreme Court of the United States holds that stock dividends are not taxable income when they are a part of capital reorganization or adjustment.

FINANCING THE WAR

(*Continued from page* 29)

combined. Sixty-five per cent. of the oil and 60 per cent. of the copper are found here, while our coal lands are as great as the area of Germany, France, and Great Britain combined.

These things are not written in any spirit of boasting. One can not read them, however, without a feeling of pride that this "land of opportunity" is none other than America.

Add to these our ideals of liberty and government, and who can doubt that the spirit of '76 shall live again with the Stars and Stripes on the battle-fields of Europe.

HOW THE MONEY IS RAISED FOR THE EXPENDITURES OF THE WAR—From two sources come the billions which must pay for the war. They are Federal taxation and the sale of Government bonds.

FEDERAL TAXATION—Federal taxation is to play a larger part in this war than in previous wars. Our great resources, our large incomes, it is thought, may well be drawn upon to meet the needs of the Government.

Many corporations which have made large profits on account of the war are to pay a large part of their *excess profits* into the United States Treasury.

The rate on large incomes has been increased and the exemptions lowered to $1,000 and $2,000 for unmarried and married persons.

Add to these the stamp tax, excise tax, and that on liquors and tobacco, and it is expected that three and a half billions will annually find its way into Uncle Sam's storehouse.

But there is a limit to the amount advisable to take by taxation, so that large sums must be raised by the sale of GOVERNMENT BONDS.

GOVERNMENT BONDS—Twice since the war began have bonds been offered for sale and twice oversubscribed by many millions, while the number who usually subscribe to such a loan—about 350,000—was increased in the second loan to 9,600,000. Does not that show a patriotic spirit as we enter the war?

MEANING OF A BOND—Sometimes boys and girls do not understand bonds or why it is thought necessary to issue them.

A boy said to his teacher one day, "Why does the Government want me to buy a bond? I thought the Government was rich."

Most of us know that the Government has only what we give it. We are really the Government and are loaning the money to ourselves when we buy a bond. The bond is merely the note of the Government bearing interest and due at a specified time. Then we pay the money back to ourselves.

When a boy or girl loans the Government $50, or buys a bond, he or she has a mortgage on the property of all the people. That is the reason bonds are called such good risks.

With no possibility of forfeiture and a fair rate of interest, exempt from taxation and always salable, they make a good investment.

When we add to this the satisfaction that we are helping fight the battle of the nation the investment is doubly good.

It is not always easy for a nation to borrow all it needs. In the Civil War the Government paid 7.3 per cent. interest and then found it difficult to raise enough money.

It seems that we are learning to know our Government better and our greater knowledge appears to increase our confidence.

How wise our leaders have been in making the provisions such that nearly every one can have a share in this task! They have remembered even the many boys and girls who have been wishing for a place in the great struggle. So when service flags are telling how mothers give their sons, and added taxes and bonds show the sacrifice of many, a way has been found for almost every pupil of the Public School to do his bit. This plan is known as

WAR-CERTIFICATES AND THRIFT-STAMPS.—War-Certificates and Thrift-Stamps are really little bonds—opportunities we may call them for the boys and girls and those of small incomes to have a share in winning the war. Almost as important will be the lesson of thrift which many will learn. We are called a wasteful nation. Let us hope *one lesson of the war will be how to save and serve.*

Financing a great war is not an easy task. Banks, mercantile houses, schools, churches, the press, and many great men are summoned to explain the needs of the Government to the people.

With a nation as great as ours in resources and in ideals perhaps it is no wonder the response is so generous and prompt.

What a glorious privilege it is to have a place in this army—so many millions strong—fighting, working, giving, saving, that the institutions which we hold dear shall not perish from the earth.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. *Why ought we as a nation to be great in resources?*
2. *How has our isolation been of great benefit to us?*
3. *From your reading what resources of our country could you add to those mentioned? (An opportunity for the teacher to bring out in detail the resources of the country.)*
4. *How important just now is our wheat supply?*
5. *In the "doing of things" what advantage does an Autocracy have over a Democracy.*
6. *Other things being equal, why should a Democracy ultimately win in a just cause?*
7. *Some Educators are asking with some concern if young people to-day are as patriotic as those of a generation ago. What do you think? Give reasons.*
8. *Do your companions generally show a willingness to save for the war?*
9. *Do you think it possible for 90 per cent. of high-school students to save enough to buy a war-certificate? How can you do it?*
10. *Find out if you can, what that would amount to.*
11. *How many bonds were sold in your school?*
12. *Why not raise more of the money by taxation?*
13. *What is meant by progressive taxation as applied to incomes?*
14. *What amounts were asked for in the first two loans? State the result.*

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, New York

INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

DIVIDENDS AND SAVINGS OF RAILROADS UNDER GOVERNMENT CONTROL

"UNTIL President Wilson, or those who represent him in the solution of the railroad problem, see fit to make the plan of guaranteed earnings more definite and certain, calculations as to the earnings of individual companies upon their stocks," in the opinion of *The Wall Street Journal*, "can be nothing better than tentative estimates, subject to correction." That paper does not find clearness in the term "net operating income" as used by the President, and adds that none of the recent annual statistical reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission "uses that designation anywhere in the statement of income account." The writer says further:

"The term is used in the form for monthly reports recently adopted by the commission, but it is used there in a sense which the President almost certainly did not intend, inasmuch as to use it in that sense would shrink the measure of the guaranty for the Eastern roads and correspondingly expand it for the Western and Southern roads, and all on account of the extraordinary and accidental tide of traffic from the West and the interior to the Eastern seaboard. The President could hardly have intended to guarantee to the Eastern roads only the net income after deduction of car-hire and rentals (the sense in which the term is used in the monthly reports), and limit them to such reduced returns even after the congestion which occasions car-hire debits against them has been relieved.

"It should be remembered that altho net earnings after taxes may be fixt at a predetermined level, various other items may and will change from year to year and affect the result for the stockholders. It is expected, for instance, that Eastern roads will benefit through reduction of congestion, and consequently smaller payments to other roads for detention of their cars. Income of Western and Southern roads would be correspondingly reduced. The release of cars for active service presumably would increase the actual gross net earnings, but it is proposed that the Government shall appropriate all of the net earnings in excess of the guaranty, if any."

Calculations have been made in Wall Street as to what percentage on their stocks some of the leading roads ought to earn. In the case of the anthracite roads estimates had to be incomplete. Among these were those for Delaware & Hudson and Lehigh Valley, which had to be "based upon average railroad net earnings for the three basic years, together with anthracite coal-mine earnings reported for 1916." Present anthracite mining profits, however, "are considerably greater than those for 1916, and presumably will continue high indefinitely." Hence, actual earnings for these stocks under Government control "are practically certain to be better than the percentages now estimated." Following is an estimate given out on the last day of the year by Dow, Jones & Co.

	Per Cent.
Atchison	12.9
B. & O.	5.70
C. & O.	10
C., M. & St. P.	3.50
* Chicago & Northwestern	9.30
Chicago Great Western	4.10
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific	5
† Delaware & Hudson	9.40
Erie	1—
Great Northern	9.60
† Lehigh Valley	11.2
Minn. & St. Louis	2.10
New York Central	11.9
New Haven	3.10
Norfolk & Western	14.9
Northern Pacific	9.30
Pennsylvania	8.90
St. Louis & San Francisco	1
Southern Pacific	10.7
Southern Railway	3.80
Missouri Pacific	1
Union Pacific	14.7

Except as noted in reference to Chicago & Northwestern these percentages are on the common stock, after allowing for full preferred dividends where there is more than one issue.

To many Wall Street observers the import of the railroad proclamation seemed greater on second thought than on its first reception. One banker pointed out that it virtually made every railroad bond "an issue guaranteed by the Government for the period of the war." This in itself implied great improvement in scores of bonds traded in on the Stock Exchange and now selling at very low levels. Secondly, it implied "higher investment values for preferred stocks of railroads, these virtually having the position of issues guaranteed as to dividends." Thirdly, it affected bank loans. Instead of discriminating against rail stocks banks "would welcome them just as they would welcome Government bonds." Fourthly, selling pressure by investors "should entirely disappear." The stock-market could take care of professional selling and advance in the face of it, but general liquidation had been "more than normal buying could take care of."

It was thought by many that earnings might be pooled so that dividend payers representing companies solely in the transportation business "should sell very much on a common level as to yield." A 7 per cent. basis was suggested in some quarters as a reasonable one. As *The Wall Street Journal* pointed out, there have been gross inconsistencies in yield bases of standard rails. Chesapeake & Ohio, for instance, yields 8.3 per cent. at 48; New York Central yields 6.9 per cent. at 72; Southern Pacific 7.1 per cent. at 84; Delaware & Hudson 8.6 per cent. at 105; Lehigh Valley 8.6 per cent. at 58; Union Pacific 7.2 per cent. at 111; Southern Railway preferred 8.6 per cent. at 58; Baltimore & Ohio common 9.6 per cent. at 52, and Northern Pacific 8.1 per cent. at 86. One of the most remarkable inconsistencies is found in Reading, which yields 5.6 per cent. at 72, the lowest yield on the list, but in the case of Reading "hidden assets incorporated in coal properties are probably taken into consideration."

That the Director-General, Mr. McAdoo, expects to bring about notable economies in the management of the railroads, seems to have been accepted as a certainty. One statement made in a semiofficial way is that he will save as much as $400,000,000 annually in their operation. Sweeping economies are predicted as certain to follow the passage of the railroad-control bill. It is expected that they will net more than sufficient money to pay the increases that may be granted to railroad workers. Aside from savings that will be automatic in the centralizing of authority and the unifying of systems into a single national line, hundreds of thousands promise to be saved through the following methods said to be in contemplation by Mr. McAdoo:

---

* Figured on preferred and common together.

† Coal Department earnings figured as of 1916.

Cuts in big salaries and the elimination of unnecessary executives.

Elimination of elaborate existing competitive agencies under private management—such as passenger and freight solicitors, advertising agents, etc.

Conservation of coal by curtailing unnecessary traffic.

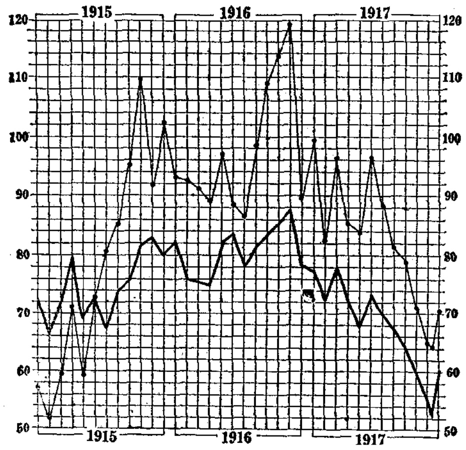
Savings, and much added income through prompt unloading of cars, the same to be enforced drastically if necessary, and through the elimination of much back-hauling, switching, etc.

Extortionate charges forced upon private railroads by privately owned switching roads at terminals to be eliminated. These roads for the most part interswitch within terminals and operate between manufacturing plants in a town, and hence are not within the meaning of "common carrier," the term applied to roads which are to receive the three-year guaranty.

The creation of a common buying agency for all roads which will effect a saving in purchasing materials. The Government's power to fix prices to bring about further savings.

THREE YEARS' PRICES FOR RAILS AND INDUSTRIALS

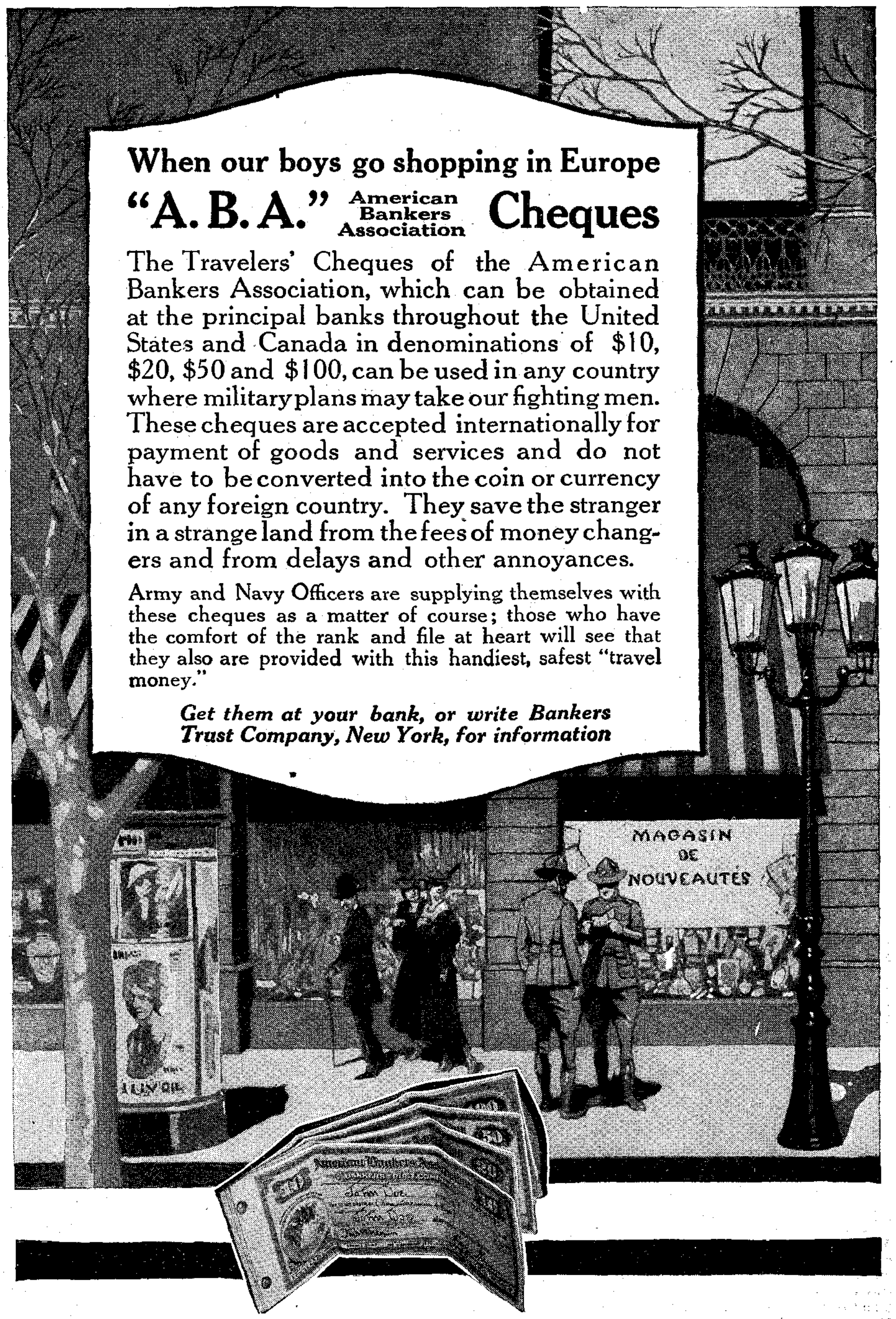
Below is a chart prepared for the New York *Times Annalist* to show the changes by months for three years in the average price of twenty-five each of the leading railroad and industrial stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange. The lower heavy line indicates the high and low points by months of the railroad shares and the upper dotted line the monthly changes of industrials. For December, 1917, two points are recorded, the lowest to which the stocks fell in the month and the highest reached after President Wilson announced the taking over of the railroads by the Government:



A DOZEN GOOD INVESTMENT STOCKS

A correspondent of *The Review of Reviews* having asked for "a list of one dozen stocks which you consider good investments of their kind at present prices, giving a short synopsis of the dividend history of each issue, and indicating the yields at these prices," the following list was offered as "representative":

	Div. Rate	*Price Dec. 15*	*Yield*
Atchison preferred	5	79¾	6.3
Union Pacific preferred	4	74	5.8
Norfolk & Western preferred	4	70	5.7
Union Pacific common	8	106½	7.5
Great Northern	7	84¼	8.3
Southern Pacific	6	78⅞	7.6
United States Steel preferred	7	105⅛	6.7
General Electric	8	120	6.7
American Sugar preferred	7	106	6.6
Bethlehem Steel cum. pfd	8	93⅞	8.5
B. F. Goodrich pfd	7	94	7.5
Western Union	6	80¾	7.4
Average Yield			7.00



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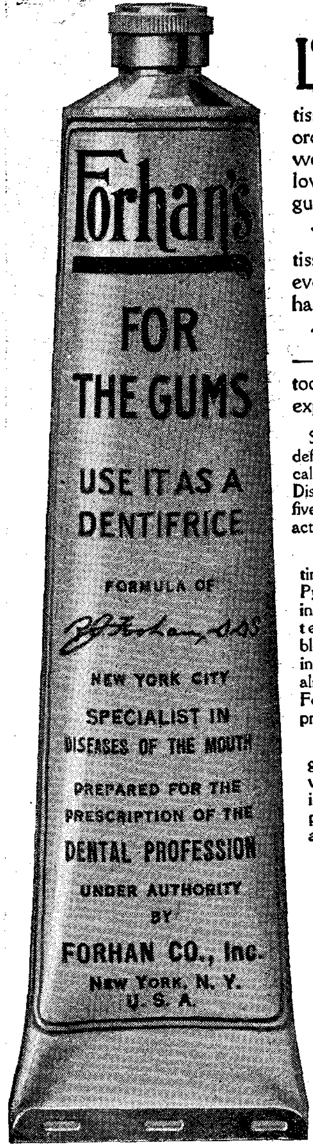

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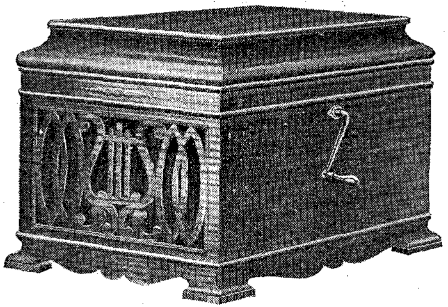

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"Union Pacific preferred has paid regular dividends at the rate of 4 per cent. since 1900. It has sold as high as 118½ during this period, and its present price is its low.

"Norfolk & Western preferred has paid regular dividends at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum since 1899. It has sold as high as 98 during this period, and its present price is its low.

"Union Pacific common paid regular dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum from 1907 to 1913 inclusive. In 1914 it paid a cash dividend of 9 per cent. with a special dividend of 3 per cent. in cash, 12 per cent. in Baltimore & Ohio preferred shares, and 22½ per cent. in Baltimore & Ohio common shares. In 1915 and 1916 the regular rate was 8 per cent., at which it has been continued since, with 2 per cent. extra January, 1917, and one-half of 1 per cent. quarterly since. As a 10 per cent. stock, Union Pacific common sold as high as 219 and as low as par, and as an 8 per cent. stock it sold as high as 153½, with the present its low price.

"Great Northern has paid regular dividends of 7 per cent. since 1899. It sold as high as 348 during this period, and its present price is the low record.

"Southern Pacific has paid regular dividends at the rate of 6 per cent. since 1908. It has sold as high as 139½ during this period, and its present price is the low.

"United States Steel preferred has paid regular dividends of 7 per cent. since incorporation in 1901. It has sold as high as 131, and as low as 102.

"General Electric has paid dividends at the rate of 8 per cent. since 1902. Except for a brief period just preceding the distribution of a big stock dividend in 1902, the high price was 204 and the low 89½.

"American Sugar preferred has paid dividends at the rate of 7 per cent. since organization in 1891. It has sold as high as 141, and its low price was 66½, recorded during the panic of 1893.

"Bethlehem Steel cumulative, convertible preferred stock, as you probably know, was issued only this year. It has sold as high as 101½ and as low as 93½. In case you are not familiar with the fundamental characteristics of this relatively new issue, we direct attention to the fact that it is callable at 115, and is convertible at 115 into Class B common stock, now paying dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum and selling at about 68.

"B. F. Goodrich preferred has paid regular dividends at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum since incorporation in 1913. It has sold as high as 116¾ and as low as 79⅞.

"Western Union's more recent dividend record is as follows: 3 per cent. from 1909 to 1913, inclusive; 3¾ per cent. in 1914; 4¼ per cent. in 1915; 5½ per cent. in 1916; 6 per cent. since that time, with a recent extra cash dividend. The high price of the stock during this period was 105½, and the low 53⅜."

THE RECOVERY IN LOW-PRICED AND OTHER BONDS

As soon as Government control of railroads and a guaranty of interest were assured, the low prices of railroad bonds at the end of the year rose notably—a rise that was welcome, not only to individual holders, but to savings-banks and many insurance companies. On December 26, the average price had reached the low figure of the year and the lowest price since the Stock Exchange reopened in November, 1914. On December 26 the market closed weak and sentiment in banking circles was generally depress,

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but the following morning, says *The Wall Street Journal*, "witnessed one of the sharpest recoveries ever made in bond prices, particularly in low-priced issues, interest on which has been threatened by decrease in earnings following our entrance into the war." This abrupt change "was produced exclusively by the President's proclamation taking over control and operation of the railroads and his recommendation that compensation be guaranteed on a basis of net operating income for three years ending June 30, 1917."

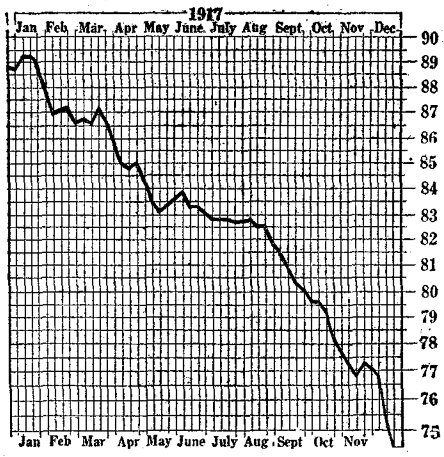
Bankers were at once of the opinion that if the President's recommendation should be made effective railroad bond prices would go still higher, "particularly those securities which on the present market price yield from 6 to 10 per cent." The recovery was especially timely for savings-banks and insurance companies other than life companies, "for the reason that the assets of these corporations are made up largely of railroad bonds bought at much higher prices, the market price of which for December 31, under existing laws, must be carried into their annual statements, and consequently losses shown by depreciation in value of securities must be taken from surplus or made up from income from other sources." Following is a table compiled for *The Wall Street Journal*, which shows the high price for the year; the closing price for December 26, and the closing price for December 28, with the yield of twenty low-priced and speculative bonds "which already have been largely improved by the President's action":

Issue	*High*	*Dec. 26*	*Dec. 28*	*Yield Per Cent.*
Atchison adj. 4s '95.......	88⅞	73½	73½	5.47
C. & O. conv. 5s '46.......	94¾	73¾	78¼	6.74
St. Paul ref. 4½s 2014.....	98½	63¾	68¾	6.54
St. Paul cv 4½s '32.......	102¾	71	75½	7.33
C., R. I. & P. gen. 4s '88...	90	73	73	5.53
C., R. I. & P. ref. 4s '34....	78⅛	62	68¼	5.40
Col. & So. 4½s '35........	87¾	68½	71½	7.45
D. & R. G. cons. 4s '36....	86	62½	67	7.31
Erie conv. B 4s '53........	68⅞	39	47	8.85
Erie conv. D. 4s '53......	84	42½	53	8.03
Kan. City So. ref. 5s '50...	91	75½	75½	6.86
Mo. Pac. gen. 4s '75.......	68¼	52⅛	58⅜	6.87
N. Y. C. deb. 6s '35.......	113⅝	88½	93¼	6.67
S. L., I. M.& S. gen. 5s '31..	103¾	90	90	6.13
Frisco ser. A 4s '50........	71⅛	53½	58¼	7.44
Frisco adj. 6s '55..........	76	54	62	9.70
So. Pac. conv. 5s '34.......	104½	85⅜	88½	5.78
So. Ry. cons. 5s '94........	102¾	90½	94	5.33
So. Ry. gen. 4s '56........	77	57	62	6.80
Va. Ry. 1st 5s '62.........	100½	87	90	5.61

Bradstreet's, in discussing the earlier decline in these bonds, remarked that there might be some exaggeration in a prevalent theory that the heavy liquidation early in December and the accompanying declines "reflected mainly selling by holders who desired to establish losses on investments by means of actual sales, thus enabling them to obtain credit for deductions in making up income-tax returns for the year now coming to a close." Wall Street, however, gave credence to that explanation and held it to be more than a coincidence that the downward progress seemed to culminate on December 20, there being a halt and more or less of a recovery in quotations from that date, "following the publication of word from Washington that dealers in bonds need not sell them to obtain credit for losses through the depreciation of securities which were regularly inventoried." The ruling in question was so worded, however, that it applied only to "dealers," and so on its face did not alter the position of the ordinary investment holder of bonds or other securities.

The development was accepted by the market as having arrested the heaviest of the selling for income-tax deduction purposes, "even tho it was also recognized that the revival of peace rumors, tho of a very unsubstantial kind, had something to do with the better feeling." Then came news of the taking over of the railroads by the Government for the period of the war, and an accompanying proposal to guarantee the companies an income "which in practically all cases would be ample to cover the charges on their funded debts." This became at once "another factor calculated to strengthen the position of bonds and had considerable effect on the market." Current opinion in financial circles now was that the bond-market had encountered the last of the successive declines which marked its course during 1917.

The shrinkage in the values of these securities throughout the twelve months "was of the most severe character." It began early in January, the high prices for active bonds having in most cases been made about January 4. From that time onward quotations "sagged lower under liquidation caused by the war, the Government loans, and the lack of investment buying, with merely temporary rallies and with successive outbreaks of heavy selling, of which last the movement of December was the most pronounced." An interesting showing by diagram of the course of bond prices for the year was made in the New York *Times Annalist*, to indicate the trend of an average of well-known listed issues:



HOW TERRIBLY WE WASTE COAL

Writing just before the recent extraordinary week of cold weather, a writer in *Financial America* insisted that fuel "ranks with food among the essentials for winning of the war," and yet while there had been a nation-wide campaign among housewives and owners of hotels and restaurants to save food, which had produced good results, the fuel-saving campaign had moved along "in more cumbrous fashion." Experience with a week of unprecedented weather has promised, however, to accelerate the movement on behalf of coal.

Engineers have often declared that there is vast waste of coal. They did not mean at the domestic hearth, but in those great industrial plants which consume such enormous quantities. David M. Myers was quoted as having declared before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, that 117,000,000 tons of coal "could be saved by the United States every year by efficient management of boiler furnaces." The value of this wasted coal, if conservatively estimated at $4 a ton at the factory, would be $468,000,000 a year, or enough to pay the interest on an issue of Liberty 4 per cent. bonds of eleven billions of dollars—three billions more than America has yet taken. Again, it would be enough to take care of the war

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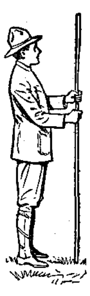
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for eleven months at the present rate of expenditure. *Financial America*, citing this statement, commented as follows:

"When it is also considered that 2,000,000 freight-cars are required to move this tonnage of coal in the course of the year, the size and importance of the enormous waste begin to appear. Scarcity of fuel and cars are two of the heaviest handicaps on the war-industries. Steel-manufacturers estimate that the present output of their product is only 75 per cent. of the full capacity of the industry, owing largely to the difficulty of obtaining fuel, chiefly the result of a shortage of cars. Fuel, cars, ore, and steel are at the foundation of nearly all our industries of destruction. Our hands as a military people would be helpless without these essentials. Every pound of fuel wasted, every car side-tracked, is American energy gone forever, precious time vanished, while Germany runs riot on her course of bloodshed, pillage, and destruction of civilization."

These facts as to the waste of fuel are so well known to engineers that Mr. Myers remarked on the lack of any need for him to tell them how vast are the quantities of coal wasted in the boiler furnaces of industrial plants. In one mill which he investigated he found about 40,000 tons were wasted every year. "If people threw away food products as hundreds of plants are literally throwing away coal," he added, "the waste would receive attention and public condemnation. Wasting coal makes food more expensive and harder to obtain." Again the writer in *Financial America* remarked:

"Waste of 117,000,000 tons is better understood when placed beside the fact that the nation's entire coal production last year was only 600,000,000 tons. The waste, therefore, was nearly one-fifth of the country's entire resources of its chief fuel. The making of steam on land consumes nearly 67 per cent. of the coal supply and it is about one-quarter of this consumption that is indicted as wasteful.

"The effort for stopping waste, no longer a real handicap in the business race, becomes a patriotic duty enjoined upon all. Such a requirement is needful to obtain results. Certainly, if some factories are rightfully taken by the Government under the right of eminent domain and war-necessity, if railroad-owners cheerfully accept direction from a war-committee, there is no great hardship in requiring from all others the use of fuel-saving devices."

That we may keep warm and yet burn less coal, thus showing scientific management, was seriously contended by another speaker before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, Albert A. Cary. Mr. Cary contended in general that for the "enormous coal wastes in industrial and other plants," the fault lies primarily with the firemen. A man who can, and will, vigorously shovel in the coal and shovel out the ashes is not, in Mr. Cary's opinion, the ideal man for a steam-plant. He would have the shoveling done with intelligence, and therefore with economy. To this end he proposed licensing firemen just as in many cities and some States operating engineers are licensed. In view of the present emergency, he would require the firemen to take out a Federal license. "By this means," he concludes, "a better class of men would gradually displace the many fuel-wasting incompetents who are now disgracing the firemen's trade."

OUR ENORMOUS INVESTMENTS LAST YEAR

Just what was the amount of investments made last year by the American people, no one at present could definitely say, but the year, in the opinion of a writer in *The Straus Investors' Magazine*, was the most remarkable the country has ever known. He believes that "not less than $10,000,000,000, and probably considerably more than this sum, will have been subscribed or invested in securities by the American people during this period." The normal

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amount invested in this country in one year has heretofore been between three and four billion dollars. Included in this sum was an output of bonds placed at about a billion and a half dollars annually. The amount put into real-estate mortgages, both in city and farm property, was believed at least to equal that sum, and probably to surpass it. As to the better grades of stock bought for investment purposes, outside of speculation, the amount, he says, "can not be calculated, because the two can not be separated, but it is probable that this reaches into hundreds of millions of dollars more." From these figures he estimates that it is "fairly certain that the total amount of securities purchased annually during the last few years prior to 1917 by the American people for investment purposes has been between three and four billion dollars. Of the great increase that has since taken place he says:

"This year a great new factor arose, namely, the war and the tremendous output of Government bonds, through the first and second Liberty Loans, which it caused. The total amount subscribed for the two loans was approximately $7,700,000,000. During the year, of course, the output of corporation bonds has been greatly lessened as a result of the war. The same is true of investments in stocks. To offset this fact, however, the amount placed in real-estate mortgages has considerably increased. There has, moreover, been a considerable amount of short-term notes sold. So it is a fair estimate that the total investments of the American people during the past year amount to ten billion dollars.

"Before the war there were only about 300,000 recognized bond-buyers in the United States. The bond-buying class was a small and limited one. Now, however, thanks to the two Liberty Loans, the number of bondholders in this country has increased 3,000 per cent. or more. There were more than three million subscribers to the first Liberty Loan and more than nine million to the second. Allowing for duplications, it is fair to assume that more than ten million persons bought Government bonds.

"This change is bound to work a revolution in American finance. The United States has become, within a few months, a nation of bond-buyers. Millions of people who had no idea what a bond was or what it looked like, and who thought that it was something closely similar to a share of stock, now own bonds and can tell you exactly what and why they are and why they are desirable for investments. As the war goes on and more Government offerings are put out, the number of bond-buyers must still further increase. When the great conflict is over it is a fair assumption that twelve to fifteen million people will own bonds.

"It has often been pointed out in past years, in this magazine, how much further ahead the French people have been than the Americans in this regard. This was due chiefly to the sale of one billion dollars in *rentes*, or French Government bonds, to pay the indemnity exacted by Germany at the end of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870. This indemnity was a blessing in disguise. It made the French the thriftiest people in the world—a nation of bond-buyers.

"Now the war has brought the same great lesson home to the people of the United States. Where there was one bond-buyer a year ago, there are thirty bond-buyers to-day. When the war is ended, normal conditions restored, and business again is active in all lines, there is reason to hope for a great period of prosperity. When that time comes, the American people will put their savings into bonds, and the bond-market that will result will *undoubtedly be the greatest and most* active by far in the history of the nation."

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"A. R. H.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—(1) *Cannot*, altho frequently used, is an erroneous form, which dates back to 1400 ("Cursor Mundi"). *Can* is a defective auxiliary, which means "to have ability to; to be able to," etc. Prior to 1400 the negative was expressed by adding the prefix *ne* to the verb, as "He *ne* can ongitan," which meant "He can not understand." To usage alone must *cannot* look for support, for there is no more sound reason for combining *can*, a verb, with *not*, an adverb, than there is for making similar combinations of *may not* and *will not*. That the rule of grammar which explains that "an adverb is a word used to modify a verb" should be observed becomes apparent when one tries to conjugate *cannot* as a verb—*I cannot*, thou *cannotest*, he *cannots*. (2) In United States and English law an accused is deemed innocent *until proved* guilty. In French law, an accused is *assumed* to be guilty until he proves his innocence.

"W. J. C.," Oakland, Cal.—The word *civics* came into use about the year 1887. It was printed in *The Advance* (Chicago) for August 25, of that year. The word was introduced by Henry Randall Waite and includes (1) *Ethics*—the doctrine of duties in society; (2) *civil polity*—the methods and machinery of government; (3) *law* involving and as applied to the interests of society; (4) *history* of civic development and movement. In general, the word has the same meanings as *polity*, which has been in use since 1538: (1) Civil organization and order; (2) administration of civil government as a process or course of action; (3) statecraft. *Civil administration*, a phrase which designates the management of public affairs, has been traced to the year 1880 and may be found treated in John Lalor's "Cyclopedia of Political Science," vol. 1, copyright 1881. As to the first use of these terms to designate the instruction imparted in schools the LEXICOGRAPHER has no information, but knows that instruction in *political economy*, which had for its object, and, for that matter, still has, the promotion of civilization, happiness, wealth, and the general improvement of mankind, was considered by Plato, Xenophon, and Aristotle. In Great Britain its history dates from the publication of Sir William Petty's "Treatise on Taxes" (1662), and "Political Arithmetic" (1691). The subject took a stronger hold on the public mind by the publication of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" (1776). The first professorship of political economy was established at Oxford, by Henry Drummond, in 1825, and at Cambridge, by G. Pryme, in 1828. Trinity College, Dublin, owed the endowment of its professorship to Archbishop Whately, the chair being filled by Isaac Butt as first professor in 1832. With reference to the United States, Dr. James Sullivan in the "Cyclopedia of Education," vol. 1, p. 24 (article *Civics*), says: "In 1863 a committee of the National Teachers' Association made a special report on the teaching of the principles of government in the schools. . . . After 1870, the subject began to find its way gradually into the elementary schools. . . . Between 1880 and 1890 the study of political science made considerable progress in the colleges, and this movement had much influence on the study of civics in the schools."

"C. G. B.," Rochester, N. Y.—There are in English the following expressions, "Good morning"; "Good afternoon"; "Good day"; "Good evening," and "Good night." They are mostly used indiscriminately as salutations or valedictions, each suited to the particular time of day it specifies. "Good-by" is the common form used at parting and is a contraction of "God be with ye." In some cities "good-night" is heard at any time after midnight and during the "wee sma' hours" of the morning; but, notwithstanding this practise, it is improper to say "good night" to a person that you are not going to see again that day "even," as you put it, "tho the time be in the morning or in the afternoon."

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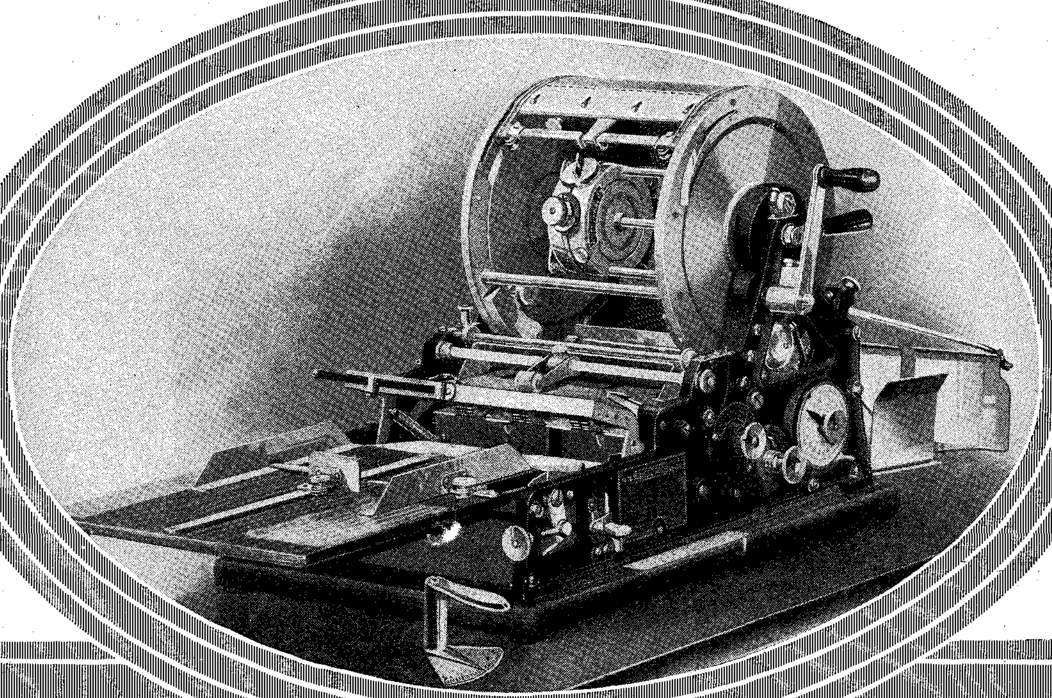

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